

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

AND
MONTHLY EDITION OF THE LIVING AGE.

APRIL, 1900.

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ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

AND

MONTHLY EDITION OF THE LIVING AGE.

VOL. LXXI.
NEW SERIES. VOL. III. }

APRIL, 1900.

No. 4.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S LETTERS.

It is when we hold in our hands in bound volumes the Letters of one we have seen in the body, and whose books and papers, as they fell from him, were always, in whatever mood they found us, sources of pleasure and delight, that we feel in all its sharpness the sting of death. Then we realize how the end has indeed come, and that we have before us the last effort of a master of expression to express himself. "No man," I am quoting from Stevenson, "no man was ever so poor that he could express *all* he has in him by words, looks, or actions." It is easy to add, no man was ever more expressive in words, looks and gestures than Robert Louis Stevenson, whose genius was for expression, who knew better than any other how to make vocal feeling, sentiment and association, and who could strike with deft finger and the surest touch "the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound." And yet, even of him it is true that he has but partially succeeded in expressing himself. These two volumes are the last we shall get bearing the marks of Stevenson's mint. In an age of depression of style, and uniformity of manners, and dullness of narration, he appeared with a mingled passion for perfection and for fun, all recklessness at the top and all gravity at the base. If ever

there was an author for whom his contemporaries might well be truly thankful, it was Stevenson. From the happy hours of "*Virginibus puerisque*" to the great chapters of "*Weir of Hermiston*," he accompanied us through the changes of this our mortal life, ever ready to tell a story, or compose an essay, or preach a sermon, and all to please and delight and edify us. How much we owe him. And yet, no sooner is he lifeless clay than we begin, looking cheerfully around us, to ask the question whether posterity will care for the writings of our poor friend. What have we to do with Posterity? Stevenson wrote for us. We were (unhappily for him) his environment. It was our doleful plight he sought to solace. He did his work to give us pleasure and to do us good. What difference will it make to us in the cold grave whether a hundred years hence the publishers of the day are making money by the sale of the books we loved?

As modes of self-expression, letters are strange, fitful, untrustworthy things. Coming, as they do, straight from headquarters one would expect them to be diagnostic of the state of things within the camp. We treat them as among our most private possessions. To read a letter not addressed to you is an outrage, and yet.

for the most part, letters tell one but little. Their writers sometimes do not want to say what they feel; but oftener they cannot, even though they would. The thinnest crust of affectation, a mere suspicion of insincerity, an uneasy egotism, a striving after a quality we do not possess, a desire to be witty or to be wise beyond our warrant, an eye to posterity—any one of these things, and of half a hundred other things, is enough to ossify a letter. Whatever the notes may be you choose to strike in your correspondence, you must be the master of them if you are to live by your letters. How that mastery is gained is a secret hidden deeper than the foundations of the hills.

These letters of Mr. Stevenson's can give nothing but pleasure to anybody, for they show us an artist without jealousy, vanity or conceit; a sane, sensible man, who could read Trollope's novels, and who loved Carlyle and Sir Walter, and could play the fool with his friends and conceive himself as the author of that delightful but unwritten Tract, "A Day with the Heavenly Harriers."

Of Mr. Colvin's Introduction it is a pleasure to speak. It is nobly done. Mr. Colvin writes of his friend with a more than Roman piety, and with a composed dignity that adds depth and force to the volume of his affection. It is so seldom that the right thing is done by the right man that I may be pardoned the presumption of my praise.

Mr. Colvin had, of course, to touch upon the Posterity question. He first slays, with the easy grace of Alan Breck, two foes of Stevenson's reputation: *Externality* (a word I do not understand) and *Imitateness*. Of the latter much use has been made by persons who know nothing about the genesis of an artist. Dr. Newman, in a passage that ought to be familiar, has told us how long he, too, played "the sedulous ape". Having killed his men, Mr. Col-

vin proceeds in a passage to which justice can only be done by transcription:

Not by reason, then, of "externality" for sure, nor yet of imitateness, will this writer lose his hold on the attention and regard of his countrymen. The debate, before his place in literature is settled, must rather turn on other points, as: whether the genial essayist and egotist or the romantic inventor and narrator was the stronger in him—whether the Montaigne and Pepys elements prevailed in his literary composition, or the Scott and Dumas elements,—a question, indeed, which, among those who care for him, has always been at issue. Or, again, what degree of true inspiring and illuminating power belongs to the gospel or gospels, airily encouraging or gravely didactic, which are set forth in the essays with so captivating a grace? Or whether in romance and tale he had a power of happily inventing, and soundly constructing, a whole fable comparable to his unquestionable power of conceiving and presenting single scenes and situations in a manner which stamps them idelibly on the reader's mind? And whether his figures are sustained continuously by the true, large, spontaneous breath of creation, or are but transitively animated at critical and happy moments by flashes of spiritual and dramatic insight, aided by the conscious devices of his singularly-adroit and spirited art? This is a question which no criticism but that of time can solve; it takes the consenting instinct of generations to feel whether the creatures of fiction, however powerfully they may strike at first, are durably and equably, or ephemerally and fitfully alive.

We may all surely be well content to leave this question where Mr. Colvin leaves it, and to turn to a warmer theme. It is not so very long ago since Stevenson was alive. This is a word of very different import in different cases. The life of some people is scarce perceptible, whilst that of others is mighty offensive. There was no doubt about Stevenson's life while it lasted; "there

seemed," writes Mr. Colvin, "to be more vitality and fire of the spirit in him as he lay exhausted and speechless in bed, than in an ordinary roomful of people in health."

Let us see what Mr. Colvin and Mr. Henley have to say of the living Stevenson; and first, Mr. Colvin:

It was only in talk, as I have said, that all the many light and colors of this richly compounded spirit could be seen in full play. He would begin, no matter how—in early days, often with a jest at his own absurd garments, or with the recitation, in his vibrating voice and full Scotch accent, of some snatch of poetry that was haunting him, or with a rhapsody of analytic delight over some minute accident of beauty or expressiveness that had struck his observation, and would have escaped that of everybody else, in man, woman, child, or external nature. And forthwith the floodgates would be opened, and the talk would stream on in endless, never importunate, flood and variety. A hundred fictitious characters would be invented, differentiated and launched on their imaginary careers; a hundred ingenious problems of conduct and cases of honor would be set and solved in a manner often quite opposed to conventional precept; romantic voyages would be planned and followed out in vision with a thousand incidents to all the corners of our own planet, and of others; the possibilities of life and art would be illuminated with glancing search-lights of bewildering range and penetration, the most sober argument alternating with the maddest freaks of fancy, high poetic eloquence with coruscations of insanely-apposite slang—the earthiest jape anon shooting up into the empyrean, and changing into the most ethereal fantasy—the stalest and most vulgarized forms of speech gaining brilliancy and illuminating power from some hitherto undreamt-of application—and all the while an atmosphere of goodwill diffusing itself from the speaker, a glow of eager benignity and affectionate laughter emanating from his presence,

till every one about him seemed to catch something of his own gift and inspiration.

Mr. Henley's account is not less graphic:

I leave his praise in this direction (the telling of Scottish vernacular stories) to others. It is more to my purpose to note that he will discourse with you of morals, music, marbles, men, manners, metaphysics, medicine, mangold-wurzel—*que scays-je?*—with equal insight into essentials and equal pregnancy and felicity of utterance; and that he will stop with you to make mud pies in the first gutter, range in your company whatever heights of thought and feeling you have found accessible, and end by guiding you to altitudes far nearer the stars than you have ever dreamed of footing it; and that at the last he makes you wonder which to admire the more—his easy familiarity with the Eternal Veracities, or the brilliant flashes of imbecility with which his excursions into the Infinite are sometimes diversified.

But we must not allow the excellence of the grace before meat to distract our attention from the banquet it precedes.

The early letters but dimly reveal Stevenson's home. Carlyle's devouring eye—that fiercely-splendid searchlight he turned upon every cranny in the paternal cottage, and upon every feature of the faces and movements of the back of his progenitors—has spoilt us for half-tones. But, as there is really no need, whatever, why Stevenson's home should be revealed to us by limelight, we pass on without a murmur. Let two facts be remembered. He was born in 1850 and in Edinburgh. Some of the fairies were at his baptism. He came into the world with imagination. In the days of the Crimean War some one gave the child a cheap toy sword, and when his father deprecated it, Louis said, "I tell you the sword is

of gold and the sheath is of silver, and the boy is very well off and quite contented."

Most children are born with imagination. In the lines of a modern poet Stevenson never fully appreciated, though not infrequently and not unintentionally he paraphrases, his very words:

'Tis the gradual furnace of the world
In whose hot air our spirits are un-
curled
Until they crumble or else grow like
steel,
Which kills in us the bloom, the youth,
the spring,
Which leaves the fierce necessity to
feel,
But takes away the power.

The world's great mission seems to be to kill and mutilate whatever genius is born into it, if not by one way then by another. No matter how tiny the gift, how small the measure; if it has but the true ring about it, that is enough to set the world upon her enterprise how best to coarsen, to corrupt, to destroy.

Stevenson, like other boys whose wits are ready, greatly amused his teachers doomed to plough in heavy soils. "I think," remarked his mother, with much shrewdness, "they liked talking to him better than teaching him."

He was, from the first, a frail and delicate mortal, but poorly equipped against the cold blasts of his native city. He never became an "invalid author," but it is part of his charm that he understood sickness and the depression of spirits sickness brings with it. He can always strike this note simply, because surely. Two of the stanzas of "The Sick Child" always run in my head:

CHILD.

O Mother, lay your hand on my brow,
O Mother, Mother, where am I now?

Why is the room so gaunt and great?
Why am I lying awake so late?

MOTHER.

Fear not at all—the night is chill,
Nothing here that means you ill;
Nothing but lamps the whole town
through,
And never a child awake but you.

Stevenson's school and college education was irregular but lengthy, and it was not till 1875 that he was called to the Scottish Bar, and by that time letters had laid hold of him. His peace of mind at home had been disturbed by the religious difficulty. This is not surprising. Was he not born in 1850? He did not resemble—how could he?—John Inglis, "the greatest man in Scotland, our Justice General, and the only born lawyer I ever heard," whom Stevenson once saw sitting in the kirk, when "old Mr. Torrence, over eighty, with his black thread gloves, and mild, old foolish face," was preaching, and there sat John Inglis, "grave and respectful, listening to the piping old body as though it had all been a revelation."

The elder Stevenson did not recognize the importance of dates in this matter of religion, and was greatly put out with his son. It was an uncomfortable time while it lasted. I must add that, in the later correspondence, letters are to be found, addressed to the father or to the mother about the father, so delightfully frank in their outspokenness as to show that the old Elder of the True Kirk was a fine humorous fellow. For example:

La Solitude, Hyères,
Last Sunday of '83.

My dear Mother,—

I give my father up. I give him a parable: that the Waverley Novels are better reading for every day than the tragic Life. And he takes it backside foremost, and shakes his head, and is gloomier than ever. Tell him that I give him up. I don't want no such a

parent. This is not the man for my money.

And again:

Bournemouth, Nov. 5, 1884.

My dear Father,—

Allow me to say, in a strictly Pickwickian sense, that you are a silly fellow.

There cannot have been very much amiss about a household of faith, the letter-box of which was content to receive such missives as these. It appears to have been in 1874 that Stevenson, always a scribbler, "commenced author" in sober earnest, and we now begin to recognize in his letters the peculiar notes of his music, the special "tang" of his choice vintage. For example, in a letter written in the train between Edinburgh and Chester in August, 1874, we encounter the following passage, and in a moment our imagination captures us, puts us into a railway carriage, and speeds us along with a new tale by Robert Louis Stevenson in our happy hands; true it is, the tale remains unwritten, but somewhere it is for all that, as surely "as the glasses clink by night in the fire-lit parlors":

I want to come back on what I have said about eighteenth century and middle-age houses. I do not know if I have yet explained to you the sort of loyalty, of urbanity, that there is about the one to my mind, the spirit of a country orderly and prosperous, a flavor of the presence of magistrates and well-to-do merchants in bag-wigs, the clink of glasses at night in fire-lit parlors, something certain, and civic, and domestic, is all about these quiet, staid, shapely houses, with no character but their exceeding shapeliness and the comely external utterance that they make of their internal comfort. Now, the others are, as I have said both furtive and bedevilled; they are sly and grotesque; they combine their sort of feverish grandeur with their sort of

secretive baseness, after the manner of a Charles the Ninth. They are peopled for me with persons of the same fashion. Dwarfs and sinister people in cloaks are about them; and I seem to divine crypts, and, as I said, trap-doors. O, God be praised that we live in this good daylight and this good peace!

To become an author, and to wish to see your reviewers in the flesh, are quickly succeeding estates:

Who wrote the review of my Book? Whoever he was, he cannot write; he is humane, but a duffer; I could weep when I think of him; for surely to be virtuous and incompetent is a hard lot. I should prefer to be a bold pirate, the gay sailor-boy of immorality, and a publisher at once.

The years 1876, 1877 and 1878 were fat Stevensonian years, when he was unknown to that "dear public" of whom years afterwards, and when he was at the top of the market, we find him writing with an exaggerated bitterness:

That is the hard part of literature. You aim high and you take longer over your work, and it will not be so successful as if you had aimed low and rushed it. What the public likes is work (of any kind) a little loosely executed; so long as it is a little wordy, a little slack, a little dim and knotless, the dear public likes it; it should (if possible) be a little dull into the bargain. I know that good work sometimes hits; but with my hand on my heart I think it is by an accident. And I know also that good work must succeed at last; but that is not the doing of the public; they are only shamed into silence or affectation. I do not write for the public; I do write for money, a nobler deity; and most of all for myself—not, perhaps, any more noble, but both more intelligent and nearer home.

Let us tell each other sad stories of the bestiality of the beast whom we feed. What he likes is the newspaper; and to me the Press is the mouth of a

sewer where lying is professed as from an university chair, and everything prurient, and ignoble, and essentially dull finds its abode and pulpit. I do not like mankind; but men, and not all of these—and fewer women. As for respecting the race, and above all that fatuous rabble of burgesses called the "public," God save me from such irreligion!—that way lies disgrace and dishonor. There must be something wrong in me, or I would not be popular.

Thus do men batter their idols.

It was in the years 1876-1878 Stevenson began the series which, when published under the title "*Virginibus puerisque*," lit his torch in many a home still responsive to his charm. He also wrote "Will o' the Mill," the "Island Voyage," "Travels with a Donkey," the "New Arabian Nights," and at the same time eased his bosom of some perilous matter (to call it stuff might be misunderstood), which may be found in the Edinburgh Edition, entitled "Lay Morals."

This must have been a happy time, despite occasional fits of disgust. He was able to walk in Ayrshire and Galloway, and he was ever a Knight of the Road. "What delightful things inns and waiters and bagmen are! If we didn't travel now and then we should forget what the feeling of life is. The very cushions of a railway carriage have a restorative touch." George Sand in "*Consuelo*" has written about roads better, I think, than anybody else, but Stevenson was fully alive to their infinite mystery and fascinating companionship.

But the plot of Stevenson's life was to thicken. He fell in love, and, in pursuit of love and experience, he sailed to California as an emigrant in 1879, where, in divers places, he abode for a year, enduring many things, sickness near to death being one of them. In California it was he conceived "Prince Otto and Seraphina," a romantic com-

edy very near to his heart, and of which many interesting things are written in these volumes. The story he actually wrote in California, "*A Vendetta in the West*," did not succeed in pleasing him, and has never seen the light. An extract from one of his letters to Mr. Colvin, written at this time, lets us into his state of mind pretty clearly:—(Mr. Colvin had found "*The Amateur Emigrant*" not quite up to the mark, and, like a true friend, had said so.)

My dear Colvin,—I received this morning your long letter from Paris. Well, God's will be done; if it's dull, it's dull; it was a fair fight, and it's lost, and there's an end. But fortunately dullness is not a fault the public hates; perhaps they may like this vein of dullness. If they don't, damn them, we'll try them with another. I sat down on the back of your letter and wrote 12 Cornhill pages, this day as ever was, of that same despised "*Emigrant*"; so you see my moral courage has not gone down with my intellect. Only, frankly, Colvin, do you think it a good plan to be so eminently descriptive and even eloquent in dispraise? You rolled such a lot of polysyllables over me that a better man than I might have been disheartened; however, I was not, as you see, and am not. The "*Emigrant*" shall be finished, and leave in the course of next week. And then I'll stick to stories; I am not frightened. I know my mind is changing; I have been telling you so for long; and I suppose I am fumbling for the new vein. Well, I'll find it.

The "*Vendetta*" you will not much like, I dare say; and that must be finished next; but I'll knock you with "*The Forest State: A Romance*".

I'm vexed about my letters. I know it is painful to get these unsatisfactory things; but at least I have written often enough. And not one soul ever gives me any news about people or things; everybody writes me sermons; it's good for me, but hardly the food necessary for a man who lives all alone on forty-five cents a day, and sometimes less, with quantiles of hard work, and many

heavy thoughts. If one of you could write me a letter with a jest in it, a letter like what is written to real people in this world—I am still flesh and blood—I should enjoy it. Simpson did, the other day, and it did me as much good as a bottle of wine. A lonely man gets to feel like a pariah after a while,—or no, not that, but like a saint and martyr, or a kind of macerated clergyman with pebbles in his boots, a pillared Simeon, and I'm damned if I know what; but, man alive, I want gossip.

In May, 1880, Stevenson married, and in August of the same year he and his wife and stepson were welcomed on the Liverpool Landing Stage by his father and mother and Mr. Colvin. His health was still bad, and the "bonnie North Countree" was no abiding place for him. "Treasure Island" was finished at Davos in 1881. This agreeable volume unlocked the coffers of the reading public; instead of straggling admirers and readers here and there, Stevenson became a driver of flocks and herds into the pleasant pastures of popularity. America stretched forth a generous hand. The Stevenson vintages were demanded in two worlds, and the modest, difficult three hundred a year, of which you may read in Volume I, p. 283, grew into dimensions "which made his teeth ache for shame and diffidence." "I am getting spoilt," he wrote in 1888, "I do not want wealth, and I feel these big sums demoralize me."

Byron, one of the erect spirits who haunt Parnassus, has a glowing passage in which he sings the charm of making money, "slowly first, then quicker," and avers that these charms excel those of either "love or liquor". On such subjects one is content to listen to Lord Byron.

Stevenson, though he enjoyed getting rid of money, and managed in his Samoan home to spend between £4,000 and £5,000 a year, the produce of his

delicate pen, never sank the artist in the artizan. His letters are full of the subject. He writes to his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson, as follows:

Your definition of seeing is quite right. It is the first part of omission to be partly blind. Artistic sight is judicious blindness. Sam Bough¹ must have been a jolly blind old boy. He would turn a corner, look for one-half or quarter minute, and then say, "This'll do, lad." Down he sat there and then, with whole artistic plan, scheme of color, and the like, and began by laying a foundation of powerful and seemingly incongruous color on the block. He saw, not the scene, but the water-color sketch. Every artist by sixty should so behold nature. Where does he learn that? In the studio, I swear. He goes to nature for facts, relations, values,—material; as a man, before writing a historical novel, reads up memoirs. But it is not by reading memoirs that he has learned the selective criterion. He has learned that in the practice of his art, and he will never learn it well but when disengaged from the ardent struggle of immediate representation of realistic and *ex facto* art. He learns it in the crystallization of day-dreams; in changing, not in copying, fact; in the pursuit of the ideal, not in the study of nature. These temples of art are, as you say, inaccessible to the realistic climber. It is not by looking at the sea that you get—

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine," nor by looking at Mont Blanc that you find—

"And visited all night by troops of stars."

A kind of ardor of the blood is the mother of all this; and according as this ardor is swayed by knowledge, and seconded by craft, the art expression flows clear, and significance and charm, like a moon rising, are born above the barren juggle of mere symbols.

"A kind of ardor of the blood," a Shakespearian phrase, and, therefore,

¹ The well-known Scottish landscape painter, who had been a friend of Stevenson's youth.

illuminative of much. Stevenson had his ardor till the end came suddenly on the 3d of December, 1894.

The reader of these letters, if he will but ruminate a little over them, and not be in too great a hurry to return them to the lending library from whence cometh his literature, will find, scattered up and down them, food for his fancy and matter for his thought. He will be able to compare the rough ore with the finished ornament, the thought as it struck the brain and as it is to be found recorded in one or another of the writer's books or papers. This is always an interesting parallelism.

One strange feeling had evidently great possession of Stevenson, a romantic attachment to the memory of Robert Fergusson, the ill-fated forerunner in modern Scottish song of Robert Burns. This feeling grew upon him. In 1891 he writes from far Samoa to Mr. Angus, whose own death is just recorded:

When your hand is in, will you remember our poor Edinburgh Robin? Burns alone has been just to his promise: follow Burns; he knew best, he knew whence he drew fire,—from the poor, white-faced, drunken, vicious boy that raved himself to death in the Edinburgh madhouse. Surely there is more to be gleaned about Fergusson, and surely it is high time the task was set about. I may tell you (because your poet is not dead) something of how I feel; we are three Robins who have touched the Scots lyre this last century. Well, the one is the world's; he did it, he came off, he is forever; but I and the other,—ah! what bonds we have,—born in the same city, both sickly, both pestered, one nearly to madness, one to the madhouse with a damnatory creed, both seeing the stars and the dawn, and wearing shoe-leather on the same ancient stones under the same pends, down the same closes, where our common ancestors clashed in their armor, rusty or bright. And the old

Robin, who was before Burns and the flood, died in his acute painful youth, and left the models of the great things that were to come, and the new who came after outlived his green-sickness, and has faintly tried to parody the finished work. If you will collect the strays of Robin Fergusson, fish for material, collect any last re-echoing of gossip, command me to do what you prefer, to write preface, to write the whole if you prefer; anything so that another monument (after Burns) be set up to my unhappy predecessor on the causeway of Auld Reekie. You will never know, nor will any man, how deep this feeling is. I believe Fergusson lives in me; I do, but tell it not in Gath; every man has these fanciful superstitions, coming, going, but yet enduring; only most men are so wise (or the poet in them so dead) that they keep their follies for themselves.

And again, in 1894, he is to be found writing to his lifelong friend and companion of the old Edinburgh days, Mr. Charles Baxter, as follows:

I had always a great sense of kinship with poor Robert Fergusson—so clever a boy, so wild, of such a mixed strain, so unfortunate, born in the same town with me, and, as I always felt, rather by express intimation than from evidence, so like myself. Now the injustice with which the one Robert is rewarded, and the other left out in the cold, sits heavy on me, and I wish you could think of some way in which I could do honor to my unfortunate namesake. Do you think it would look like affectation to dedicate the whole edition to his memory? I think it would. The sentiment, which would dictate it to me, is too abstruse, and besides I think my wife is the proper person to receive the dedication of my life's work. At the same time it is very odd,—it really looks like the transmigration of souls,—I feel I must do something for Fergusson. Burns has been before me with the gravestone. It occurs to me you might take a walk down the Canongate and see what condition the stone is. If it be at all uncared for, we

might repair it, and perhaps add a few words of inscription.

But we must cease our series of petty thefts from these ample volumes. How, in time to come, Stevenson's Letters may chance to compare with Pliny's or
The Contemporary Review.

with Cicero's, with Cowper's or with Lamb's, I am at no pains to inquire. To thousands of living men and women Stevenson was a friend and an ally, and they it is, at all events, who have the *first* reading of his letters.

Augustine Birrell.

THE GHOST OF DOCTOR HARRIS.

From an original MS. of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

DEDICATED TO MRS. J. P. HEYWOOD.

[In the year 1856 Nathaniel Hawthorne was American Consul at Liverpool. There he made many friends and acquaintances. He was an honored and welcome guest at the house of the late Mr. John Pemberton Heywood, well known in Liverpool as one of its most prosperous and respected citizens. Here it was that Hawthorne met Henry Bright (a nephew of Mrs. Heywood), who became one of his most intimate friends, and to whom he wrote many letters, some of which are published in his life.

It once happened that, when dining with the Heywoods, Hawthorne related his own personal experience of a ghost. The story was thought so remarkable by Mrs. Heywood that she begged him to write it down for her. With this request he complied. The manuscript is now in the possession of Mrs. Heywood's sister, the Honorable Mrs. Richard Denman, who kindly allows its publication.

A. M. Willberforce.]

I am afraid this ghost story will bear a very faded aspect when transferred to paper. Whatever effect it had on you, or whatever charm it retains in your memory, is, perhaps, to be attributed to the favorable circumstances under which it was originally told.

We were sitting, I remember, late in

the evening in your drawing-room, where the lights of the chandelier were so muffled as to produce a delicious obscurity, through which the fire diffused a dim, red glow. In this rich twilight the feelings of the party had been properly attuned by some tales of English superstition, and the lady of Smith-hills Hall had just been describing that Bloody Footstep which marks the threshold of her old mansion, when your Yankee guest (zealous for the honor of his country, and desirous of proving that his dead compatriots have the same ghostly privileges as other dead people, if they think it worth while to use them) began a story of something wonderful that long ago happened to himself. Possibly in the verbal narrative he may have assumed a little more license than would be allowable in a written record. For the sake of the artistic effect, he may then have thrown in, here and there, a few slight circumstances which he will not think it proper to retain in what he now puts forth as the sober statement of a veritable fact.

A good many years ago (it must be as many as fifteen, perhaps more, and while I was still a bachelor) I resided at Boston, in the United States. In

that city there is a large and well-established library, styled the Athenæum, connected with which is a reading-room, well supplied with foreign and American periodicals and newspapers. A splendid edifice has since been erected by the proprietors of the institution; but, at the period I speak of, it was contained within a large, old mansion, formerly the town residence of an eminent citizen of Boston. The reading-room (a spacious hall, with the group of the Laocoon at one end and the Belvidere Apollo at the other) was frequented by not a few elderly merchants, retired from business, by clergymen and lawyers, and by such literary men as we had amongst us. These good people were mostly old, leisurely, and somnolent, and used to nod and doze for hours together, with the newspapers before them—ever and anon recovering themselves so far as to read a word or two of the politics of the day—sitting as it were on the boundary of the Land of Dreams, and having little to do with this world, except through the newspapers which they so tenaciously grasped.

One of these worthies whom I occasionally saw there was the Reverend Doctor Harris, a Unitarian clergyman of considerable repute and eminence. He was very far advanced in life, not less than eighty years old, and probably more; and he resided, I think, at Dorchester—a suburban village in the immediate vicinity of Boston. I had never been personally acquainted with this good old clergyman, but had heard of him all my life as a noteworthy man; so that, when he was first pointed out to me, I looked at him with a certain speciality of attention, and always subsequently eyed him with a degree of interest whenever I happened to see him at the Athenæum or elsewhere. He was a small, withered, infirm, but brisk old gentleman, with snow-white hair, a somewhat stooping figure, but yet a

remarkable alacrity of movement. I remember it was in the street that I first noticed him. The Doctor was plodding along with a staff, but turned smartly about on being addressed by the gentleman who was with me, and responded with a good deal of vivacity.

"Who is he?" I inquired, as soon as he had passed.

"The Reverend Doctor Harris, of Dorchester," replied my companion; and from that time I often saw him, and never forgot his aspect. His especial haunt was the Athenæum. There I used to see him daily, and almost always with a newspaper—the Boston Post, which was the leading journal of the Democratic party in the northern states. As old Doctor Harris had been a noted Democrat during his more active life, it was a very natural thing that he should still like to read the Boston Post. There his reverend figure was accustomed to sit day after day, in the self-same chair by the fireside; and, by degrees, seeing him there so constantly, I began to look towards him as I entered the reading room, and felt that a kind of acquaintance, at least on my part, was established. Not that I had any reason (as long as this venerable person remained in the body) to suppose that he ever noticed me; but by some subtle connection this small, white-haired, infirm, yet vivacious figure of an old clergyman became associated with my idea and recollection of the place. One day especially (about noon, as was generally his hour) I am perfectly certain that I had seen this figure of old Doctor Harris, and taken my customary note of him, although I remember nothing in his appearance at all different from what I had seen on many previous occasions.

But that very evening a friend said to me:

"Did you hear that old Doctor Harris is dead?"

"No," said I, very quietly, "and it

cannot be true; for I saw him at the Athenæum to-day."

"You must be mistaken," rejoined my friend. "He is certainly dead!" and confirmed the fact with such special circumstances that I could no longer doubt it.

My friend has often since assured me that I seemed much startled at the intelligence; but, as well as I can recollect, I believe that I was very little disturbed, if at all, but set down the apparition as a mistake of my own, or, perhaps, the interposition of a familiar idea into the place and amid the circumstances with which I had been accustomed to associate it.

The next day as I ascended the steps of the Athenæum, I remember thinking within myself, "Well, I shall never see old Doctor Harris again!" With this thought in my mind, as I opened the door of the reading-room, I glanced towards the spot and chair where Doctor Harris usually sat, and there, to my astonishment, sat the gray, infirm figure of the deceased Doctor, reading the newspaper as was his wont! His own death must have been recorded, that very morning, in that very newspaper! I have no recollection of being greatly discomposed at the moment, nor indeed that I felt any extraordinary emotion whatever. Probably, if ghosts were in the habit of coming among us, they would coincide with the ordinary train of affairs, and melt into them so familiarly that we should not be shocked at their presence. At all events, so it was in this instance. I looked through the newspapers as usual, and turned over the periodicals, taking about as much interest in their contents as at other times. Once or twice, no doubt, I may have lifted my eyes from the page to look again at the venerable Doctor, who ought then to have been lying in his coffin dressed out for the grave, but who felt such interest in the Boston Post as to come back from the other

world to read it the morning after his death. One might have supposed that he would have cared more about the novelties of the sphere to which he had just been introduced than about the politics he had left behind him!

The apparition took no notice of me, nor behaved otherwise in any respect than on any previous day. Nobody but myself seemed to notice him; and yet the old gentlemen round about the fire beside his chair were his lifelong acquaintances, who were, perhaps, thinking of his death, and who, in a day or two, would deem it a proper courtesy to attend his funeral.

I have forgotten how the ghost of Doctor Harris took its departure from the Athenæum on this occasion, or, in fact, whether the ghost or I went first. This equanimity, and almost indifference, on my part—the careless way in which I glanced at so singular a mystery and left it aside—is what now surprises me as much as anything else in the affair.

From that time for a long while thereafter—for weeks, at least, and I know not but for months—I used to see the figure of Doctor Harris quite as frequently as before his death. It grew to be so common that at length I regarded the venerable defunct no more than any other of the old fogies who basked before the fire, and dozed over the newspapers.

It was but a ghost—nothing but thin air—not tangible nor appreciable, nor demanding any attention from a man of flesh and blood! I cannot recollect any cold shudderings, any awe, any repugnance, any emotion whatever, such as would be suitable and decorous on beholding a visitant from the spiritual world. It is very strange, but such is the truth. It appears excessively odd to me now that I did not adopt such means as I readily might to ascertain whether the appearance had solid substance, or was merely gaseous and

vapory. I might have brushed against him, have jostled his chair, or have trodden accidentally on his poor old toes. I might have snatched the Boston Post—unless that were an apparition, too—out of his shadowy hands. I might have tested him in a hundred ways; but I did nothing of the kind.

Perhaps I was loth to destroy the illusion, and to rob myself of so good a ghost story, which might probably have been explained in some very commonplace way. Perhaps, after all, I had a secret dread of the old phenomenon, and therefore kept within my limits, with an instinctive caution which I mistook for indifference. Be that as it may, here is the fact. I saw the figure, day after day, for a considerable space of time, and took no pains to ascertain whether it was a ghost or no. I never, to my knowledge, saw him come into the reading-room or depart from it. There sat Doctor Harris in his customary chair, and I can say little else about him.

After a certain period—I really know not how long—I began to notice, or to fancy, a peculiar regard in the old gentleman's aspect towards myself. I sometimes found him gazing at me, and, unless I deceived myself, there was a sort of expectancy in his face. His spectacles, I think, were shoved up, so that his bleared eyes might meet my own. Had he been a living man I should have flattered myself that good Doctor Harris was, for some reason or other, interested in me and desirous of a personal acquaintance. Being a ghost, and amenable to ghostly laws, it was natural to conclude that he was waiting to be spoken to before delivering whatever message he had to impart. But, if so, the ghost had shown the bad judgment common among the spiritual brotherhood, both as regarded the place of interview and the person whom he had selected as the recipient of his communications. In the reading-

room of the Athenæum conversation is strictly forbidden, and I could not have addressed the apparition without drawing the instant notice and indignant frowns of the slumbrous old gentlemen around me. I myself, too, at that time, was as shy as any ghost, and followed the ghosts' rule never to speak first. And what an absurd figure should I have made, solemnly and awfully addressing what must have appeared in the eyes of all the rest of the company an empty chair! Besides, I had never been introduced to Doctor Harris, dead or alive, and I am not aware that social regulations are to be abrogated by the accidental fact of one of the parties having crossed the imperceptible line which separates the other party from the spiritual world. If ghosts throw off all conventionalism among themselves, it does not, therefore, follow that it can safely be dispensed with by those who are still hampered with flesh and blood.

For such reasons as these—and reflecting, moreover, that the deceased Doctor might burden me with some disagreeable task, with which I had no business or wish to be concerned—I stubbornly resolved to have nothing to say to him. To this determination I adhered; and not a syllable ever passed between the ghost of Doctor Harris and myself.

To the best of my recollection I never observed the old gentleman either enter the reading-room or depart from it, or move from his chair, or lay down the newspaper, or exchange a look with any person in the company, unless it were myself. He was not by any means invariably in his place. In the evening, for instance, though often at the reading-room myself, I never saw him. It was at the brightest noontide that I used to behold him, sitting within the most comfortable focus of the glowing fire, as real and lifelike an object (except that he was so very old,

and of an ashen complexion) as any other in the room. After a long while of this strange intercourse, if such it can be called, I remember—once, at least, and I know not but oftener—a sad, wistful, disappointed gaze, which the ghost fixed upon me from beneath his spectacles; a melancholy look of helplessness, which, if my heart had not been as hard as a paving-stone, I could hardly have withstood. But I did withstand it; and I think I saw him no more after this last appealing look, which still dwells in my memory as perfectly as while my own eyes were encountering the dim and bleared eyes of the ghost. And whenever I recall this strange passage of my life, I see the small, old, withered figure of Doc-

tor Harris, sitting in his accustomed chair, the Boston Post in his hand, his spectacles shoved upwards—and gazing at me, as I close the door of the reading-room, with that wistful, appealing, hopeless, helpless look. It is too late now; his grave has been grass-grown this many and many a year; and I hope he has found rest in it without any aid from me.

I have only to add that it was not until long after I had ceased to encounter the ghost that I became aware how very odd and strange the whole affair had been; and even now I am made sensible of its strangeness chiefly by the wonder and incredulity of those to whom I tell the story.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The Nineteenth Century.

Liverpool, August 17, 1856.

PIPE IN HAND.

I spied Love play his pipe one day,
A monotone, methought, for hours!
And down the silent woodland way
He becked and bowed to birds and flowers.
Anon, he stilled his finger-tips,
And kissed his maiden on the lips;
Then laughed, and to his pipe again!
I pondered through an afternoon
To find a music in his strain,
Monotonous and slow of tune!

But, one sly day within the south,
Love pushed his pipe within my hand!
I frowned, I smiled, I pursed my mouth
To mock his moaning through the land.
His note I blew; it flew, it flew
Into a thousand echoes,—through
The thousand throats of busy birds;
And amid trees and roses blown
And hushing grasses mingled chords
To match Love's eager monotone!
Ah me! I piped it with a will,—
And save me, but I pipe it still!

Pall Mall Magazine.

A. Boyd Scott.

THE PATHS OF GLORY.

We all know where the paths of glory lead to, yet but little enquiry has been made as to where they come from. As the world becomes more uniform, the struggle to be distinguished from the crowd becomes more intense; indeed, to be "distinguished" is, with many, the highest praise that can be bestowed upon man or woman. Above all, that peculiar form of distinction which consists in being widely known to persons unknown would appear to be the motive principle in most men's career who are not urged to action by the need of satisfying the material wants. Give a man bread, and he will pursue fame, or at least what is called reputation.

Answering this need, there have sprung up during the last half century a number of publications intended to supply a non-official list of those who have obtained this highest good. Those who have, for a moment, obtained, or have for a length of time retained, the world's attention, get enshrined in those dictionaries of contemporary biography and everybody who is somebody finds his way into those *libri d'oro*. These books answer not alone to the need of the fame-hunters, but also to the lion-hunter, and to that even larger class of persons who are interested in matters "mainly about people". That the menagerie thus collected together contains many lioncels—not to speak of the lesser carnivora—goes without saying; but there can be no doubt of the genuineness of the reputation which gives rise to most of the entries in these publications, however doubtful one may be as to its amount and justification.

It has occurred to me that it would be of interest to subject one of these

collections to a rough analysis, which would give one some idea of the kind of career which confers distinction on Englishmen—or, in some few cases, Englishwomen—in the present day, with perhaps some indications of the causes which have led to such comparative eminence. I have selected for this purpose the latest issue of the well-known publication, *Who's Who*, which, if it includes many names which can only be known to a rather limited circle, on the other hand omits very few that are at all widely known. Taking this as our guide, we can, I think, arrive at some tolerably definite results as to the comparative numbers and qualities of assumed eminent Englishmen.

And first, as to the numbers of those considered worthy to be in its pages, and their significance. From a rough estimate, the issue for 1899 would appear to contain a bead-roll of just over eight thousand. Roughly speaking, there are about fifty millions of English people in the British Empire, and of those one-fourth, or about twelve millions, would be adult males, and, therefore, in the running for the laurel crown. From this it would appear that one Englishman out of every fifteen hundred scattered through the British Empire obtains sufficient distinction from his fellows to merit his being included in *Who's Who*. Another publication of a somewhat similar kind, *Men (and Women) of the Time*—the brackets are mine, and not in the original title—appears to hold the doors of the House of Fame more closely together, and to submit the applicants for entry to a narrower scrutiny. The latest issue of this, which appeared quite recently, only

contains 3,937, indicating a test of just double stringency, as compared with *Who's Who*. Only one out of three thousand Englishmen appears to get into *Men of the Time*, or three hundred and thirty-three per million, against the six hundred and sixty-six per million of *Who's Who*. We may even go a stage further, and compare these calculations with those of Mr. Sidney Lee, as to the numbers governing the probabilities of entry into the final Walhalla—the “*Dictionary of National Biography*.”

At first sight Mr. Lee's results, given in the *Cornhill Magazine* for 1896, would seem to lead to the curious anomaly that it is easier to get into the “*Dictionary of National Biography*” than into *Men of the Time*; for thirty thousand persons have acquired sufficient distinction to be inserted in the magnificent undertaking represented by Mr. Lee, *i. e.*, one out of every five thousand who has reached the age of twenty-four, from the year 1000 to the end of the present century. With regard to the present century, after including the colonies and their population, Mr. Lee has granted the qualifying amount of immortality to no less than one in four thousand. It is clear that his figures are based on a different statistical principle, and it might be difficult to make a comparison, but that luckily he has given means for checking them, and enabling us to compare them with our own. For the county of London, which we may take with him to include some six million persons, he estimates that there are some six hundred qualifying for admission into the *Dictionary*. Of the London population only one million and a half would be adult males, so that the *Dictionary* test works out at one in two thousand five hundred, or four hundred per million. We appear to get, therefore, the somewhat unexpected result that it is more difficult

to get into *Men of the Time* while you live, than into the “*Dictionary of National Biography*” when you die. It is true that Mr. Lee is hospitable enough to entertain criminals in his pages, if they are distinguished by the ingenuity or the extent of their crimes, but their numbers would scarcely be sufficient to make up the difference, and we must accordingly come to the conclusion that many persons of national importance fail to pass the portals of *Men of the Time*. But the probable explanation of the difference is, that Mr. Lee's calculation is based on the London district, which naturally produces a larger proportional crop of talent and genius than the Empire in general.

But there is still a further correction to make before we can put some numerical interpretation on the quality of being distinguished. Nearly thirty years ago Dr. Galton, in his “*Hereditary Genius*”, pointed out how rarely a man got into the dictionaries of contemporary biography before the age of fifty, and his statement is true, even to the present day: the mean age of the persons mentioned in *Who's Who* is no less than fifty-five, even though several names are included of persons who have had greatness thrust upon them in the first decade of their life. “It is better to be born lucky than rich,” says the proverb; “but,” adds a distinguished humorist, “if you can't be either, the next best thing is to be born a British peer;” and this seems, at any rate, justified by the large amount of attention paid to the hereditary House and the baronetcy by *Who's Who*, no less than eleven per cent. of its entries being devoted to merely titular distinctions. If these had been omitted the mean age of distinction would probably rise even higher than fifty-five, and, at any rate, Dr. Galton's threshold limit of fifty for entry into the biographical diction-

aries is thoroughly well justified. Now, there are only about four million Englishmen over fifty in the British Empire, and the proportion of those that reach eminence in the various collections I have mentioned would, consequently, be two thousand six hundred and sixty-four per million for *Who's Who*, sixteen hundred for the "Dictionary of National Biography", and one thousand three hundred and thirty-two for *Men of the Time*. This latter publication seems to have lowered its standard in the last thirty years, as Dr. Galton, in 1869, reckoned that four hundred and twenty-five of every million Englishmen over fifty attained sufficient reputation to earn a place in that receptacle. It must, besides, be remembered that we have taken the colonies into our calculation, and as the colonial contingent is naturally small, this would tend to increase the seeming increase of distinction in *Men of the Time*.

It may be worth while lingering for a moment on the comparative contingents supplied by the different parts of the Empire, as far as this can be ascertained from the birthplace of the various "celebrities" in *Who's Who*. This is only given in less than half the cases, but, assuming that the unspecified remainder are distributed in the same proportion as those cases where the birthplace is mentioned, we get the following table for the distribution per thousand of persons distinguished in *Who's Who*, which, by reducing the figures to the same standard, we can compare with the same result obtained (after reducing to the same standard) from a selected list of English celebrities made by Dr. Conan Doyle, and discussed by him in an article on "The Geographical Distribution of British Intellect" in the *Nineteenth Century* for the month of August, 1888:—

Place of Birth.	Who's Who.	Dr. Doyle.	Permillage Population of Empire.
England	519	697	541
Scotland	176	140	83
Ireland	106	111	116
Wales	21	15	22
Colonies	89	37	238
Foreign	89		—

The chief discrepancy between the two series of permillages is that Dr. Doyle's results are more favorable to England than those adduced from *Who's Who*; but, as he himself remarks, he included under that rubric many whose parentage was Scotch or Irish, though their birthplace was in England. Another explanation of the contrast in the figures arrived at for Scotland in the two estimates may be that in *Who's Who* so large a proportion consists of men who have distinguished themselves by administrative ability, and we should therefore expect to find that Scotchmen came to the fore in that direction. On either list they show nearly, or more than, double their proper proportion of celebrities. Ireland and Wales are normal in both lists, showing about their proper proportion; whereas, as might have been expected, in neither of the estimates do the colonies show to much advantage. It takes time and special circumstances for a man's repute to cross the wide waters; in fact, the simplest way for a colonist to obtain fame is to come over and settle in England. I have not gone into the question of the local distribution of talent or genius, as Dr. Doyle's paper was so thorough on that aspect of the question. One result of his may, however, be referred to—no less than 22 per cent. of his celebrities were Londoners, who, after all, only form 12 per cent. of the English-speaking population of the world, outside the United States.

Turning from the comparative numbers of distinguished men to the subjects in which they have managed to

attract the world's notice, we approach our subject more nearly, and are here again fortunate in being able to compare with the results of the *doyen* of statistical enquirers into this subject. In Dr. Galton's "Hereditary Genius" he gave a comparative table of subjects, for distinction in which men got into Men of the Time thirty years ago. The rubrics do not run altogether parallel, but they are sufficiently close to enable us to make a comparison. It should, perhaps, be remarked that I have reduced Dr. Galton's results to permillages, and that Men of the Time in those days included a larger number of foreign celebrities, which would account for the abnormal number of sovereigns.

Sovereigns	21	—
Statesmen	125	7
Titular	—	114
Travellers	25	8

Some of the discrepancies of the two lists are undoubtedly due to different methods of classification. Thus, there is little doubt that Dr. Galton included under his lofty-sounding rubric "Statesmen", who numbered no less than 12.5 per cent., the classes I have included under Diplomatic and Consular Service, Official, Political and M. P.'s, and Statesmen, who together make up 13.4 per cent.—a sufficiently close approximation to the earlier result. Little change has evidently taken place as a means of figuring prominently in the comparative importance of politics in the world's thought. To be of the governing classes is still the shortest cut to fame, however temporary and evanescent the glory may be. The disappearance of Philologists and Political Economists from my list is not to be attributed to any cessation of these studies among the English-speaking world, though, undoubtedly, neither holds so prominent a position as in the flourishing days of Professor Max Müller, and during the lifetime of Mill. The names of philologists and economists that get into dictionaries now owe their distinction rather to their professional position, and were therefore included by me under my new rubric, Educational. So, too, I found it unnecessary to distinguish between Natural Scientific and general Scientific celebrities, so that the former does not exist in my analysis of Who's Who. Two other omissions in the latter list are not of much importance numerically, but are of considerable significance. Two persons per thousand were distinguished both in agriculture and in metaphysics, according to Dr. Galton, in 1868. I did not find it necessary to keep a place open for these classes of

	Galton.	Who's Who
Actors	21	5
Agriculture	2	—
Antiquaries	23	4
Architects	6	4
Artists	40	36
Athletes	—	6
Authors	316	120
Colonial Legislators	—	18
Commerce	12	44
Contractors	—	3
Country Gentlemen	—	29
Diplomatic and Consular Service	—	27
Divines	130	74
Educational	—	51
Engineers	13	10
Engravers	3	—
Finance	—	21
Lawyers	44	71
Medicals	31	28
Military	56	113
Miscellaneous	4	—
Metaphysics	2	—
Musicians	11	22
Natural Science	22	—
Naval	12	21
Official	—	59
Philanthropists	—	6
Philologists	13	—
Political and M.P.'s	—	51
Political Economy	20	—
Railway	—	6
Scientific	51	42
Sculptors	10	—

celebrities, as represented by Who's Who, though it is just possible that some of the names I have included under Country Gentlemen may have been of the same type as those distinguished, according to Dr. Galton, for Agriculture. But, undoubtedly, both agriculture and philosophy have lost their importance in the practical and in the theoretical life of the nation. It is, indeed, remarkable to contrast the "sixties" and the "nineties", as regards the interest taken in metaphysical enquiry in the former decade as compared with the latter. The dissolution of the Metaphysical Club may have had something to do with the matter, but the dissolution itself is significant.

Still more interesting, however, is the list of omissions in Dr. Galton's list, as compared with mine, as showing the new paths of glory that have opened up during the last thirty years. The first of these is Athletics, and I was only surprised to find what a comparatively small permillage the athlete took up in the contemporary roll of fame. Yet, after all, intense as is the interest in the subject, widely-extended distinction in it is even more difficult to be obtained than almost any line of man's activity. The reason is obvious: a man can be at his best in athletics but a few years, and just when he has reached the pinnacle his powers are on the decline, and some new hero eclipses him. After all, the names of athletic celebrities that would be known to all could almost be counted on the fingers, or at most we should have to resort to the toes, if we adopt the primitive method of calculation.

The next omission in Dr. Galton's list has also its significance. The Colonial Legislator was a perfectly unknown quantity in 1868, but since that time Beaconsfield and Seeley, the Imperial League and the "Collinderles",

have made all the difference, and names like Laurier, Schreiner, Reid and Reeve, are at least better known than the majority of M. P.'s. "Contractors" is the next item absent in the earlier list, even though not very conspicuous in the new one. It may be taken with two other fresh entries—Finance and Railway—which equally fail to find admission into the rolls of fame thirty years ago, but are certainly as conspicuous in the public mind as Artists or Divines. Possibly, however, these items were included by Dr. Galton among his twelve merchants; but, even thus, it is significant that the thirty intervening years have brought about a differentiation in this somewhat vague term, and if we do so include them, it is remarkable that Commerce should have claimed only twelve per thousand of the century.

This leads me to consider the even more interesting topic of the difference in modes of distinction, as indicated by the contrast of the figures for the common rubrics of the two lists. Perhaps the greatest surprise is afforded by the first entry—Actors. At first thoughts, nobody would have conjectured that the parallax of actors to the world's eye had shrunk during the last thirty years to one-quarter of its former measurement. Yet, the very popularity of a profession—its regularization as a means of livelihood—often implies lessened public interest in any individual member. Bohemia is so respectable nowadays.

The next contrast that attracts our attention is the decline of the number of Antiquaries and Archeologists in the quarter century intervening between the two lists. Undoubtedly the decline in the Darwinian controversy, which concentrated interest so much on origins, has something to do with this: it is characteristic of the change that we are nowadays more interested in survivals. The difference in the

number of Authors in the two lists is, indeed, striking. They form nearly one-third of the former list, and only one-eighth of the latter. This may be due to some extent to a difference in the classification, Dr. Galton probably including a larger number of miscellaneous celebrities under this title than I have done; for everybody nowadays is an author more or less, but there can be no doubt that distinction in book-writing is more difficult to obtain at the present time, because of the larger number who pursue the profession—if it is a profession—and the same explanation of the drop in the permillage can be offered as in the case of actors. But it is also probable, I think, that the national ability is more devoted to the practical life than it was in the sixties. Young men of promise adopt the professional and public careers, rather than that of authorship or journalism. But among the professions thus selected, there can be no doubt of the decline in popularity of the Clerical, indicated by the drop in the figures of our lists from 130 to 74. Clergy do not loom so large in the nation's eye as they did thirty years ago, and it is difficult to say whether the decline in quality and quantity, recently complained of, is either the effect or the cause. Law, on the other hand, appears to be doubly as attractive as it was thirty years ago, notwithstanding the pressure of competition within the profession. Doctors appear to stand stationary in attractiveness to the world and to themselves. As might have been expected, the Services have become more popular, owing to the rising tide of Imperialism and Militarism; both on land and sea there are double the number of "celebrities". The reproach that England is not a musical nation is slowly being wiped out, if one can judge by the double quota of musicians in the later list. On the other hand, Artists have somewhat

declined in number, and, as the later list includes Sculptors and Engravers in that rubric, the falling off is marked: engraving, indeed, as a profession and as a means of obtaining fame, has entirely died out; the engraver nowadays is a process-maker. Curiously enough, Engineers do not seem to have increased in popularity during the interval, the truth being that there are more of them, but they get less credit, owing to the growth of the class of Contractors and Financiers, who utilize their services but get the *kudos* of their exploits. Of the decline of public interest in Science as a whole there can be little doubt. Scientific men must have increased more than four-fold in the interval, yet their proportional parallax has declined from 73 to 42. Specialization, doubtless, advances science and secures a man's position, but it rarely brings him prominently before the public. The popular exponent of science has also disappeared; we have nobody nowadays exactly corresponding to Professors Huxley, Tyndall, and Clifford. The rapid decline in the number of Travellers, who are run after by the public, is a simple illustration of the fact that the whole world has now been practically discovered.

Turning now to the contrast between the two lists to a more particular consideration of the later one, in order to ascertain the light it throws upon the best way of obtaining fame, we see at once that the easiest method is to be born to it. "Have a title, and you get to be known," seems to be the moral of Mr. Sladen's list. Next to that, write a book, or many books, and in the end some one will read them, and your name will become known. Next to Authors, the largest item of the later list is that devoted to Military; and it must be remembered that the list was drawn up before recent events concentrated the whole nation's anxi-

ety upon its fighting army. The world changes little; the shortest path to glory has always been that of the knight. Public service generally is best rewarded by public notice: the Administrative and the Legislative officials of the Empire carry away one-seventh of the meeds of fame. Authorship, and art generally, is gradually declining in its attractiveness, and Science is becoming, more and more, *Brodwissenschaft*—a means of gaining rather a livelihood than fame. Divinity has got to be its own reward, and is becoming associated, in the public eye, rather with Philanthropy (by the way, a new rubric in my list, as compared with Dr. Galton's) than with Theology. Altogether, the impression left by the list is that the world's attention is being drawn rather to the practical than to the higher life; commerce and administration are proving more attractive than art, science, or religion; the man of affairs is ousting the man of ideas.

Turning now to the causes rather than the means by which popular fame is obtained, it is by no means unimportant what name you are born with. Nothing is more striking, in looking through the list, than the frequent occurrence of similar names. Of course this is, to a certain extent, due to the comparative frequency of various surnames in the general population. One is not surprised, for example, to find that Smith, with its variants Smyth and Smythe, numbers no less than sixty-nine; but the very second name on the list of frequency, that of Wilson, with thirty-seven names, shows that there is some other influence at work in producing the relative frequency of surnames. It is a way they have in the Army, and in the Navy, and in the Civil Service, for families to keep up their connection for generation after generation with the various branches. It would be a mistake to

think that competitive examination had altogether eliminated the influence of the "governing families" in procuring distinction for their members, so far as this can be gained in the administrative services of the State. Next to this, the clannishness and ability of the Scot produces an unusual frequency of Scotch names in the following list of the most frequent surnames which occur twenty times and over in *Who's Who* for 1899. I have put the doublets in brackets after the more usual form of name:—

Smith [Smyth, Smythe]	69
Wilson	37
Brown [Browne]	36
Thompson [Thomson]	33
Stewart [Stuart]	32
Hamilton	29
Murray	29
Williams	29
Clarke [Clark]	26
Reid [Reade, Read]	26
Russell	26
Johnson [Johnston, Johnstone]	25
Campbell	24
Scott	24
Watson	23
Jones	24
Moore [Moor]	22
Robinson	22
Elliott [Elliott, Elliot]	20
Roberts	20
White	20

Altogether, these twenty-one names contain as many as 536—about five per cent. of the whole; while sixty-six other names include 749—nearly another eight per cent. The Celtic fringe is represented among the latter by Davies, Fitzgerald, Gordon, Mackenzie, Douglas, Fraser, Griffiths, Evans, Lloyd, Morgan, O'Brien, Owen, Ross, Cameron, and Nicholson.

Judging by this list it would appear that England was dominated by Scotland, and this is, to a certain extent, confirmed by the former list we gave of the comparative distribution of celeb-

rities among the inhabitants of the United Kingdom and Colonies. But here we are concerned rather with the comparative frequency of surnames, and this is rather determined by the relative paucity of names among which the celebrities have to be distributed in the different kingdoms.

In considering the best training for distinction, it is naturally of interest to ascertain how far the *cachet* of the public schools and the universities helps a man forward in the pursuit of fame. "Public schools" is a term of somewhat vague connotation, but accepting all those whose names are mentioned in the special list of public schools given in *Who's Who*, as coming within this category, it would appear that three hundred and one out of over every thousand persons mentioned in that publication were educated at the public schools of England—but little under one-third. It would appear that the majority of these also attend one of the two chief universities, since one hundred and thirty-six per thousand are credited to Oxford, and one hundred and twenty-seven to Cambridge. It is clear that a university education is of immense use in pushing a man forward, since over a quarter of those attaining distinction have attended the universities, though probably not one-tenth of even the upper classes have passed through them. Attendance at a public school is not by any means so efficacious, since a much larger proportion—probably one-half, attend these schools, yet less than one-third of those attaining distinction have passed through these training grounds of the administrative classes. The moral of that is that a man makes his friends and obtains his patrons at the universities, rather than at the public schools.

More important than either, in all
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probability, are the friendships made by common interest in some form of recreation. The chief thing that lends human interest to the autobiographies contained in *Who's Who*, is the multifariousness of the recreations which are mentioned in 42 per cent. of the cases. These vary from euchre to statistics, from racquets to *précis*-writing, from shorthand to carpentry. Only one person in each hundred has the daring to own to no recreation. Assuming that those whose recreations are unspecified take to out- or in-door amusements in the same proportion as those who have given information on this point, a large majority, no less than 70 per cent., have a preference for some form of athletics, only 8 per cent. find their recreation at home; while 22 per cent are versatile enough to adopt both forms.

One conclusion comes out of the whole inquiry—that very few men who are distinguished in any branch of thought or action fail to receive their due meed of praise nowadays. Reputation at the end of the nineteenth century is a plant of tolerably speedy growth. Whether, on the whole, this tends to spur the men of repute to higher achievements may fairly be doubted. It used to be a favorite diversion of newspapers in the early "eighties" to set their readers guessing the ten greatest living Englishmen. In those days we had still with us Tennyson and Browning, Newman and Carlyle, Gladstone and Beaconsfield, Darwin and George Eliot, Burne-Jones and Rossetti. It would be impossible to match that team among the "upper eight thousand" of *Who's Who*. Possibly because it is slack tide in English development, but still more probably because English intellect is devoted nowadays rather to action than to thought.

Joseph Jacobs.

THE ART OF NARRATION.

Those few persons who study literature—who read, that is to say, not altogether for the story of the story, or for the knowledge contained in books of research or of criticism, but take an interest in the form as well as the matter of a book—those persons are always asking themselves questions:—"The form is changing—why?" "Is the new form better or worse than the old one?" "What has caused the change?" "Where will the change lead to?" and so on, and so on.

It is in the art of narration that change of form shows more than in any other branch of literature, and by the art of narration I do not mean only storytelling in its usual sense, but also all descriptive writing. For fiction may perish, as the prophets tell us that it will; but while the world goes round descriptive writing, in one form or another, must ever remain with us. Some one gifted with this art of narration will always be wanted to describe to other people what they either have not seen or could not see for themselves. Now, surely the art has changed its form very materially in our day, and I wish to enquire into this change; to try to account for it; and to plead for the new methods of the art.

The change is from prolixity to brevity; from colorless detail to vivid outline; from long words to short ones. "Skip descriptions" used to be a sort of unwritten law with readers—but descriptions are now condensed into a few exquisitely-chosen words, which are wedged into the narrative, and can no more be skipped in reading it than the currants in a cake can be omitted in the eating. The diffuse, ready-made, conventionally-adjectived "description" of the Victorian Era has absolutely disappeared among writers who take

any rank at all. Far more pains are bestowed on a few words of modern description than went to a whole page of so-called descriptive writing in those days. Then it was the reader who had the hardest work to do, not the writer—for what can be a greater mental effort than trying to realize to oneself any scene which is described indistinctly?

The reader of former days was constantly expected to use his imagination, instead of having the picture painted for him so vividly that it required no effort on his part to visualize it.

You will see what I mean if you contrast a descriptive passage from Scott with one from any good modern writer. To gain any impression of the country which Scott is describing, a reader would need to close his eyes and think long and carefully:—

"The Cheviots rose before me in frowning majesty; not, indeed, with the sublime variety of rock and cliff which characterizes mountains of the primary class, but huge, round-headed, and clothed with a dark robe of russet, gaining by their extent and desolate appearance an influence upon the imagination which possessed a character of its own."

Here the reader who is called upon to image the frowning majesty of the Cheviots finds himself, before he has fairly visualized this, confronted with the staggering question: "What are the characteristics of mountains of the primary class?" True, the author supplies the answer that "a sublime variety of rock and cliff" is their characteristic; but the reader keeps ransacking his brain none the less for half-remembered bits of information about "rocks of the primary class", while his eye

goes on reading farther down the page of the "huge, round-headed" mountains, and he wonders what the character of that "influence" might be, which he is told they "exercised upon the imagination".

Or let us take another example—because it is impious to find fault with Scott—and Galt shall furnish the text this time:—

"The year was waning into autumn, and the sun setting in all that effulgence of glory with which, in a serene evening, he commonly at that season terminates his daily course behind the distant mountains of Dumbartonshire and Argyle. A thin mist, partaking more of the lacy character of a haze than the texture of a vapor, spreading from the river, softened the nearer features of the view; while the distant were glowing in the golden blaze of the western skies, and the outlines of the city on the left appeared gilded with a brighter light," etc., etc.

Here not only the construction of the sentence is slovenly to a degree, but the whole manner of relation is intolerably tedious. It is a typical description of that era when authors either could not describe or would not give themselves the trouble to do so. Just read alongside of Galt's wearisome wordiness a line or two from Kipling:—

"The animal delight of that roaring day of sun and wind will live long in our memory—the rifted purple flank of Lackawee, the long vista of the lough darkening as the shadows fell; the smell of a new country, and the tearing wind that brought down mysterious voices of men from somewhere high above us."

Or, to take another "modern instance," can words go farther than this from Stevenson:—

"On this particular Sunday there was no doubt but that the spring had come at last. It was warm, with a latent shiver in the air that made the warmth

only the more welcome. *The shallows of the stream glittered and tinkled among bunches of primroses.* Vagrant scents of the earth arrested Archie by the way with moments of ethereal intoxication. The gray, quakerish dale was still only awakened in places and patches from the sobriety of its winter coloring; and he wondered at its beauty; an essential beauty of the old earth it seemed to him . . . and when he had taken his place on a boulder, *near some fairy falls, and shaded by a whip of a tree that was already radiant with new leaves,* it still more surprised him that he should find nothing to write . . . he lingered yet a while in the kirk-yard. A tuft of primroses was blooming hard by the leg of an old black table tombstone, and he stopped to contemplate the random apologue. They stood forth on the cold earth with a trenchancy of contrast; and he was struck with a sense of incompleteness in the day . . . the chill there was in the warmth, *the gross black clouds about the opening primroses,* the damp, earthly smell that was everywhere intermingled with the scents."

These examples of modern description are typical of the new movement at its best; they exhibit all the virtues of the school and none of its vices; but, to be quite impartial, I must point out what these vices are. The first, and most marked, is the over-use of onomatopoeic words.

Now, there is no doubt that the use of a description is to convey its impression vividly, and to this end there is, perhaps, no cheaper method than the use of words which express themselves. Starting from this basis, repudiating the much-used verb, adjective, and adverb of literature, some writers have quite run away with the method, so to speak, and have succeeded in going off the rails of "literature"—of classicity—in consequence of this bolt into unknown paths. Description

must be vivid, they say, no matter how the effect is obtained. The results of this departure are rather startling. I quote at random from a very typical book of this class—"The Red Badge of Courage":—

"His canteen *banged* rhythmically, and his haversack *bobbed* softly—he *wriggled* in his jacket—the *purple* darkness was filled with men who *jabbered*—he felt the *swash* of the water—his knees *wobbled*—the ground was *cluttered* with men—a *spatter* of musketry—the fire dwindled to a vindictive *popping*—the man was *blubbering*—another man *grunted*—the guns *squatted* in a row like savage chiefs—they argued with abrupt violence, it was a grim-pow-wow."

It is all ridiculously effective, expressive, convincing; but too uncouth by far to be admitted to the high places of literature. There is a very practical working test for language: *i. e.*, to ask whether any other word could have expressed the intended meaning as well; and this test has not always been applied here. Many more shapely words would have expressed the meaning admirably without giving offence to the ear, and yet without being stiff—without conveying any impression of primness—that bugbear of modern writers.

Another vice of the less practised followers of the new school is a total want of all construction in their sentences. Because prolixity and over-elaborated phrasing were the snares of bygone writers, this is no reason why we should cut up our sentences into four or five words:—Nothing is easier. The method is simple. It presents no difficulties. It is distinct. It appeals to many. It is new. Therefore it pleases. For a time. But not permanently. Men of intelligence yawn. The trick is too readily seen through. It is like an infant's reader:—"My cat is called Tom. Do you like cats? No,

I like dogs. I like both cats and dogs," etc., etc.

But this is enough of fault-finding; and every new movement must go through some ridiculous phases of growth; and instead of laughing at these we must acknowledge the benefit that the movement has been in the main. Just look at Kipling's language—the masterly way in which he employs words old and new indifferently, but *always the best word*. Try to substitute any other for one chosen by him, and you will quickly recognize his art. "A boat came *nosng* carefully through the fog." "Over that *pock-marked* ground the regiment must pass." "Beautiful ladies who watched the regiment in church were wont to speak of Lew as an angel. They did not hear his *vitriolic* comments on their morals and manners as he walked back to barracks."

What an advance there is here from the days when only well-known words were employed—"a shady grove," "a handsome youth," "a graceful girl," "a lofty mountain," "a rapid stream"—the noun and the adjective were then as inevitably coupled together as B follows A in the alphabet; no one thought of altering the arrangement. The change is sure also to be a lasting good, because it is the outcome of thought, not of fashion—no man, even if he catch up mannerisms of style quickly, can produce fresh adjectives by imitation; this is a bit of work that must always come straight from the author's own brain.

The second great change which I notice in the better class of descriptive writing is that it is almost entirely done by simile. The power of mere words is, when all is said and done, very limited. You may choose your words never so cleverly, but if you trust to words alone you will not get half the effect that can be gained by one good simile. This is a strong point

with our hero Kipling. To quote him once again:—

"The low-browed battleships slugged their bluff noses into the surge and rose *dripping like half-tide rocks*." "The weather was *lorious*—a blazing sun and a light swell to which the cruisers rolled lazily, *as hounds roll on the grass at a check*." These are examples of simile employed in short description. But it is to Thomas Hardy, who must surely stand out as the very prince of all our modern descriptive writers, that we must look for examples of the constant use of simile. He never even attempts to describe without it; having apparently gauged the value of mere words to convey impressions. He seems to consider that our imaginations always need the crutch of simile, and that we can only be made to realize something that we have not seen by the help of something that we have seen. Let me give you two examples of his word-pictures, which are much more exhaustive and quite as unconventional as anything in Kipling, yet by reason of the travail shown in them, greater incomparably. The elaboration without tediousness in the following description is a marvel of workmanship. And notice the constant use which is made of simile:—

"They could then see the faint summer fogs in layers, *woolly level*, and *apparently no thicker than counterpanes*, spread about the meadows in detached remnants of small extent. On the gray moisture of the grass were marks where the cows had lain through the night—*dark green islands* of dry herbage, the size of their carcasses in the general sea of dew . . . or perhaps the summer fog was more general, and the meadows lay *like a white sea*, out of which the scattered trees rose *like dangerous rocks*. Birds would soar through it into the upper radiance and hang on the wing, sunning themselves, or alight on the wet rails subdividing

the meads, which now shone *like glass rods*. Minute diamonds of moisture from the mist hung, too, upon Tess's eyelashes, and drops upon her hair, *like seed pearls*." Or again:—"There had not been such a winter for years. It came on in stealthy and measured glides, *like the moves of a chess-player*. One morning the few lonely trees and the thorns of the hedgerow appeared *as if they had put off a vegetable for an animal integument*. Every twig was covered with a white nap *as of fur grown from the rind during the night*, giving it four times its usual dimensions; the whole bush or the tree *forming a staring sketch in white lines on the mournful gray of the sky and horizon*. Cobwebs revealed their presence on sheds and walls where none had ever been observed till brought out into visibility by the crystallizing atmosphere—*hanging like loops of white worsted* from salient points of the out-houses, posts, and gates."

Description can go no farther. And here are all the qualities grouped together—vividness, minuteness without prolixity (for who would wish one detail omitted?), free use of words wherever derived, and with it all exquisite selection.

Now, I have given enough of examples to prove that the change in descriptive writing is really accomplished; but it is more difficult to say exactly what has caused the change.

I am inclined to think that though it is in part a literary movement, it owes a great deal to another cause. There is a well-known saying that "the demand creates the supply," which may give us some clue to all this change. This is an impatient, nervous generation—over-busy, over-stimulated; and unless a writer can write a description which interests the reader *in spite of himself*, he had better not write at all. The author who appeals to an overworked, nervous reader is

one who conveys his meaning almost instantaneously to the reader's mind without effort on his part. This is what really good descriptive writers can do; it is what the best writers of the new school do. Perhaps the inherent love of novelty that there is in all of us is also an element in the new movement. We would rather have any change than none, and style has to come under this law as surely as every other art; but, as I have pointed out, this word-revolution is one which has been brought about thinkingly, so it is

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likely to prove a permanent one, not a mere rebellion against the powers that be.

Some critics are a little apt to assert that nothing new can be classic; which is just as foolish as it is to say that everything old is classic. It remains with the younger men of the new school to show that their work may take as high rank, for all its newness, as the great work of long ago. And this not only in spite of its revolutionary tendencies, but by reason of them.

Jane H. Findlater.

EXPLOITATIONS IN UGANDA.

There have been issued two important parliamentary papers¹ dealing with this comparatively newly-opened region—the report on the Uganda railway by Sir Guilford Molesworth, K. C. I. E., and Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald's account of his expeditions into the surrounding territory. Even glanced at superficially, they demand attention, but the interest is deepened to those who, knowing how the Englishman lives, and too often dies, in tropical Africa, can read between the tersely-written lines, and realize at what cost this extension of dominion has been won for us. The story of the Uganda railway would make a romance in itself, as would that of many a similar undertaking, carried out successfully in spite of heat, starvation, and fever, and afterwards recorded in brief official terms. But this work was done with precaution and foresight, and, therefore, without needless loss of life—some there must always be—for the sick were skillfully tended, and it thus compares favorably with other

railways in the tropics whose every sleeper was laid in blood.

It may be taken as an axiom in many parts of Africa that one railroad is far better than either troops or gunboats (which latter on the East Coast station cost some £110,000 per annum) for the putting down of slavery, while without it the advent of the white trader only encourages the hateful system. The reason for this is plain. The slaves formerly shipped over seas in dhows from Muscat were often all a minority, while wherever the European sets up his factory there is need of means of transport between the hinterland and the coast, for merchandise travels long distances in Africa. To all intents and purposes there are no roads. Beasts die on the West Coast of something akin to fever, on the East of the tsetse fly, and the head of the *tenga-tenga* man is the only means of replacing them. Therefore, as most negroes despise laborious work, the inland and unostentatious slave trade keeps pace with the extension of the white man's commerce. In West Africa this is also

¹ Parliamentary Papers, Africa, Nos. 5 and 9.

the case, and a caravan of 9,000 men once entered a certain town with merchandise for shipment from a British port near by, many of whom were slaves. Now, one locomotive will do the work of scores of porters—especially in sterile regions, where each man must carry many days' rations as well as his load—and by killing the demand naturally ruins the trade.

Further, traffic into Uganda was almost crippled by the fact that it took nearly three weeks to traverse a foodless region, so that if the donkeys which carried the commissariat died, as they generally did, the *ulendo* or expedition came back helpless. The railroad which will change all this, and much more besides, was commenced at Mombasa in December, 1895, and the initial difficulties can only be realized by those who know the tropics. There was neither shelter nor food available for the swarm of subordinates and laborers imported largely from India, speaking many different languages, and often antagonistic to each other. There was neither wharf nor jetty, an indifferent harbor, and in the heat of the tropics, intensified by the distressful steaminess which hangs over the edge of the sea, material had somehow to be landed on an open beach and dragged up a steep incline. Then the worthless and drunken were weeded out—and we read there were many of these—cranes, houses, hospitals and workshops had to be built, and with infinite difficulty a commissariat established, while the port was presently moved to Kilindino, on the further side of Mombasa Island.

Next, it was necessary to construct a temporary wooden bridge a third of a mile long to the mainland, and shortly afterwards the Rabai range rose across the path, where the constructors were forced to practically double the track, laying a temporary one with sharp curves and heavy grades to bring

up provisions and materials for the builders of the more level permanent one. Indeed, this expedient was necessary throughout much of the way. About the fiftieth mile the rails ran into the Taru desert, where there was less grading; but a desert in Africa is by no means always a level waste of sand. Instead, much of it is covered with dense, dwarf forest, laced and bound together by many kinds of thorn, and it is necessary to enter such a waste to form even a faint conception of it. Every growing thing seems contrived especially to lacerate the human flesh, while so closely is the whole bound together that only an axe or machet may open a passage. Further, the stuff when hewn down will seldom burn; thus treble labor is necessary to pile it clear of the track, while nothing eatable can be found in it.

Again, through all that country there is a dearth of water fit for use in boilers, much less for drinking, and special tank-trains had constantly to be run. Indeed, when one reads how in this place it was charged with bitter salts, and in another merely liquid mud, one wonders how it was possible to keep steam on the locomotives at all, or save the laborers from destruction. Water in the tropics is a treacherous article. There are streams in West Africa of which if a horse drinks he dies, though to human beings they are innocuous, and the reverse at times holds good. Then, for some reason, good water when stored in tanks occasionally develops unsuspected properties, and decimates a camp with dysentery. Thus, as was to be expected, more sickened of such diseases than fever, and it is a high testimony to the medical skill that thrice the number did not perish. Fever, too, from the same reason, was less fatal than usual in such undertakings, although the total of suffering was sufficient, and

that it is trying to work in blinding heat or the still worse suffocating damp of the tropics when shaken by malaria, the writer can testify. One's head aches intolerably, there is a racking pain down the back and in every joint, while to remember things in their order is exceedingly difficult; indeed, he can recall trying to pay colored laborers some £50 in British currency, and taking all day to count it. This is at a blood temperature of about 102 deg.; when it rises to over 104 deg. or 105 deg. the sufferer's troubles cease, for he either dies off quietly or lies still in a blessed indifference to pain and surroundings.

Later arose the difficulty of transport from rail-head to the advance parties, in which camels, mules, oxen, donkeys, died off as imported; in one expedition, for instance, one returned out of 120, while an unfortunate contractor lost three lakhs of rupees, and out of 130 camels and 140 bullocks saved only 15, half-dead. The humble "jigger" also crippled the human carriers and coolie laborers and there seem to have been some 15,000 of these, while, without tracing its genealogy, the writer may mention what he has learned from a personal acquaintance with the pernicious insect. Throughout much of tropical Africa, if you walk with uncovered feet, even in tent or house, you will probably find a curious tickling follow, most likely under the big toenail—that is to say, if one is lucky. Then the wise man gets a negro skilled in such matters to take the tiny intruder out with knife or needle, while if this is neglected or impossible, burrowing deeper presently it swells, and a numerous progeny eat their way through the foot until the latter rots away. You may see negroes often with only the stump of an ankle left, and the writer has been told, though he has not witnessed it, that the jigger invades other parts of the body as well.

There was next a stretch of uncovered, rolling desert, utterly devoid of food, to traverse in the Athi plains, while all the time the varying level rises from the coast to the heights of the interior, until some 350 miles from the sea a ridge 7,800 feet above tide-level has to be crossed, and a precipitous dip negotiated into a rift 2,000 feet deep, which, extending far north and south, divides the Kikuyu and Mau escarpments, the latter rising some 3,000 feet above it. Here, for a time at least, rope-inclines perforce will be used. There is an abrupt slope down to the journey's end on Lake Victoria. So malaria-swamp, impenetrable scrub, mountain ridges, scorching plains, and the fluted sugar-loaf escarpment—for such the twin heights appear in profile—had to be surveyed and crossed with mostly untrained laborers, many sicknesses fought with, and sometimes armed raiders, too—perhaps one of the most difficult pieces of rail-laying attempted in the world. Yet between December, 1895, and December, 1898, 256 miles had been laid, at a cost of some 1,500 men of all colors, dead or invalided—though, perhaps, the most difficult work remains yet to be done.

Even when the steel highway is finished to the waters of Victoria, it appears, commercially speaking, very doubtful whether we shall ever get our money back. With the exception of the Singo highlands and some other uplands, the country is evidently unfitted for European colonization; that is to say, the majority of white men will more readily find a grave than a home in it, and the others exist, as it were, upon sufferance. The rivers, too, which elsewhere serve as channels of communication are here rather huge obstacles, for many are choked with papyrus and forests of giant reeds impassable by canoe, and often unfordable by carriers, so close are their nine-

foot stems. Then there is the labor difficulty, for the Waganda and their off-shoots are scarcely adaptable, and an ever-present trouble in finding food, the banana fried half-ripe, or made into flour, being practically the only thing available, and we find it recorded that all provisions for the 15,000 railroad men had to be imported. It is curious that while banana flour is largely made by these unskilled semi-savages, the writer once found a white man in the Canaries who had spent much time and money on all kinds of costly appliances, and failed to satisfactorily produce it.

Still, the coolie may perhaps colonize Uganda, and once established there on an outlet from the heart of Africa, even if we fail, as we probably shall, to settle white cultivators upon the soil, we may hope to set up a great mart for British goods, and gather in equatorial produce, which would otherwise gravitate westwards through the Congo State. It has been proved elsewhere that when the market is opened wholly unexpected customers flock in, while, strange to say, distance seems no object to the slothful African. At least it is so in other parts of the Dark Continent, for the negro even more than the Bantu seems born with the trading instinct, and from almost unknown regions, passed often through many hands, and by devious paths, merchandise flows in.

Then there is the moral side of the question, the suppression of slavery, the letting in of civilization and the establishment of even justice, which the British, though somewhat egotistically and often blunderingly, accept as their special mission. There is evidently need for the latter, because between the Soudanese mutineers who, until recently, appeared to have run riot over the country, Moslem raiders from the North, and predatory intertribal wars, the state of Uganda has not been

a happy one. Also—surprising, perhaps, to those who have not seen the same thing elsewhere—the work of officials in attempting to maintain the Pax Britannica has been further hampered by the preachers of peace, because the missionaries' adherents of different faith, besides hating each other with a deadly hatred, occasionally coerce the heretical or collect proselytes by force of arms. This is unfortunate, but I know much the same appertained in the Niger country, where, as in Uganda, Protestant and Roman Catholic alike, by disputes which are often more than wordy, bring discredit on a common Christianity. In both regions the mutual recriminations have almost a ludicrous side, especially in Uganda, when one party declares it has made twice the number of converts the other has, and the latter answer that the said converts were incorrigible thieves and drunkards they had turned out of their fold. To those who cared to follow it, and remembered Justinian, a recent newspaper correspondence must have proved an interesting object-lesson. And meantime, through much of dark Africa, one and indivisible despite its wrappings of superstition, the faith of Islam steadily advances, teaching, at least, sobriety, and more or less skilled industry. It has struck the writer, among keener observers, that the missionaries often fail by reason of what some of them glory in—the casting out of fear, because the negro seems, as yet, hardly fitted to grasp the idea of doing well for the love of it, and a grim, swordhilt religion, with its *lex talionis*, makes a finer man of him. It is also little use sending him a man whose only qualifications are zeal and allegiance to the doctrines of his particular sect, for even the naked heathen discriminates, and looks for moral power or personal bravery. Failing to discover these he classifies his would-be teacher, as a "white bush-

man," sometimes, I regret to say, with a forcible British adjective and the word "low" in front of it.

Much light has been thrown upon the lesser-known region surrounding Uganda proper by the work of the expeditions under Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald, especially that northwards by the great Lake Rudolf towards the Abyssinian border. Here, again, the lack of food and the native cultivator's insecurity of tenure are made manifest, while the story is chiefly that of a grim race with starvation, and a running fight by unfed men with the physically splendid Turkana, who stalked them through the undergrowth or tried to storm the midnight camp, fighting on occasion with desperate gallantry. Well it was for the white officers that they had good men from the fighting Soudan, and loyal Swahilis to follow them. In fact, in spite of its cut-and-dry record—for the Government does not encourage sensational writing—the account of the starving column limping at last into Ngabato, with the last ounce of rations exhausted, to find the relief expedition had not arrived, and how, stubbornly holding on with a twelve days' march ahead, they met it the same day, form a thrilling narrative.

Another expedition, starting to Lataka, partly in the hope of joining hands with the Egyptian forces *via* the Sobat and the Nile, penetrated the mutineers' country and territories partly ruled by Moslem potentates. Here, again, food could not be found, and men starved and sickened on rations of ground-nuts. They were further soaked in drenching rain, the equatorial deluge which, coming down in solid sheets, hurls the mould into the air, scrambled and hewed over mountain-sides and through bamboo jungles. During the march there was the constant prospect of trouble with the late mutineers, and Captain Kirk-

patrick, sent out with a survey party, was treacherously murdered, after which a hard battle was fought. This northern region would seem to be overrun with well-trained soldiers, who have set up petty kingdoms of their own—Emin's men, old Egyptian soldiers, mutineers from the British service, and some Dervishes, while apparently its subjugation would be most difficult.

Indeed, the more one investigates the present condition of the region about Uganda, the stronger is the conviction that the few white men have entered a hornets' nest. Still, more difficult things have been done than its setting in order, and it is gratifying to find that some of these splendid banditti are tendering allegiance to the Government again. In Africa, at any rate, the warrior-robber, who has seen the error of his ways, if ruled with a strong hand, makes an unexcelled policeman. That is why on the West Coast our black constabulary are largely recruited from Moslem semi-raiders of the hinterland, who proved at Bida and elsewhere that they will fight to the death beside their new masters. The tribesman of this kind seeks diligently for the strongest and boldest leader.

During the whole of these expeditions the officers were forced to curious expedients to purchase donkeys, which, where available, replaced the "human carrier" as a transporter of commissariat. However, as the murderous tsetse confines its operation to the region nearer the coast, goats, sheep, cows, and bullock-skins were the medium, six donkeys being the value of one cow, and one donkey representing ten sheep. The rupee has been lately introduced as a means of currency, but so far with small success. Britons abroad often do curious things, and there is a ludicrous side of the matter when one reads of an army

officer setting up as a connoisseur of donkeys. Still, there is no doubt he did it thoroughly, with the conscientious attention to details, and not so much adaptability to circumstances as the power of forcing circumstances to adapt themselves, which characterizes the British colonizer the world over.

The last march of the split expedition to the help of the starving column returning from Lake Rudolf forms a splendid story of the collection of food in spite of almost unsurmountable difficulties, and fighting a way through the fastnesses of savage ranges, where every chief conspired to throw obstacles in their path. Shot at by poisoned arrows, rushed by spearmen, storming caves and barricades, crossing an apparently unscaleable range, they held on, and, at last, fording the Wei Wei River amidst the wildest enthusiasm, met the starving column they had faced so much to help. One likes that phrase "wild enthusiasm"; it shows the real human nature through the concise simplicity of the Government report, in which no man tells how much it cost him to do the thing. That appeared desirable, so we did it, he says; another was murdered, and we buried him.

The Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review.

The moral of the whole is that Uganda and its surroundings is not the kind of place one would recommend rash emigration to. All the way from Lake Rudolf to Mombasa its inhabitants have apparently much difficulty in feeding themselves; indeed, of late, they have died like flies of famine, and and even worse sicknesses that invariably follow.

There is also, perhaps, a danger of trouble with the Abyssinians, for bands of their predatory horsemen periodically raid it, and Menelik's Christian warriors are clearly foemen of the very grimmest kind, as evinced by the awful Italian defeat at Amba Aligui. Still, with the help of the sturdy Soudanese and the faithful Swahili, in due time we shall doubtless establish some degree of order and prosperity there; while, lying as it does in the fairway between Rhodesia and the Egyptian Soudan, it forms an important link in the chain of British influence—we were going to say territory—which is extending from Table Bay to Alexandria. Whether Egypt and the Transvaal will eventually be permanently welded in, too, as yet it is premature to say.

Harold Bindloss.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Quenched is the lamp, ev'n in its flickering dear;
We miss the light: we would not have him here;
No carping littlenesses lift their head
Where he is, 'mid the great unjealous dead.

He thirsted—as a thirsty land for rain—
For Beauty, and for Good as men for gain;
Now may he drink of the immortal tide,
Ever athirst, and ever satisfied.

F. W. Bourdillon.

The Spectator.

THE WOOING OF SARA LEPELL.

Bonny Sara Lepell sat in the embrasure of the deep oriel window of the white-panelled drawing-room she specially liked to call her own, and clasped her two hands behind her copper-colored head. The window looked south over the blue strip of English Channel not half a mile away, and its lattices were flung right back—for it was a warm September, though now day was passing towards evening.

Outside, just beneath, the gardens stretched in long prim alleys, brick laid, hedged with clipped privet; beyond, a great wilderness of fruit trees, hanging briar and honeysuckle arches, stiff rows of chestnuts, and undergrowth of flowering shrubs; then the twenty-foot-high red brick walls shut in Manor House and grounds from sight or sound of the outer world.

And inside, Sara, with her short-sleeved white gown, amber necklace on whiter skin, yellow snood in copper curls, yellow trails of sash, yellow roses tucked in just where the folds of the muslin fichu crossed, sat swinging her feet in their yellow silk stockings—and looked, for all the world, like a bit of the gilded sunset sky.

Half her attention was for her cousin Clementina standing with a handful of different-colored ribbons before an oval bronze-framed mirror on the opposite wall, half for the garden below.

It was indeed time for the lengthy after-dinner sitting to be over, even in that first decade of our century when people dined early in the afternoon and sat till sundown. There was always company to dinner at the Manor House—company of the best, though chiefly masculine. Lord Lepell would have liked to have his bonny daughter always with him, but he knew what was due to his name—and never forgot she

was motherless. More often than not daughter and niece—Clementina spent a good deal of her leisure time at the Manor one way and another—were sent from table before dinner was over, poor things; sometimes, when my Lord thought well to be particularly discreet, being ordered to take their meals in the privacy of their own rooms altogether. He had a fine sense of the proprieties, this old Whig—Tory, indeed, now the succession was secured, but always Hanoverian. Clementina put up with its inconveniences just as she put up with the dreariness of her position as Maid of Honor at that most sober Court of the Third George.

For the loyalty of her branch of the family was but some five and twenty years old, dating merely from the restoration of "forfeited estates". It had to be emphasized somehow. So she bowed philosophically to the House of Rimmon, and cherished all the prejudices of her Jacobite forbears, with the memory of France as the land of their exile and her birth.

And meanwhile, as she had good reason to know, my Lord Lepell was a useful relation. He had never erred to need forgiveness that way.

Clementina could keep watch on the garden very well, too, though standing back to it, for the glass tilted forwards, and she had eyes for a good deal more than her own black hair, though she was utilizing her *ennui* in trying various effects of color beside it. The sort of roving life she had led for so many years of her childhood had instinctively taught her how to make use of everything. She had not grown up like Sara, a princess in her own right.

"The scarlet suits you best," said Sara.

"Then it is not for the benefit of those

charming Hanoverians"—Clementina flung out one bare, olive-skinned arm, and let the ribbon dangle through her open fingers to the floor. "Dear me, who *can* have suggested to His Gracious Majesty the foisting of a whole German Legion upon this unfortunate village? I did hope to get in the country, at least, a little peace from the jargon! Why didn't they send us down a nice Scotch regiment? Think how fascinating to have had the bagpipes serenading us *à la* Queen Mary at Holyrood!"

"The King sends the troops he can trust most. They are a splendid set o' men! And *you* know—"

"Oh, we poor Highlanders have learnt by now which side our bread is buttered. But, frankly now, wouldn't you feel much safer with—a *whole regiment of McInnes*, say? H'm? . . ." How her black eyes twinkled!

"One is quite enough," said the little Sara, coldly, and all at once she drew herself very bolt upright.

"To keep off the Old Guard of France, *tout ensemble*? Well done! May the Sausage Legion—Isn't that a good name, by the way?—find as staunch a defendress! She won't be me. Are you counting, meanwhile, on their protection supposing my Lord Napoleon trips across? I'd sooner trust the tender mercies of *his* officers any day. I wonder my uncle likes to have them continually in and out here. And as for H. R. H. of York, if he gives me his hand again to kiss I shall bite it."

"How dare you speak like that?" cried Sara. "And under this roof?"

"Go and tell him," said Clementina, "and my Uncle that His Royalty offered to embrace *me* last night—by way of a change. The McInnes would have diked him had it been you, I've no doubt; I wonder he cares to hold a commission on such a staff."

"He is in the service of the King!"

"So am I in the service of the Queen.

And do more every day for her, bless her plain little face, than you've ever done in your life. Ten pins per day—and who can tell how much of her happiness depends on them? Well, we'll see where his long legs will carry him when Boney steps ashore!"

Sara stamped her foot on the ground.

"Have you *no* sense of honor . . ."

Clementina ostentatiously shrugged her shoulders. It was a little French trick of hers.

"I've five others all crying out for food. . . . What else could you expect from an orphan—practically penniless, '*attainted*'? The McInnes now would quite understand my position, I'm sure. He only got *his* family's attainder reversed because his late Majesty had such a loathing for the old Laird, and thought, after all, the quickest way of sending the family to perdition would be to let them have money to ride there. And family quarrels began at once, sure enough. Oh, no offence! Of course, I'm not saying for an instant that this northern hero makes ill use of his money—it's only people like myself who have none to whom that talent clings."

"Does Mr. McInnes confide in you, pray?" asked Sara, and Clementina noted the little red spot that began to show on either cheek, and laughed gleefully back at her own image, reflected in the mirror.

"I hear, by the way, all the barracks are taking fencing-lessons of their prisoner of war! Fancy a poor French marquis on parole being the only swordsman in the place! Even the celebrated Laird—"

"Mr. McInnes disarmed M. du Barri easily."

"Pardon me, 'twas the other way."

"It was *not*."

"Well, well, maybe. Prisoners on parole can't afford to be too successful. It answers better to be beaten sometimes. But isn't it droll, when

one thinks of it? Now, you ask the Laird all about it."

"I do not take the smallest interest in the matter;"—Sara tilted up her rounded chin—"I am absolutely indifferent." And she tried to look it.

"Well, well, don't be vexed."

"Vexed! I am *not* vexed. But I certainly am not amused to sit here while you defame my King, and—and my principles, and—"

"And your friend *aux jambes agiles*! Well, he doesn't use them to run after me, at any rate. But I told you he hadn't the sporting instinct strongly developed," said Clementina, critically poisoning her head as she fixed in two sturdy crimping-pins.

"What ill-bred things you say! And I really think you needn't come curling your hair in my sitting-room, anyhow."

Sara thrust her hot cheeks against the scented jasmine flapping in through the window.

"A Frenchman, indeed! Your country's enemy! I wonder you have thought for such—such—"

Clementina only began to hum. She had just seen the reflection of what she was waiting for, and now turned away. Sara, glancing round, thought she had left the room, but in reality she was close beside her, only hidden by the sweep of the long, dark window-curtains, her black frock befriending her. There rose a sudden shadow out of the twilight, blocking the window.

"At last!"

It was the form and voice Sara, too, was waiting for, so she instantly became very frigidly reserved.

"Oh, is it you? We didn't expect to see you for a *much* longer time. Have you done all your talking? Is the Council of War ended?"

"It is for me," said McInnes. "Won't you come out in the garden?"

"Too cold, too damp," said Sara, and she shook her curls over her face. "The dew is falling. Besides, are not all the

other officers out there? No? Surely you should be with them."

The McInnes was a very tall man, and the window not very high above the ground. He leant his arms on the sill, and began to smooth an end of yellow sash-ribbon round one finger. Sara—surely she seemed a little nervous—pulled an ivy spray towards her and slowly picked it to pieces. When she glanced up it was to meet a pair of eyes looking so intent, and full and straight that— They were gray eyes, set far back and darkly rimmed. The light in them made them glow as deep water does when the sun is on it. He picked up the several little sprigs of ivy as they fluttered away, and laid them with much care, one upon another, in a heap on the sill.

Then, being a wise man, he began to talk—not in an indifferent tone, for he took no pains to conceal its ring and undercurrent of stirred feeling; but his words were finely impersonal.

"Nobody will be out yet. Our council isn't nearly over. H. R. H. has got the plan of intrenchments with him. There's no one inside?"

"Clementina's gone to—" Sara nearly took her revenge by saying "to curl her hair," but refrained; her own curled naturally—"tie up her snood again."

McInnes noted every shadow on the fair little face.

"Has she been airing her politics again? She only does it to tease. After all, isn't it a woman's nature—conservatism?"

("Sensible man!" commented Clementina, and she echoed his laugh silently behind the curtain. "And he owes me more than he realizes, did he but understand my fair cousin as I do!")

He knew, at any rate, on whose side Clementina's sympathies were in this one campaign that was just then occupying his dearest hopes, and cared not a jot about any others she might choose to have.

So he only shifted a little nearer and deliberately took the last bit of ivy right out of Sara's fingers.

"Tell me what you've been talking about," said Sara, evasively. She drew back so that he might not see the warm color rising.

"It's the notion of the Sluices at Pevensey. We mean to set them in such a way that at any moment, should the French land, the Levels can be instantly flooded. The other plans are of the Martello Towers. They say it'll take fifty thousand bricks to complete a single course of one of them! The Duke of Richmond is responsible for those, you know. They seem good—what was that?"

It was Clementina slipping unperceived out of the room, with a wicked gleam in her black eyes.

"Come out just a little way—in the garden—won't you?" pleaded McInnes, persuasively.

The dining-hall was all in darkness, save for the lights blazing in the big silver candelabra at one end of the long table. There were silver sconces with wax tapers branching out at intervals all down the walls, and standing out in sharp relief against their dark panelling—but these had not been wanted. Little, low-latticed windows, set deep and wide, opened out down each side to the east and west. At the far end, above the great fireplace, grotesque carvings of ugly monks and mediæval fantasies surrounded the deeply-cut lettering of the Lepell motto and the date 1390. Could you have pierced the forty feet of shadow to the dome roof you would have found the same repeated on every black oaken beam. Fifty people you might put to dine at one sitting, and yet leave room. My Lord Lepell liked nothing better than to prove it.

And now, since the German Legion had added its quota to society in that

little seaside Sussex village, when the terror of a French invasion beset the coast, and meetings and consultations of military authorities and country gentlemen were the order of the day, the Manor House had its echoes shaken out night after night. Not often in senseless revelry, either—the air was too full of what the dark future might hold. Those were times when men waked to action first, and then drank—to victory, or oblivion of disaster!

This night there had been some serious work under discussion—a new development in fortifications, a new scheme of coast defence. Round the table, at the far end, some dozen men were still gathered. The polished mahogany was cleared of glasses and decanters, except where they were utilized to hold down the curling edges of an outspread parchment chart. At the head sat my Lord Lepell. On his right hand the Commander-in-Chief, H. R. H. the Duke of York. Some of his staff—Graeme McInnes was one, but he had slipped away—had ridden over from Brighton with him. The Duke of Richmond sat over against him; gathered round there were the senior officers of the famous German Legion.

Clementina counted them all as she stood pressed close up against the window nearest to the little oasis of light. There was a black lace shawl over head and face and neck—nothing but the brightness of her twinkling eyes to distinguish her from the shadows all around. And all they said she heard.

There came a stir, and McInnes's name was mentioned. One of the officers of the staff got up and came swinging out through the hall into the ante-room which led to the gardens. He hummed aloud as he sauntered down the brick-laid path, his spurred riding boots clanging noisily as he went, and looked nonchalantly across the privet hedges, as though he had no idea he were anywhere near either drawing-

rooms or boudoirs. And long before he had reached them McInnes came sauntering down to meet him with equanimity quite as oblivious—only leaving two small hands glowing with the pressure of his lips.

"Beautiful night," yawned the Aide-de-camp. "The Commander-in-chief wants your ideas on marsh drainage, McInnes; I hope he'll release us soon. What's that star over the chimney-stacks, I wonder? I used to know 'em all once. Camping out in trenches teaches one something, after all."

He laughed easily.

Neither noticed the slim, black figure crouching behind a syringa bush before she skirted the square, and skimmed away down a side alley. But Sara, from her post of vantage, looking down through the gathering dusk, did. And the impulse seized her to go out, too, into the fresh, cool, night air; the room within seemed suddenly blank and desolate.

She found her way out down through a side door, catching up a cloak as she passed along. It was one of Clementina's, she noticed, as she hung it round her and pulled the hood over her head—much too big and long and loose. However, the extra folds were all the warmer.

Her cousin was not in sight, but Sara walked quietly on—half, as it were, in a dream—her mind running back through the past, and then leaping forwards to the future—a future whose contemplation even in thought sent the blood to her cheeks and a glint to her eyes! . . . But it was not in dream that all at once there seemed to flash that curious medley of twinkling lights out of the far darkness! . . .

And Sara awoke—startled. What could it be? She put her hand up to her eyes and stared hard through the night. All was still and sombre. Suddenly again, a triangle—three stars hung low down, very low down, in the

sky, as it were; no mistaking this time. Two seconds—out they went. Sara waited no longer; she picked up her voluminous folds and set off, running down the path. What tricks was that wild Clementina up to now? The privet alleys came to an end; the path led on through the shrubberies. Once more, just straight in front, the three sparkling pin-points flashed out. Sara began to laugh. She felt like a child playing with a will-o'-the-wisp. . . . And then—why here was the high, straight, brick wall of the garden fronting her. She had come right down to the very end.

But where *was* Clementina?

She recognized her exact whereabouts by catching sight, in dim outline, of a certain little tumbledown summer-house, built up against the garden wall, open on the other three sides. She waited a moment and then turned and slowly ascended its shaky wooden steps—perhaps her cousin was in hiding there. There was a rough-hewn oak-branch table screwed down in the middle and a couple of rustic benches. Within and without ivy and virginian creeper made a hanging tapestry from roof to floor, and the stars shone fitfully through the leaves, though there was no moon. Sara paused, and stood drumming her fingers doubtfully on the rough edge of the table.

The night was wonderfully still; she could hear the plash of the first incoming wave of the flowing tide as it broke on the shore. She was soothed into reverie again with the soft, familiar murmur and did not hear the slight, rustling sound close beside her, which presently stirred the silence. The green tapestry parted, and two figures stood at her side. One laid his hand on her arm.

"Que vous êtes tard, Mademoiselle Lepell," murmured a voice, softly. Then, indeed, but not before, she turned sharply, terrified, but in another

moment, before she had time to think, speak, or escape, the speaker had quickly—though quite gently—drawn her after him.

He pushed aside the ivy; it concealed an opening in the wall. As they stepped within, it fell again close and thick behind them, and Sara felt herself making a hurried descent down a succession of steps. It was perfectly dark; the air smelt damp and close.

"Prenez garde, Mademoiselle Clementina, je vous en prie." He had not loosed her arm, and now tightened his hold to keep her from falling.

Sara had opened her mouth to scream; she shut it resolutely as he spoke her name. Hair that curls, and has a copper hue, is generally associated with a quick intuition and a capacity for instantaneous action.

This, then, was meant for Clementina. It was possible much underlay it. For Clementina's sake secrecy was perhaps necessary. Clementina she would be, for the nonce. Her thoughts flew swiftly over possible contingencies. Intrigue? . . . or mere escapade? Folly, a trick . . . a love affair, or . . . *what else?* Still they went on, descending swiftly and relentlessly, the soft, French accents at her ear going on, too, in a kind of reassuring undercurrent. Sara heard, to understand but half. She felt bewildered, confused; the long folds of her cloak kept tripping her up.

The other man went stolidly on ahead. Once only he turned round.

"Mind t' flintstones. Once they gets a holt on ye, ye doänt easy get shut of 'em. 'Tis tarrble nubbly for walking."

The steps ended, and Sara found her feet sinking softly into a yielding ground. She stooped and furtively picked up a trail of her cloak; the hem was all damp. She put it to her lips; it was rough with sand grit and saltish. They made a sudden turning, and a sharp current of air set athwart their

faces—strong, harsh and bracken. A confused rumble of noise, growing every moment more distinct, gave her the clue. She stretched out her free hand and met the resistance of a wall; it was slimy and wet, and a bit of moist seaweed came away. She began to understand now.

Then all at once they stopped. Her guide loosed her arm.

"Pardon, a moment," he said, and she heard the faint patter of his footsteps quick running upon the shifting sand.

"Doänt smell so gifty like now," said the other man. He, too, seemed to have stopped, but see she could not.

"We be amost agin t' beach. Hark, how t' water rakes."

"Yes," murmured Sara.

"T' Captain'll be here dracely minuat. He couldn't rightly come up hisself all through along on account of t' tide. He was a-feard ye'd ache waitin'. So we comed along fust."

"Yes?"

Another voice at Sara's elbow; it made her start with a little cry. She had heard no one approaching.

"'Tis Mistress Lepell?"

"Yes," said Sara, again. This, at least, was truth.

"I hope ye'll pardon my 'lowin' ye to come down so far isted of my a-coming up, but t' tide's on t' turn dracly, and I couldn't rightly leave t' boat. An th' Emperor's letter I was to give ye with my own hands. If ye send any one else of an errand, he's pretty sure to make a boffle of it. Will ye take her?"

He appeared to be fumbling in his pocket, and then came the sound of cautious striking of tinder and flint. The light, in a sudden flare-up, showed Sara where he stood, a packet in his hand; he was looking as though to make sure of the address—and in that moment Sara, too, just caught the superscription:

"*A l'égard de M. du Barri.*"

She had no time to observe more. The light was out and the letter in her hands.

"Have ye aught to go back?"

"I don't think so," she faltered.

"Well, I doänt know as it argifies much whether I goes across to-day or whether I goes tomorrow if 'tis of count to ye, but a must shift off wi' t' tide now, or *he'll* have me, I rackon! Ye could let me hear, and I'll help the letter to Boney sure enough. Good-night to ye, Mistress. Ye'll 'scuse me. Danvers'll see ye back wi' t' bag."

"Good-night," returned Sara, mechanically.

Again her arm was taken and herself guided round and along the passage. No one spoke during the return journey. Silently and swiftly they passed—so swiftly, that poor Sara was panting by the time they had climbed the shaking, slippery steps. She tried to count them with a vague idea of possibly turning the knowledge to account. A moment's pause.

"There's t' money-purse. Good-night t' ye."

"Au revoir, chère Mademoiselle"

A heavy bag was swung into her hand. Sara turned hastily—to hear a click— She was standing alone in the middle of the summer-house.

It was but for a moment, for the silence of the gardens was no longer unbroken. Voices rose and fell on the quiet evening air. Surely that was Mr. McInnes just rounding the corner.

"He came to look for me," thought Sara, smiling to herself even then.

She dared not stop. Off she set at as quick a run as she could. Bumpety bump against her heels went the bag—rattle-rattle, bang-bang—heavens, what a noise! It must be coin—coin, money, how awful! She looked wildly around through the darkness. A spreading guelder-rose bush brushed her face; in a sudden inspiration she heaved the whole thing with one great effort into

its midst. It sank with a final heavy clang, and on she fled.

And now she was within sight of the house, she would soon be in safety; the side door, with its friendly protection, stood ajar. And then, all at once, her foot caught, and she stumbled, and tripped over a dark heap on the ground.

"Sara! Don't scream! It's I, Clementina. I've hurt my foot. Don't speak."

Her hand was seized in a hot grip. Clementina pulled her down beside her.

"I've hurt my foot—horribly. Don't tell any one, just help me in. They mustn't find me here. Oh! where have you been all this time?"

"Oh, Nina!—"

Clementina took her lower lip between her teeth and spoke stiffly, but collectedly:

"Don't make a fuss. Why, what's the matter with *you*? Tell me quick. Where have you been? *Where have you been?*" A quick note of terrified suspicion thrilled through the hoarse whisper.

"In the shrubberies. I went to find you. I've been—I've been—"

"Did you see any one? Say! Speak! Quick!"

"Two men—no, three. They took me for you. We went down steps and a passage—by the summer-house."

There came a short, sharp exclamation. Clementina dragged herself up. The perspiration stood in beads on her forehead; her face was wrinkled and furrowed with hardly-borne pain.

"Don't say another word. Get me into the house. Give me your arm."

She clutched Sara with a grip of desperate determination. Her breath came hard and fast between clenched teeth; she leaned heavily, pausing every now and again to pass her hand over her lips. It seemed an endless journey before they stood within the house.

Clementina dropped on hands and knees, and began crawling doggedly up the stairs.

"Get some brandy if you can. Don't let the servants know," she flung back just above her breath.

She was on the floor of her room with her foot plunged into a water-jug when Sara returned.

"Left my shoe and stocking in the garden. Treasure trove for some *Parley* German!" scoffed Clementina, with grim amusement, curling her blue lips. "The bone's broken, I think. How did you get this? Dining-hall empty yet?"

"No," said Sara. "I heard talking. But Thomas had left a tray in the pantry—"

"Whew! Hanoverian dregs! Sit down. Tell me— My good little cousin, have mercy. Tell me quickly. Let me know the worst. I'm better now— Is that ice? Clever child to think of it! Oh, that's better— Who did you see, d'you say? You went down the passage—well?"

"I didn't see any one. It was pitch dark. There were three— Are they smugglers?"

"Yes. It's a secret passage. You may as well know. Runs underground to the beach. You can't get out at high tide. Clever—eh?— What did they say?"

"They gave me a bag."

"A bag. Oh! Well?"

"And a letter."

"A letter!—To whom? What?"

"Addressed à l'égard de M. du Barri—"

"Where? Where? Give it me—quick."

"I've got it somewhere. . . . I had it."

Sara began fumbling in her pocket, in the bosom of her dress, felt all down, all over.

"I—I," she began.

Clementina flung herself upon her.

"You've lost it!"

She was at Sara's knees, clutching

the little thing by the skirts, her face, with its compressed lips and gleaming eyes, full of the most awful pain and terror. She shook her violently backwards and forwards.

"Oh! Oh! Perhaps it was in the summer-house. There was that bag."

"Never mind *that*."

"But I threw it in the guelder bush. It must have been just by the fountain—perhaps—"

"Oh, go, for mercy's sake, for mercy's sake! Find it! Go, only go."

In another moment Sara was flying down once more between the privet hedges.

Two men, arm in arm, came sauntering down the path, deep in talk. One was Graeme McInnes. Sara darted aside and flung herself face downwards on the grass, holding her breath. Thought, feeling, and sense seemed to fail her, for McInnes almost brushed her as he passed.

"I shall take it to the Commander-in-chief at once," he was saying. "It may be nothing, but of course Du Barri isn't in a position to be corresponding with any one except through us."

He was carefully folding something within his breast-pocket.

* * * * *

Clementina was sitting just as Sara had left her—her face was bent over to her knees; the black hair fell like a veil around it; her arms hung down straight on either side, the hands clenching and unclenching automatically.

She raised her head as Sara re-entered the room, numbly interrogative, pain hardening every feature.

Sara shut to the door, but then stopped short where she stood.

"Mr. McInnes has the letter."

The two blanched faces fronted each other in a hard, silent stare of stricken consternation.

"He is carrying it to the Duke."

"You must get it from him." It was

barely a whisper—hoarse, rough, hardly audible.

Sara stood as though unhearing. There was a silently-protesting note of interrogation in her attitude.

"If the Duke sees it, it means not only dishonor, disgrace, for me, for us, for you—yes, for us all—" her voice began to rise shrilly.

"What is that letter?" It was Sara's voice now that had the cold, dominating ring of command.

And Clementina flung back her head, and the words came hurling out, as it were, in defiance against the upright, motionless, little figure over against her.

"It is from Napoleon to me. It is in acknowledgement of information I have given him. He has promised me the Marquis du Barri's exchange, his liberty, at the next exchange of prisoners of war. They would not, *would* not ransom him, or exchange—" her voice broke in dry, harsh sobs, "and I have bargained for him. He is mine."

"Information!" It just slipped from Sara's scarcely-parted, pallid lips.

"And if the Duke sees it—no, *you* will not suffer, none of us, not even I. But they will shoot him as a spy."

She paused, gasped, and threw out her arms. She had forgotten her own hurt.

"Information?" repeated Sara. She suddenly glanced involuntarily at her hands. She seemed to hear again that horrid clink of coin, to feel the weight of that heavy bag.

"Shoot him! Kill him! Murder him! And he knows nothing. Is ignorant. Oh, Sara!"

Sara pressed her hands against her eyes to shut out the sight.

"They will shoot him"—she dragged at her neck as though she were choking. "Oh, Sara, *you* care for Graeme McInnes; you know, you know what it means. And I care for him—I love him— Oh, my God, how I love him!" The

words died away in a silence that seemed lifeless.

Sara met her eyes for a moment, and then she wheeled abruptly:

"I will get the letter," she said—and was gone.

The door of the dining-hall was open.

Sara stood upon its threshold and paused.

At the further end, within the circle of illumination, stood the Commander-in-chief, H. R. H. of York, with the Duke of Richmond at his elbow. The two aides-de-camp had apparently but just entered, and all four were deep in conversation. McInnes was speaking as Sara entered. There were two or three other men standing near, but they seemed insensibly to melt away as she came up the hall, withdrawing unostentatiously to a far window out of ear-shot. Lord Lepell had already gone out. Sara noted his absence with a faint access of relief. Indeed, she seemed to note everything down to the most foolish detail. Long before she had reached the little group she had observed a white mark all along the underside of McInnes's coat sleeve.

"I forgot to warn him the paint on the sill was new," she thought, mechanically.

All eyes were fixed on her as she stepped, like a white-robed ghost, out of the shadows that filled the lower hall into the light.

The Duke bowed and made a step forward to meet her. Of surprise at her appearance on such an occasion, alone, he showed none; for the Lepells might do as they pleased, and do no wrong, where any of the royal circle were concerned. Besides, the Duke liked pretty faces; he was always pleased to see one.

And, though no one of that circle had ever looked at Sara Lepell without according her that high meed of admiration which holds no qualifying ele-

ment, to-night it was a Sara whose beauty came upon one and all with a sudden sense of startling revelation.

The copper curls were a-glitter with tiny beads of iridescent dew; her eyes shone deep and dark, the clear color on lip and cheek glowed to brilliancy. But there was more. There was the heart and soul of a woman, fearless and unconscious of self, looking out of the childish young and rounded face; and it was this contrast which struck these men, who had never before seen the little, light-hearted, maidenly-reserved thing under the stress of any deep, overmastering idea. The Duke looked, and held out his hand in kindly protection, as it were. And His Grace of Richmond let his lined face relax into unusual gentleness. And McInnes looked—and looked—and looked. The aide-de-camp beside him did not wonder, either. But Sara looked at no one but the Duke—the Commander-in-chief.

"I have come about a letter," she began. Ceremony was forgotten. She had but the one thought possessing her. Behind it all she knew she dared not pause to think. "A letter I have dropped by mistake. And—"

There went a sort of little start through the four men. McInnes suddenly braced himself up straight and impassively erect.

The Duke, involuntarily, thrust his hand within the breast of his coat. Sara still stood with upraised eyes fixed unswervingly upon his own.

"It was intrusted to me," she said, steadily, "and I dropped it by mistake. I understood it had been found and brought to you."

"But, my dear Miss Lepell," began the Duke; his tone was one of grave perplexity. "Are you aware—" He withdrew his hand. Sara saw it held the letter, still unopened. "Are you aware whom this letter concerns?"

"It is about M. du Barri," said Sara. "I know. But—but I lost it. And, oh,

mayn't I have it back?" And she suddenly, with an unconscious impulse, put out her two hands.

The Duke was reading the superscription. He looked the letter all over—and then at Sara.

The aide-de-camp discreetly dropped out of the group.

"The Marquis du Barri," began the Duke, slowly, "is a prisoner of war. You know that. As such no communications of any kind may go to him except through our hands. All his correspondence is examined first. I need not explain to you, I know, that such a course in these times is only right. May I ask—"

Sara stood as though she had not heard.

"May I not have it?" she pleaded, hardly above her breath.

The Duke glanced at her, and then back again at the letter. Good-natured desire to humor this pretty creature, favored daughter of a favored host, wrestled with more dubious feelings.

"Do you know who wrote this?" he said at last.

"Yes," said Sara. But now the dark lashes fell over her steady eyes.

"It is not to you?"

"No."

"But you know what it is about?"

"Yes."

The Duke cleared his throat doubtfully once or twice, and then turned round and drank off the contents of a wine-glass at his elbow.

"I'm afraid it must be opened—"

"Oh!"

"What is it about?"

There was a moment's pause; this time the keen eyes were remorselessly fixed on her face. Upon the mirror of Sara's mind there suddenly flashed the vision of Clementina as she had just left her—the fever in the black eyes, the ring in the broken voice, her words, her— She raised her eyes and met the Duke's squarely.

"It is a love letter," she said, unfalteringly.

Truthful and candid as a child's indeed was her gaze. A moment before Truth, in drooping lids and quivering voice, had worn all the appearance of guilt. Now—

He scrutinized, and believed. There was no room for distrust of a Lepell.

"Oh, indeed!"

A little smile, in fact, began to curve his lips. His Grace of Richmond was making no secret of his amusement. It seemed to them now to be all part of a guileless, if not overwise, comedy.

"In that case—I would willingly meet your wishes, Miss Lepell; you know it, I am sure. Perhaps a mere glance would suffice. Just for form's sake—"

"Oh!" She strangled the cry of terror. She could only curtsy in silent acknowledgement, but a great tear rose and fell with a splash.

"Oh, well, after all—" The kind, good-natured face looked decidedly discomposed, and then lightened, as a new idea of compromise suggested itself.

"Perhaps there is no need for me to inquire into such things; though, believe me, I am really not without my sympathies! Suppose we delegate Mr. McInnes here. Yours was the treasure-trove?" Well did he surmise how things stood between the "Bonny Sara" and his favorite aide-de-camp.

McInnes bowed.

"Just glance at it and then give it to Miss Lepell. The merest formality," turning again to Sara. "Military discipline I need hardly excuse to your father's daughter."

He made her a kindly little bow.

But there was nothing more to be said, and Sara knew it. Under all the good humor the final word had been pronounced.

It was a concession, but only a compromise. McInnes took the letter, and broke the seal. Not once until now had Sara dared to look at him. The

Duke had turned deliberately aside, and was chatting with His Grace of Richmond. Nobody else took note.

These two were as much alone as though there were none else in the whole world beside them. McInnes smoothed out the sheet. Not a muscle of his impassive countenance moved, neither by word nor sign did he betray himself; while Sara, with her big eyes fixed in strained misery, followed him as they travelled over the paper. Would it never end? A great, cold wave swept up and down and over her. All her being seemed concentrated in the following of the flicker of his eyelids as he traced the zigzag lines. And then he looked up, and Sara threw back her head and fronted him. There rose up all at once within her a desperate defiance. She would dare him to betray her!

Their eyes met. The pause seemed endless—Sara shivered down to her finger-tips. He made a step forward and bowed towards the Commander-in-chief. The Duke glanced interrogatively—caught his eye, and nodded comprehensively.

"I have the honor—," said McInnes, formally.

The room was spinning round, and the candles danced like wills-o'-the-w'isp—but Sara was clutching the letter to her breast with both hands. She closed her eyes. There was a confused medley, as it appeared to her, of forms, and figures, and voices. Little spectres jeering and pointing at her. The air full of scorn, and contempt, and condemnation.

Clementina's face came looming between— "*You care for Graeme McInnes.*"

Did she? And what had she done? What had she done? He had soiled his honor—for her. To save hers.

She opened her eyes. The room was empty. She saw the last officer trailing out as he followed his superiors.

Only Graeme McInnes was standing over against her, cold, impassive—leavens, how stern!

And a dreadful overwhelming feeling of sheer physical fear came upon her. Her heart stood still within her—for one awful moment life itself seemed suspended.

"How came you to know anything about this?"

Sara made no reply—in point of fact she could not.

"Who gave you the letter?"

"Was it your cousin Clementina?"

He paused.

"Do you not think that you owe it to me to tell me the truth?"

He did not intentionally emphasize the last word—indeed, it was really the struggle with innate Scotch reserve that made his voice sound so hard. But to Sara it came like a scourge. Still, she said nothing—what could she say? It seemed to her there was nothing. Out of her own mouth she stood convicted; there *was* nothing left to say. She merely began to feel within herself how intolerably tired she was: how numb, and cold, and weak.

McInnes stood and looked down at her; without comment he brought forward a chair and put her into it. Then going to the table he poured out a glass of wine and held it himself to her lips. Sara drank obediently. When he had put the glass down:

"And how was it they took you for Clementina?" he asked, abruptly.

"I had on her cloak," replied Sara, unsuspectingly.

A little smile of triumph crossed McInnes's lips. She did not notice when he left the room, and still sat mechanically fingering the empty wineglass beside her, until presently it occurred to her that it was growing very late and that the servants ought to be coming to clear the hall. It might provoke comment were she found there all by herself; besides, Clementina would be

waiting. She got up and made her way to her own little white-panelled sitting-room; was it only—how long? An hour? Two, three, since she had left it? She sat down on the window seat and laid her head on the sill, "just where the paint came off," she murmured, half unconsciously, to herself.

"I must go and tell Clementina—when I've rested just a little bit."

Instead of which she quietly fainted away, and when she roused it was to find her head resting instead against a cloth coat, and Graeme McInnes's voice in her ears.

"Hadrn't you better let *me* take care of you for the future?" he said.

Sara liked the feel of that coat against her cheek; it brought her somehow a comforting assurance of safety and protection. She nestled a little closer for all answer.

The McInnes had found less than no difficulty in abstracting the truth from Clementina. Neither had he to go far in search of her. She had crawled out again half way down the stairs, and the first thing his eyes fell upon when he left the dining-hall was her white face gleaming, as she lay huddled up in the wide recess that lighted the first shallow flight.

But when she had finished, answered all his questions, and wound up with a little mocking laugh, that strangely contrasted with the drawn pallid exhaustion of her face, McInnes found very little to say. Argument with a woman in the last stage of acute physical suffering, and whose callous defiance is too carelessly patent for any possibility of its being assumed, is a thing in which a man finds himself at an insurmountable disadvantage.

"So now you see," she said, indifferently. It was the indifference born of despair. "You know all about it, and can do as you like. Nothing matters now. Clap me in gaol for all I care—

where better men are—," she laughed harshly. "Tell the world; tell every one. Disgrace me wherever you please. I don't care. I've lost. You've won—you and your king. Pah! That's all—And if I'd the chance over again I should do just the same; so now you know. You needn't think I'm in the least sorry—except in being found out. Ashamed? Why, pray? I've never owned your *soi-disant* King. My King is—," her lip curled a moment.

She threw back her head and looked at him unflinchingly in the face. "The Marquis du Barri," he intuitively guessed was the ending to that sentence, and somehow the gesture reminded him of Sara. He put up one hand deprecatingly.

"You assure me Du Barri knew nothing of your—your design?"

"I never told him," said Clementina, with a weary petulance in her voice that convinced him of the truth of her words. Her thoughts seemed already to have flown beyond him.

"Well," she said, again, "I've nothing more to say. Do as you like. Perhaps you'll excuse me now. Why not go back to Sara? Poor little Sara. Fancy her romancing like that! And to her hero, the Duke!" And she began to laugh in her old, mocking way that covered so much.

McInnes went.

And exactly what he did or how he did it neither Clementina nor Sara ever wholly knew. But certain things happened in that community which bore more or less on all their fortunes before many months had passed.

Longman's Magazine.

For the Marquis du Barri was immediately transferred to Brighton; but the next list of prisoners to be exchanged bore his name.

And Clementina, of her own accord, resigned her post at Court, but it was merely to settle down at the Manor. And the little, old summer-house was pulled down; but my Lord Lepell never missed it, and it was Princess Sara who ordered it to be done. I think myself that the repairing of that breach in the wall was accomplished by the same local talent which had, so ingeniously, turned it to account; and make no doubt those masons and carpenters smiled grimly enough to themselves over the job.

* * * * *

But there was one penalty the Princess will always have to pay. For next time she saw the Duke it was with Graefne McInnes, as her *flancé*, beside her. And the Duke, as she curtsied to receive his good wishes, first kissed her gallantly on the forehead, and then looked from her to his junior alde-de-camp with a subdued twinkle in his eye.

"So my alde-de-camp is going to revise your correspondence altogether, is he, Miss Lepell?" he said, and laughed as he passed on.

And Sara knew that her falsehood had been believed only too well, with a possible interpretation which was as gall and aloes to her proud spirit.

For it is certain that so long as the Duke does not know the whole truth he will choose to believe his own version.

Violet A. Simpson.

GOD'S AID AND THE WAR.

To many men of thoughtful and religious disposition, and especially to those who are naturally apt to trouble themselves with the misgivings of an anxious conscience, this war has been a source of peculiar perplexity. They believe that our cause is a just one, and they sincerely hold that they have a right to ask God's aid for our soldiers, and yet they cannot exclude the thought that the Boers are as sincere as they are in their appeals for divine help, and in their belief that God will defend the right. But they argue:—"How can this be? God cannot be on both sides, and God cannot be on any but the right side. Are we to think, then, that the war is an ordeal by battle, and that the question of right will be decided by the victory or defeat of our armies? Surely that is impossible, for history during whole centuries is a record of might triumphing over right."

We do not for a moment deny the perplexity of the problem, nor do we wonder at its coming home to men's minds just now, but we also do not fail to note that it is no new perplexity, but troubled men's minds in former ages as it does to-day. It was not solved in the past, nor do we suppose that we can solve it now, but this need not prevent our facing it. There are plenty of things which are inscrutable in the governance of the world, but we should not, therefore, try to turn away from them or to bury them out of sight. We may have to go forward with the work of the world, and leave them unsolved, but we do not make them less mysterious or less awe-inspiring by pretending that they do not exist. Mr. Lincoln, during the American Civil War, faced the matter we are now dealing with and faced it with his usual clearness of vision and

detachment of mind. He did not solve the problem, of course, but at least he left it not a cold, hard paradox, a thing for mockery or sneers, but what it is—a matter which if too hard for man is not too hard for God. It is in the second Inaugural that the passage we refer to is to be found. In that astonishing piece of reasoned poetry, where the greatness of the occasion, coupled with the greatness of Lincoln's own nature, made the President speak like a prophet new inspired, he puts before us the exact difficulty. Both sides in the war, he told his countrymen, "read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.'" Those words might, with only a little change, be said to-day, and said without offence by either side, as might also the passage which begins,—"Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away," and ends with the declaration that whether the war is long or short, we can only say: "The judgments of the Lord are pure and righteous altogether." The last period must be quoted verbatim,—a passage both for thought and language as noble as any in our language:—

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the

right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Here, it seems to us, is the lesson needed for the present war. We must not cherish the feeling that we do not care what the merits of the case are, or speak as if the justice or want of justice did not matter. It does matter, and must matter. On the other hand, those who believe that the war is a just one need not and ought not to worry themselves—not because they have doubts as to our cause being good, but because the Boers so sincerely think their cause good, and because both views cannot be right. That is no concern of ours. As Lincoln says: "With firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work." If we are to think, not of our own standard and sense of right and wrong, but are to be constantly looking round to see whether somebody else has not got a different or a better one, which conflicts with, or even cancels, ours, we shall simply paralyze our hearts and consciences. It is not expected of us that we should do more than what honestly seems to us to be right. It is far better to do that strongly and earnestly than to do nothing, because there may be another view of what is truth and justice. "The Almighty has His own purposes." We can only strive to do our duty, confident that if we do that all must fall right, whether the issue is or is not the one we desire. But a part, and no small part, of our duty in moments of peril and danger is to stand by our own country. We do not, for a moment, wish to endorse the mischievous sentiment, "My country, right or wrong."

If a man sincerely believes that his country is playing an evil part he cannot, of course, give her help with a whole heart. But for the men who have not arrived at any such conclusion, or who do not profess to have mastered the merits of the quarrel, the duty of patriotism is clear. It is not for nothing that men are bound each to each by the ties of patriotism. They cannot break away from the duty of national cohesion lightly or capriciously. Till the country is committed to the arbitrament of war a man may well take sides against the government—*i. e.*, that which represents his country and has a right to speak in its name. When, however, war has once begun, a man must, indeed, be clear and confident in the wickedness of his country's action if he can abandon the fulfilment of the duty of patriotism. When men in cabinets or committees or other corporate bodies agree to be bound by the will of the majority, and determine that when once a decision has been come to they will act as if that decision were their own, though, as a matter of fact, it is not, they run, no doubt, some risks of wrong-doing; but they run even more if they cannot agree to loyal co-operation. In the same way some risks are run by the adoption of the principle that when war has begun one must support one's country loyally till peace has been secured again, but still greater risks would ensue if men insisted upon carrying the rights of the minority to the extreme point. Societies endure, and men make sacrifices for them, and give to them of their best in no small measure, because they feel that they and their countrymen are tacitly pledged to stand together in the last resort. The man who breaks away from that tacit, but none the less real, pledge, takes a very grave responsibility. We will by no means say that he is always or necessarily wrong, but he takes a responsibility akin to that incurred by

those who revolt, and he can only be justified by the magnitude of the evils against which his action is a protest.

We need not, however, labor this point, which can be comprehended instinctively, and needs no explanation. All we want to do on the present occasion is to point out that the sincerity both of our and of the Boers' appeals for divine help should be no source of

The Spectator.

perplexity. Both have a right to make that appeal, but neither will have the right to argue from the result that their cause is right. "The Almighty has His own purposes," and it must not be assumed that these can be fathomed by man. Meantime, we can only say: "With firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in."

SOCIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

The President of the American Bar Association, at the meeting of that Society in 1897, called attention to a possibility which has often been suggested before and since, but which, however frequently recalled, must always occasion uneasiness, if not terror, when the warning is uttered with authority. The wage-earners, in their organizations, it was said, are characterized by the most rigid discipline, and by a "strange and enthusiastic loyalty to their class. What this great body of citizens, possessed of political power, transported by the enthusiasms of self-sacrifice, and directed by a relentless discipline, will become, when thoroughly saturated with socialistic doctrines it is not hard to divine. In that day, if it ever comes, the federations of labor—with their battalions, enthusiastic, compact, disciplined, organized and moving with one impulse at the word of command, when launched upon institutions under which they suppose themselves trodden down—will sweep from the face of the earth not only corporations, trusts and aggregated capital, but the whole order of industrial society as now organized."

The impression that the labor movement in the United States will prove to be essentially revolutionary and socialistic, is entertained not merely by

many intelligent persons, but even by students. Quite recently, for example, the President of the University of Chicago has suggested it in a public address, and Professor Levasseur, of the University of Paris, has given it a somewhat guarded expression in the most elaborate work on American social conditions which has appeared in recent times.¹ This habit of regarding the labor movement with suspicion seems, in fact, to be very general in the United States. I have presented the current opinion thus prominently at the outset, because I mean to question it; and fairness seems to call for a warning to the reader that a considerable weight of opinion is probably against me. Nevertheless, the prevalent opinion does not seem, after all, to be at all conclusive, because it has resulted from merely casual observation. So far as I have learned, no thorough-going attempt has been made to reach a conclusion by carefully investigating the tendencies of thought and feeling actually at work among the people in question. The following discussion is offered as a modest attempt to rescue the subject from the perils of mere hasty assumption. It does not purport

¹ *L'Ouvrier Américain*, par E. Levasseur, Paris, 1898.

to be demonstrative—the nature of the case precludes demonstration—but I believe it will, at least, establish a decided presumption that the prevalent apprehension is without any real warrant.

It is indispensable for my argument to reach, at the outset, an understanding as to the meaning of the word socialism, noticing the very wide difference between two distinct programs, which are referred to by that name. Sometimes any extension of the state's activity, more particularly its industrial activity, is spoken of as socialistic. Thus the word socialism is applied to a very common proposal, that the public authority shall assume control of railways, telegraphs, telephones, street railways, gas, electric lighting, and the water supply of cities. According a second use of the word, socialism designates a vastly greater program of government activity. In this it is suggested that all forms of capital—the factory and the market—are to be owned by the state.

These two programs differ, not merely in degree, but in essential purpose. In the wider program the whole question involved is the question of great inequalities in wealth and income. From the socialistic point of view the differences in income under the present system appear to be fearfully excessive; and this excessive inequality is said to be due to the system of competition—employers competing with each other for the services of workmen, and workmen competing fiercely among themselves by trying to underbid each other for employment which not all can secure. Under this system, we are told, the employer has so great an advantage that the workmen cannot get a decent subsistence. The socialists say that, in order to bring about a fairer distribution of wealth, the public as a whole must control the production of wealth, and, as it is created, divide it

among the producers, substituting for the reign of competition some principle conceived of as just. This is the central (though, of course, not the only) argument for socialism in its complete form.

The chief argument against it, also, touches the same point of large incomes. Inequality of income, resulting from competition, is looked upon as, on the whole, desirable; because it is feared that, with a denial of large reward to the bold and energetic, their beneficent energy would no longer be exerted.

But the narrower policy of street railways, etc., has no essential reference to this question of unequal incomes. It does not propose to do away with competition as a general determinant of wages. On the contrary, it confines itself expressly to certain industries, in which, it is said, competition cannot be free, and in which, accordingly, incomes accrue not to bold energy, but to "natural monopoly", to unfair advantage resulting from peculiarities in the industries concerned. It carefully excludes the vast majority of industries, leaving the entire mass of wealth accruing from the factory and the market to be struggled for as before by the employer with his power, and the workman in his necessity.

Thus the policy of state railways, etc., so far from implying a demand for state factories also, might no less fairly be taken as conveying a contrary implication. The list of industries which it proposes for public control is almost invariably the same; by its persistent exclusion of all other forms of capital it impliedly affirms their relative, if not absolute, unfitness for public ownership.

The conclusion here offered is this: Trade Unionism in the United States does, indeed, stand for public ownership of railways, telegraphs, telephones, street-railways, water-works,

and gas-works, but it does not stand for socialism proper. Trade Unionists share with a majority of people in other classes an expectation that our industrial society is to undergo great changes, by which laboring people especially will profit; but with regard to the precise nature of these changes they maintain an attitude of caution and suspended judgment.

The fact that the great body of American Trade Unionists favors street railways, etc., is too pronounced to require proof at length. The American Federation of Labor, which most nearly represents the Trades Unions of the country, has adopted, year after year, resolutions in favor of this policy, apparently with no serious opposition in late years. In a wide range of Trade Union publications—representing organizations outside the American Federation of Labor as well as those within the Federation—I have found that expressions opposed to this program are extremely infrequent.

The demand for government control is, however, limited to certain peculiar industries. The line is drawn precisely between the narrower policy and genuine socialism. The exactness of this discrimination is shown, first, by the fact that the arguments for the narrower policy refer to the peculiarities of the selected industries, not to dissatisfaction with the wage-system in general, and by the fact, further, that, in the majority of instances, approval changes to opposition when the full socialistic program is suggested. At their conventions, and in their various publications, Trade Unionists say they favor government ownership of "large and oppressive monopolies", and the operation "by the people and for the people" of enterprises which are in their nature monopolistic. The government ownership of railways is called for as a cure for "stock-watering and pools". . The Printers' Union

has led in the movement for government telegraphs, arguing that this system would cheapen the telegraph service by breaking down the monopoly of the Associated Press, and so "cause the establishment of hundreds of daily papers", with a corresponding increase of work for printers. The President of the American Federation of Labor, in 1895, said that "the railroads, telegraphs, and telephone corporations—and the street railway and electric plants—are more responsible for the curtailment of liberty on the part of the employes than is all the manufacturing and producing capital in the country". A resolution adopted by the Federation in 1896 favors a government telephone system on the ground that "the telephone is, by its nature, a monopoly".

From these typical quotations it may be seen that the argument for the policy of state railways, etc., refers, as I have said, to something exceptional in the industries mentioned, and is not in the wide sense socialistic.

Noticing now the attitude of Trade Unionists to socialism proper, it appears that there are socialists (in the full sense of the word) in all unions. In some organizations the number is slight, while in others the membership appears to be very largely socialistic. The declaration of purposes issued as a preamble to a constitution, does not usually suggest any revolutionary object. With few exceptions, high wages and the general improvement in the workmen's condition are alone proposed as ends to be attained. Sometimes there is a vague expression of a desire for fundamental changes without any direct reference to a socialistic program. Thus the bakers and confectioners, in their "declaration of principles", assert that "a few obtain possession of the results of improvements in machinery, leaving the many in misery. They are more and more im-

poverished; their consuming powers decrease. . . . Labor must unite in Trade Unions, and in one solid body, to introduce a new system, based upon justice, in which every one shall enjoy the fruits of his labor". This passage is evidently tinged with Marxism; but the declaration does not mention socialism, or indicate at all the plan upon which the system of justice is to be constructed. Plain declarations in favor of socialism appear in a few preambles. Thus the Federated Association of Wire-drawers of America ask for the "total abolition of the system of wage-slavery under which we at present exist, and the substitution thereof of the co-operative commonwealth", Trade Unions being mentioned as a temporary expedient in preparation for the socialist régime. The United Brewery Workers' National Union is another strongly socialistic organization. Their convention, in 1896, adjourned singing the "Marseillaise" and shouting three cheers for "International Socialism". The International Association of Machinists seem, also, to be very largely socialists, if the discussions in their journals can be taken as representing the Union, and not merely the editor and an aggressive socialist faction. Long articles and editorials set forth socialistic doctrines, and many news items refer to events in the socialistic agitation. With these, however, there are also occasional letters in opposition to what seems to be the prevailing idea. Other scattered expressions in favor of socialism might be cited, such as a declaration in the *New Nation*, quoted by "The Garment Worker", that "the industrial system of a people, like its political system, should be a government of the people by the people and for the people".

There is, however, much evidence to show that occasional utterances of this kind do not at all represent the

whole body of Trade Unions. Among expressions which can certainly be regarded as representative (like the preambles mentioned above) there are relatively few in which the question of socialism is raised at all, and silence on the whole subject implies, to some degree, an acquiescence in the present industrial order. One very powerful union, the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, expressly declares for the competitive system of industry in the preamble of its constitution. After a statement that "all wealth and all power centre in the hands of a few, and the many are their victims and their bondsmen", the preamble continues: "Although an unequal distribution of wealth, it is perhaps necessary that it should be so" (as centralization of capital is necessary to its efficient management).

In the sporadic expressions of opinion which appear in editorials and correspondence in Trade Union publications, socialism is opposed more frequently than favored. A typical article in the *American Federationist* (the organ of the American Federation of Labor) bitterly denounces the socialists and their "nostrum for the immediate and absolute remedy of all the ills to which the workers are heir". Socialists, it is said, regret the successes of the unions (as in strikes), because they tend to make the workmen contented. "But if a strike is lost," the writer continues, "they cry out that union methods are obsolete and impotent." The real benefits attained by Trade Unions "count as nothing with the economic quack and political shyster". The most conspicuous feature of the Carpenter for many months was likewise a long series of articles against socialism.

Apart from express declarations against socialism, Trade Union utterances are often impliedly inconsistent with socialistic sentiments. Thus, any

admission of the rightfulness of the employer's position is unsocialistic, as, from the socialistic standpoint, the whole class of employers are robbers. Such admissions are, however, frequent. The Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Employees of America, at their convention in 1895, resolved, "that we hold it as a sacred principle that Trade Union men above all others should set a good example as good and faithful workmen, performing their duties to their employers with honor to themselves and their organizations". The Wool Hat Finishers' Association, in the preamble to their constitution, pledge themselves to a spirit of equity, "securing to us our own rights as journeymen and hat-ters and to our employers theirs as capitalists". The Elastic Goring Weavers, likewise, declare it their purpose "to cultivate by all honorable means a friendly feeling between employers and employes, and endeavor by every means in our power, to produce the best article possible with the material given us, and thus demonstrate to our employers that, while serving our own interest, we are, at the same time, serving theirs". The Boiler-makers and Iron Ship-builders "denounce any attempts to antagonize the interests of labor and legitimate capital".²

It is clearly impossible for socialists to speak of "duties to employers", of the employers' "rights as capitalists", or of "legitimate capital", etc.

Nothing is more characteristic of the Trade Union movement as a whole

than the hopefulness of the men engaged in it, and their satisfaction with the results actually attained. Now, the fundamental assumption of the socialists is a steady deterioration in the condition of workmen, and the impossibility of improvement under the existing industrial system. The following instance will serve to exemplify somewhat comprehensively the unsocialistic spirit of the Trade Unions in this respect. The Secretary of the American Federation of Labor, at the end of the year 1896, sent out to the unions composing the Federation an inquiry as to their condition during that year. It will be remembered that the time was one of considerable business depression throughout the United States, yet thirty national unions and twenty-one local organizations reported that their condition had improved rather than declined, as tested by wages paid, and the results of disputes with employers. Fourteen unions (all local) had merely held their own. Only one national organization and four local unions reported a decline in their fortunes. The reported gains were, in some cases, very considerable. Increases were reported of ten, twenty, and thirty per cent. in wages. Possibly, in some points, the showing is better than the facts would warrant. Indeed, there is evidence of a disposition to present the most cheerful account possible. Where such a spirit of optimism prevails, we might safely regard, with complacency, the most threatening professions of socialist

² Utterances recognizing or implying that employers have a legitimate place might be greatly multiplied. They appear especially in the organs of the railway orders. In a single issue of the "Railway Conductor" (January, 1898), there are nearly a dozen passages which show this spirit. The rightfulness of allowing profits to employers or interest to capitalists is often acknowledged. Thus a passage in one Trade Union paper expresses the conviction that workmen do not receive a share of wealth "in fair proportion to that received by the employer,

who furnishes the capital (and brains to manage it)." An editorial in the Journal of the Boilermakers and Iron Ship Builders (August 1, 1896) complains of "an unequal distribution of the wealth created among the producers," implying that others besides laborers are producers and fair claimants to a share in distribution. A circular addressed by the officers of the tin, sheet-iron and cornice workers to the men in their trade says, in the same way, that the producer does not receive "a reasonable per cent. of his production."

opinions and purposes. An effective desire to exchange for the most alluring uncertainties conditions of tolerable comfort is, in fact, almost a psychological impossibility.

The unsocialistic character of the labor movement is proven by acts as well as words. The spirit of socialism is essentially a spirit of class solidarity. There can be no socialist revolution and no serious approach to it so long as those who might bring it about refuse in any way to act as a class; and indifference among workmen to the advantage which would result from united action in the furtherance of a revolutionary purpose shows that they have really no such purpose. Not only has failure attended all attempts to form large organizations of workmen expressly for the advancement of socialism (the principal socialist body of the United States has a membership hardly greater than that of some single Trade Unions); but, even where there has been no reference to socialism, failure hardly less complete has been the lot of workingmen's political parties, and even of organizations which have a membership wider than the limits of single trades, and which might conceivably serve the preparatory purpose of solidifying the class. Most people among us hardly know that "labor parties" have existed. The "Knights of Labor", with its composite membership, in rivalry with the American Federation of Labor, organized on a purely trade basis, gave the working men of the country an opportunity to choose between attention to class interests and attention to the interests, primarily, of trades. There is no question as to their preference. The "Knights of Labor" is moribund, while the loose Federation of Trade Unions has enjoyed a prodigious growth.

The American Railway Union, formed about six years ago under the leadership of Mr. Debs, and famous

soon after in the great strike of 1894, was designed to obliterate distinctions between the different classes of railway workmen, and to include all ranks, from the poorest track-hand to the engineer. It met, at the outset, with bitter opposition from the more limited railway orders (engineers, conductors, etc.), and attacked them as selfishly narrow. The issue was clearly drawn, and the American Railway Union failed utterly, not merely because the strike in which it was engaged was unsuccessful, but because the indifference or aversion of workmen for its fundamental principle deprived it of the support necessary to a recovery after the strike.

The socialistic character of such organizations is recognized by their opponents. "Common interest and helpfulness," said the editor of the *Locomotive Engineer's Journal*, in discussing the American Railway Union, "are essential to the welfare of all, but socialism and amalgamation, which involve the obliteration of all dividing lines of interest, cannot succeed; except when all who compose it are on one level, and none have anything to lose. Otherwise, internal dissension will bring ruin."

Within the trade organizations attempts have been made to commit them to socialism, but these attempts have generally failed. The socialists have frequently been active in the American Federation of Labor. Sometimes it has been attempted merely to commit the Federation to the support of an independent political party, but even these attempts have always failed.

The action of the Federation at its conventions in 1893 and 1894 has been mistakenly understood by some persons as having pledged the organization to socialism. In the year 1893 a political platform was proposed, favoring independent party action, and ask-

ing for various legislative measures in the interests of working men, besides the referendum, municipal gas-works, etc. The most notable proposal, however, was contained in "plank 10", which called for "the collective ownership by the people of all means of production and distribution". It was moved that this platform be submitted "for the favorable consideration of the labor organizations of America", to be reported on at the next annual convention. The word "favorable" was struck out by 1,253 votes against 1,182. The following year a motion to strike out the declaration in favor of independent political action was carried by 1,245 votes against 861. A substitute for "plank 10", declaring for Land Nationalization, was adopted by 1,217 votes against 913. Other parts of the platform were adopted. In 1895 it was decided by resolution that the refusal to adopt as a whole the platform proposed in 1893 constituted a rejection of the whole program, and it was declared that the Federation "has no political platform". This was interpreted by the chairman, not as revoking the planks adopted, but only as meaning that those planks could not constitute a "political program".

It is, however, not to be overlooked that the proposal in 1893 to recommend the adoption of the platform as a whole was defeated by a somewhat narrow vote, and that in 1894 "plank 10" was rejected by a majority of only

1,217 against 913. This appearance of socialist strength may possibly have corresponded to the fact, but it is certainly open to suspicion. The pronouncements of a working men's convention must not be taken too literally. It is probable that in order to please the socialists, whose assistance was needed in advancing the work of the Federation, many persons who were indifferent to the socialist agitation were ready to vote for the socialist resolution, so long as the matter ended with words. The leaders of Trade Unions are often compelled to adopt the methods of politicians.³

At the last session of the Federation, in December, 1898, the socialists made another determined effort to gain support for their cause. An adverse resolution was adopted by a vote of 1,807 to 420, after a general debate lasting many hours.

It is usually impossible to get at the facts necessary for an estimate of the socialist strength in the several unions. The history of the socialist agitation among the cigar-makers is, however, available to a fairly complete extent, and its significance is immense, because, first, the cigar-makers are looked upon as including a specially large proportion of socialists, in contrast with other unions, and because even here, where they seem strongest, they have suffered, in the struggles of many years, the most invariable and crushing defeats.

³ This point may be illustrated by an incident in the history of the English Trade Union movement. At the Norwich Congress (also in 1894) a resolution was adopted favoring the nationalization of land and the means of production generally, and the Parliamentary Committee were directed to take action for realizing this program. The Committee seem, however, to have regarded the whole affair as "buncombe," and to have done nothing. At the Congress in Cardiff, in 1895, the author of the Norwich resolution offered another, expressing regret at the Committee's inactivity. This resolution was defeated by a vote of 807,000 against 188,000. The change was due partly to a change from the old system of representation, which had

given small organizations undue power, but also to a feeling that concessions to the Socialist could go no further than words. At any rate, the representatives to the British Congress sent by the American Federation of Labor reported afterward to their own organization that many delegates to the Norwich Congress voted in favor of the collectivist resolution, "believing, as they declared to us, that it would do no harm to the Trade Union movement, that it would satisfy the Radical element in the movement, and that all hereafter would act in harmony." It must also be noted that radical proposals were offered in the United States with unusual chances of a favorable reception after the fierce industrial conflicts of 1894.

The socialist faction among the cigar-makers first became aggressive in the convention held at Rochester, in 1877, and, reinforced later by German immigrants, they have seldom paused in the attempt to gain control of the union. In the convention of 1887 a delegate named Kirchner moved that the preamble to the constitution be amended so as to declare that the workmen must "organize as a class", overthrow the existing system, and "substitute therefor the system of universal co-operation". This motion was lost by a vote of 137 to 36. In 1888, a similar motion was defeated by 112 votes against 34. In 1891 a socialist resolution was "postponed indefinitely". In the convention of 1893 several such resolutions were offered. One of the movers soon asked permission to withdraw his resolution. The convention refused to grant this permission, and then defeated the resolution by 263 3-8 votes against 85 5-8. Another resolution, declaring merely for "combined economic and political action of the wage-earners"—not for socialism—was defeated by a vote of 213 3-5 to 135 2-5. Other socialists were permitted to withdraw their motions. In 1896 a preamble to the constitution was proposed, declaring for political action with an ultimate view to "the co-operative commonwealth". This was lost by 273 1-2 against 73 1-2 votes. Another motion to the same purpose was lost by a vote of 160 to 27. Yet other similar preambles were voted down.

Thus it appears that the socialists have not only failed to gain control of the Cigar-makers' Union, but for a period of nine years their strength has remained practically stationary—the vote for the socialist resolutions in the several conventions in 1887, 1888, 1893, and 1896 being 21 per cent., 23 1-3 per cent., 24 per cent., and 21 1-5 per cent. of the whole vote cast, or only 14 1-2 per cent. in the convention of 1896, if

we reckon from the second of the resolutions then offered.

I am aware that there may be objection to estimating the strength of the socialists from their vote on socialist resolutions. It will doubtless be said that the most devoted socialist might consistently oppose an attempt to commit his Trade Union to the socialist cause, preferring to limit the union to its traditional service, and to depend upon other organizations for the propaganda of socialism. The answer is simple. There are no such alternative organizations of any real consequence. If a pronounced socialist sentiment were widely disseminated it would certainly find expression either through the unions or through some other channel. The fact that no such sentiment finds vigorous expression shows that the sentiment is essentially lacking.

Doubtless many persons have been led to expect the triumph of socialism among working men by the same considerations which Professor Levasseur offers, in the work mentioned above, to explain his own apprehension on this point. The working men, he says, would reject socialism if they were capable of thoroughly studying the problems which it involves, but the promises of socialism are attractive, and Professor Levasseur thinks that the workmen in their ignorance will prove easy converts as soon as the false gospel reaches them. In this he does injustice to the caution and hard common-sense of the American working-class. He also overlooks an historical fact—that great numbers of the American working men have, in fact, been made acquainted with the promises of socialism. Few of them, it is true, have been brought to consider very deliberately its deeper problems, and an advocate of socialism might, therefore, assert, with some reason, that their neglect of it is not significant of their ultimate decision on the true

merits of the case; but the agitation has certainly gone so far that if mere glittering promises are to work seduction, that result should show itself more strongly than it has done. In many unions—nearly all, in fact—a greater or less number of socialists have been carrying on an agitation for years, in some cases very aggressively, but in nearly all cases with scant success. It is safe to say that nearly all the hundreds of thousands constituting the American Federation of Labor have had forced upon their notice many times the claim that by a rearrangement which the working people have it in their power to bring about the bitter struggle against poverty may be forever at an end. This they had heard, though they had not studied the subject more deeply, but to this claim they have generally failed to respond. The supreme test has been met. If socialism is ever to find favor with these men as a class, it must enter by the wide arch of reason; it cannot be slipped in surreptitiously through the back door of the emotions.

At the same time, the possibility is ever present in mind that socialism may some time come to be practicable, and it is confidently expected that changes of some kind are to take place. "Theorists", "rainbow-chasers", are frequently condemned, and the condemnation is often extremely acrimonious; but it is noticeable that this condemnation is not directed so much against socialism as against the revolutionary haste of the socialist himself. In short, it is the predominant opinion, as the Cigar-makers' Journal expresses it, that "Evolution is the true way for reform", that the condition of the people must be improved by slow methods.

"Socialism," says the Carpenter,

The Contemporary Review.

quoting Mr. Washington Gladden, "must await the coming of the social man." "Revolutions," says the Cigar-makers' Journal, in the passage above quoted, "have left the masses as badly off as before;" and the Journal of the Locomotive Engineers, in the same strain, declares, quoting an English trade unionist, that if socialism should come about by sudden revolution, "the heads of the Powderlys, the Arthurs, etc., would fall, not those of the Carnegies and Goulds".

I hope I have succeeded in justifying three conclusions:—

1. The Trade Unionists of the United States have thus far shown themselves, as a whole, indifferent to or averse from socialism. They look to the existing order, or to conditions slowly evolved from it, for the advancement of their interests.

2. It is a fact of greater consequence that they have shown the intelligence necessary to discriminate sharply between two economic policies—the narrower policy of state railways, municipal gas-works, etc., and the wide policy of outright socialism—accepting the one and rejecting the other.

3. Most important of all, they have shown that quality which is the highest of civic virtues in a republic—superiority to mere "stampeding" by appeals to sentiment and blind impulse.

So long as this spirit of caution prevails, we need not anticipate with grave anxiety the action of the working people on any such question as that of socialism. A cautious advance toward socialism would permit a retreat without great damage if its experimental suggestions should prove unwise in practice. Only hasty changes are seriously threatening.

Ambrose Paré Winston.

THE TINKERING OF HYMNS.

More than a hundred years ago John Wesley wrote, as usual very sarcastically, about certain editors who had taken and altered his own and his brother's hymns. "I desire they would not attempt to mend them," said he, "for they really are not able; none of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore I must beg of them one of these two favors: either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better for worse, or to add the true meaning in the margin or at the bottom of the page, that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or the doggerel of other men." This was a reasonable request, but unfortunately Wesley preached what he did not himself practice, for both he and his brother deliberately altered the hymns of Isaac Watts and others, and without saying a word about it, too. James Montgomery was in the same boat. He complained bitterly of what he called the special cross of hymn-writers. Yet he himself altered hymns in his "Christian Psalmist"; and there is a charming *naïveté* in the following, written of the occasion on which he had been assisting Thomas Cotterill to bring out the "Sheffield Hymn Book" in 1819: "Good Mr. Cotterill and I bestowed a great deal of labor and care upon the compilation of that book, clipping, interlining, and remodelling hymns of all sorts, as we thought we could correct the sentiment or improve the expression. We so altered some of Cowper's that the poet would hardly know them." It is seldom that the hymn cobbler is so frank. He still clips, and interlines and remodels, just as Montgomery and good Mr. Cotterill did, but as a rule he leaves us to find out for ourselves the exact measure of his im-

pertinences in that way. Now and again he makes confession in a series of notes at the end of his collection, but he is ingenuous enough to confine these notes to a particular edition which, to the great public who use hymns, is practically an *édition de luxe*. And so the cutting and carving continues, only those who make a special study of the subject knowing really to what extent.

It is an extraordinary thing to have to say, but it is nevertheless true, that no hymn book for actual use in public worship has ever been prepared, in which the original texts of a considerable number of its hymns have not been tampered with. One may find a collection edited on purely literary principles in which the hymns are given according to the authors' originals; but literary principles and adaptation to worship appear to be quite incompatible. The latest example of the kind is to be seen in the "Church Hymnary", prepared by a committee of the three Presbyterian Churches of Scotland and the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, and musically edited by Sir John Stainer. The "Church Hymnary" is no greater an offender than many of its predecessors; indeed, its texts are probably, as a whole, purer than those of any of the better-known collections; but several of the alterations made or adopted by the committee raise again in such a way the question of an editor's right to tinker an author's original that it may be well to give the subject some special consideration. All church-going people are, or ought to be, interested in hymns, and it is only right that they should know to what extent the materials of their praise have been interfered with by those who provide these materials.

At the outset it has, of course, to be admitted that there are many cases in which a change from an author's original may not only be justifiable, but absolutely necessary in order to make sense. Thus, in "The radiant morn hath passed away", Mr. Godfrey Thring wrote originally, "Our life is but a fading dawn", which is nonsense, since a dawn does not fade, but passes into the blaze of noontide. Again, when Toplady in "Rock of Ages" wrote "When my eyestrings break in death", he was much better replaced by the line with which we are all familiar. Similarly, the change from "Hark! how all the welkin rings" to "Hark! the herald angels sing" was justified by the circumstance that "welkin" is an archaic word long since disused in common language. When Charles Wesley, in "Come, O Thou Traveller Unknown", writes, "To me, to all, Thy bowels move," the word "mercies" is excusably substituted for "bowels", since the old-time meaning of the latter term is now quite obsolete. The opening lines of Wesley's fine Ascension hymn used to read:

Hail the day that sees Him rise
Ravished from our wistful eyes!

The reading now is: "Taken from our wishful eyes", which is as clearly an improvement as the substitution of "panting" for "gasping" in the fourth verse of the same hymn. In "Crown Him with many crowns", the original referred to the "rich wounds" of the Crucified Christ, but the adjective has long since been wisely removed. In another hymn, "View Him grovelling in the garden" has given place to "View Him stricken in the garden"; while Wesley's "So freely split for me" has become "So freely shed for me". The author of "O happy band of pilgrims" wrote, in the fifth verse, "What are they but vaunt couriers", and now we

sing, "What are they but the heralds," which is certainly better. Cowper, in his "Hark! my soul, it is the Lord," had the line "And when wounded, healed thy wound", an awkward tautology, which has been avoided by making the third word "bleeding". Sometimes a change may be necessary for metrical reasons. Thus, in Lyte's evening hymn, "Abide with me", the last line of the fourth verse reads in the original: "Come, Friend of sinners, and thus abide with me", which gives a syllable too much, thus justifying the deletion of the "and". It is only by slight revisions such as this that it is possible to use at all Sir Thomas Brown's hymn "The night is come, like to the day" (an admirable rendering of which for use in worship has been made by George Macdonald), Jeremy Taylor's hymn on Christ's entry into Jerusalem, and one or two other lyrics that were not originally written with a view to being sung.

These are mild cases of tinkering, to which no reasonable being would object; they are made on purely literary grounds, and do not affect the sense. When it comes to defacing a hymn in order to bring that hymn into harmony with a particular theological creed, it is an altogether different matter. The practice has naturally enough been defended. Thus, one says an editor must "see to it that the verses are in general agreement with the religious views of the congregations for whose use his hymnal is intended. Such considerations render alterations in the case of certain hymns, if they are to be included, imperatively necessary". Another says that "many hymns, without some alteration or omission, could not have been used in our Church of England service". A third declares that it is "impossible to adhere in every case to the form in which hymns first appeared, or even where altered by their authors to the text finally

adopted by them". It is obvious that, if we are to allow this principle—or want of principle—to rule, we must have as many different renderings of certain hymns as we have different churches and creeds.

And that is, practically, just what we do have. The writer once met with an extreme case in which an entire version of the metrical Psalms had been made solely to meet the views of those who opposed the use of musical instruments in public worship! Every reference to trumpets and shawms and harps and timbrels and what not, had been ruthlessly deleted until even the Psalmist himself would not have recognized the result. The alterations which have been made in this way are, indeed, almost incredible. Every theological fad that ever vexed the heart of man has been squeezed into some hymn or other, totally regardless of the religious views of the author, until the sense and living power of the original have all but entirely gone. Thus it was that a strongly Calvinistic Church, objecting to the universal salvation indicated in the lines—

My broken body thus I give
For you, for all: take, eat and live,

made a version for itself, and asked its elect to sing, "Broken for you: take, eat and live". Even the "Church Hymnary" has a suspicion of something of the kind when it changes the line "Dying once He all doth save" in Wesley's "Christ the Lord is risen to-day", to "Once he died our souls to save". And just as a particular church may put its particular dogma into the mouth of a writer who has no sympathy with that dogma, so a particular belief to which a writer may have given expression in a hymn may be turned entirely round, or its expression altogether removed. There are several instances of this perversion in late

hymnals. Charlotte Elliott, for example, believed in the protection of guardian angels. Hence she consistently wrote:

Christian, seek not yet repose,
Hear thy guardian angel say, etc.

This proved too much for the hymnal editor, and so he concocted the commonplace and utterly indefensible line, "Cast thy dreams of ease away," which a great many people sing with the innocent notion that it is the author's original. Father Faber believed and said (in "Hark! hark! my soul") that "All journeys end in welcome to the weary"; but very few editors allow him to express the belief, their version—or perversion—being "Faith's journeys end", etc. Faber, indeed, has been peculiarly unfortunate in the matter of his hymns. It may be perfectly true that there are in some of his finest productions "verses whose sentiment would exclude them from all Protestant worship". But then there is no need to take such hymns for Protestant worship. Faber never wrote his hymns for that purpose, and one has no more right to rob him of the expression of his own particular religious views than one has to recast the theology of "Paradise Lost".

Perhaps, however, it will be better to illustrate our case by showing how one or two of the very greatest hymns have been dealt with as a whole by the cutting and carving editors. Let us look first at Newman's "Lead, kindly Light", that beautiful hymn which, as Lord Rosebery put it in a recent address, "expresses in most glorious language the highest of all aspirations". One would have thought that here, at least, was a lyric which not even the editorial mangle would dare to meddle with. Unfortunately, there is no limit to the audacity of the hymn cobbler. As a rule, he is too much of a

coward to touch the work of living writers; but he knew that the author of "Lead, kindly Light" was practically dead to the world from the time that he entered the Roman communion, and so he hacked and defaced his magnificent hymn without compunction or fear of consequences. Dr. Horatius Bonar, himself a hymn-writer, was one of the first to lay hands on it. In 1845, he adopted the unwarrantable alteration: "Lead, Saviour, lead amid th' encircling gloom," and changed "the garish day" into "the glare of day", in both of which variations he has been followed by later editors. In one hymnal the beautiful line in the third verse: "O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent" gives place to the prosaic paraphrase: "O'er dale and hill, through stream and torrent"; while in some half-dozen collections the simple and surely unobjectionable phrase, "One step enough for me", is transformed into the sibilant, "One step's enough for me". In an American hymnal of 1860 we have "Send, Lord, Thy light amid th' encircling gloom", and, among other distortions, this per version of the third verse:

So long Thy power hath bless'd me,
surely still
 'Twill lead me on,
Through dreary hours, through pain
and sorrow, till
 The night is gone.

For editors who are responsible for such things as these there should be no place of repentance, though they seek it carefully and with tears. Nor is this the sum of the indignity which has been heaped upon Newman's hymn; Bishop Bickersteth in the "Hymnal Companion", of which he was the editor, actually added to it a verse of his own. Here is the incredible execrescence, part, as may be seen, repellantly tautological, and part unnecessary:

Meantime, along the narrow, rugged
path

Thyself hast trod,
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in child-
like faith,

Home to my God,
To rest forever after earthly strife
In the calm light of everlasting life.

This, it is almost superfluous to remark, is excused by the author on theological grounds. The verse, we read, "was added by the editor from a sense of need, and from a deep conviction that the heart of the belated pilgrim can only find rest in the Light of Light". So much might surely have been taken for granted; and, in any case, the added stanza is entirely redundant, if for no other reason than that it is not Newman's. That the Cardinal himself condemned it, hardly needs to be said.

We have seen how Wesley censured the alterations of his hymns. One of his best-known lyrics, "Jesu, Lover of my soul," has suffered as much from the editorial cobbler as any hymn that ever was written. The opening stanza has about twenty different readings! An early objection was, of course, taken to the term "Lover" as applied to the Saviour: it was thought not to be solemn and dignified enough; and so attempts were made to increase the reverence of the opening line by the sacrifice of some of its pathos, and a good deal of its poetry. Thus, we have such readings as, "Jesu, Refuge of my soul", "Jesus, Saviour of my soul", "Father, Refuge of my soul", and so on. Then followed a difficulty about the lines—

While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.

These have led to all kinds of alterations—"While the billows near me roll", "While the raging billows roll", "While the threat'ning waters roll", "While the ocean round us rolls" (ne-

cessitating, of course, further changes), "While the gathering waters roll," and other impertinences literally too numerous to mention. Nor could the simple words "Let me to Thy bosom fly" be left alone. One wanted to have the reading: "To Thy sheltering arms we fly"; another suggested: "We to Thee for safety fly"; a third ventured on: "To Thy mercy we would fly". In 1863 Dr. Kennedy made the verse run in this way:

Jesus, refuge of my soul,
To Thy sheltering arms we fly;
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest's roar is high.

It is not surprising to learn, on the authority of the editor of the "Dictionary of Hymnology", that in the whole range of hymnody there is no stanza or portion of a stanza which has undergone so many alterations. As an editorial curiosity these four lines of Wesley's are, in fact, in their transformations unique.

Another hymn which has suffered greatly at the hands of the tinker is Milman's beautiful litany: "When our heads are bowed with woe". Dr. Martineau made a perfect travesty of it in his "Hymns of Praise and Prayer", garbled every stanza, and added a closing verse which, as one critic has justly remarked, is no alteration in the ordinary sense, but a gratuitous and unwarranted substitution, in which the meaning of the original totally disappears. Bishop Bickersteth also left it bruised and mangled when he printed it in his "Hymnal Companion". The construction of the hymn is such that the second stanza of each pair of two is an answering counterpart of the stanza preceding it; but without regard to this important circumstance the Bishop removed the stanza beginning "When the solemn death-bell tolls", and left its companion verse "a broken fragment responsive to nothing". Be-

sides that, a concluding verse was tacked on to the hymn by some unknown hand, whose weak imitation only reveals more fully the beauty of Milman's original.

But there is more to be said about the tinkering to which this hymn has been subjected. The expression "Son of Mary" in the refrain line has been a stumbling block from the first, and all sorts of attempts have been made to get rid of it. We have had "Son of David", "Man of Sorrows", "Loving Saviour", and one knows not what all; anything, indeed, but that which Milman wrote. The keynote of the hymn is quite evidently the Divine humanity of Christ; but the silly Protestant prejudice against the name of the Virgin being mentioned has most effectively removed this grand central idea. Some years ago the question of altering the line was being tediously debated by the committee charged by the Church of Scotland Assembly with the preparation of an official collection for that church. Several of the members contended that to leave the expression "Son of Mary" would tend to Mariolatry. This was more than even the gentle Dr. Robertson of Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh, could stand. Rising, with flushed face, he cried excitedly, "That phrase can only lead to Mariolatry when our congregations consist of born idiots." So it is. And yet here we have the "Church Hymnary", with the old reading, "Man of Sorrows"—a concession, as we have been told, to the Irish Presbyterians. Milman sacrificed to the Irish Presbyterians because the Irish Presbyterians "find themselves in the midst of prevailing Romanism, with all its errors"! One may ask whether it is an error to bring out the humanity of Christ in a hymn meant for public worship. That the Saviour was the Son of God might, perhaps, be questioned, but surely not that He was the Son of Mary. This

preposterous prejudice against everything which is supposed to have the taint of Romanism has led, as much as anything, to the mangling of our hymns. The word "priest" must never be used; to speak of "virgins" is an offence; the name of Mary must not be so much as mentioned; and there is not a single instance of "Son of Mary" being allowed to stand in several collections whose text is otherwise fairly pure. And yet we are almost done with the nineteenth century!

The whole matter lies in a nutshell. When an editor believes that he cannot use an author's original without making material changes, he ought to leave the hymn entirely alone. Unimportant changes in the literary expression may, as we have seen, be allowed, though even here the changes should be made in mod-

eration and be regulated by good taste; but all such alterations as affect the meaning and the theological teaching of a hymn are to be condemned as absolutely unjustifiable. Nobody thinks of tinkering Shakespeare or Shelley, Byron or Browning; if any one attempted such a thing we should soon hear about it. Why should there be less reverence for the text of the great hymn-writers? As one has well put it, if it be right to protect and purge and purify the text of our secular inheritance, it cannot be a less worthy thing to exercise a similar care regarding the textual integrity of what the genius of the country has dedicated to the service of the country. Heaven ought surely to be served with as much respect as "we do minister to our gross selves".

J. Cuthbert Hadden.

The Nineteenth Century.

PROLOGUE TO "THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN."

Sweet as the dewfall, splendid as the south,
Love touched with speech Boccaccio's golden mouth,
Joy thrilled its utterance full with song,
And sorrow smiled on doom that wrought no wrong.
A starrier lustre lordlier of music rose
Beyond the sundering bar of seas and snows
When Chaucer's thought took life and light from his,
And England's crown was one with Italy's.
Loftiest and last, by grace of Shakespeare's word,
Arose, above their quiring spheres a third,
Arose, and flashed, and faltered; song's deep sky
Saw Shakespeare pass in light, in music die.
No light like his, no music, man might give
To bid the darkened sphere, left songless, live.
Soft though the sound of Fletcher's rose and rang,
And lit the lunar darkness as it sang,
Below the singing stars the cloud-crossed moon
Gave back the sunken sun's a trembling tune.
As when at highest high tide the sovereign sea
Pauses, and patience doubts if passion be,
Till gradual ripples ebb, recede, recoil,

Is it the Voice of the Hooligan?

Shine, smile, and whisper laughing as they toil,
 Stark silence fell, at turn of fate's high tide,
 Upon his broken song when Shakespeare died,
 Till Fletcher's light sweet speech took heart to say
 What evening, should it speak for morning, may.
 And fourfold now the gradual glory shines
 That shows once more in heaven two twinborn signs,
 Two brethren stars whose light no cloud may fret,
 No soul, whereon their story dawns, forget.

The Saturday Review.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

IS IT THE VOICE OF THE HOOLIGAN?

The most melancholy chapter in the History of Literature is that which relates to the attacks made upon authors by their contemporaries. Among all the professions that of Letters is the only one in which its members are permitted to attack, to deride, to abuse, to misrepresent each other. In every other intellectual calling, the dignity of the fraternity first, and the self-respect of the individual member next, prohibit this unworthy and unseemly practice. In the words of Churchill:—

Look through the world—in every other
 trade,
 The same employment's cause of kindness made.

Cobblers with cobblers smoke away the
 night:
 And in the common cause e'en players
 unite.
 Authors alone, with more than common
 rage,
 Unnatural war with broken authors
 wage.

Suppose, if you can, the same license granted to, and adopted by, lawyers. Imagine, if you can, the late Lord Coleridge contributing articles to the magazines in abuse of the late Sir George Jessel—attacking his law, deriding his judgments, depreciating his knowledge. We cannot conceive of

such a thing; we know that it would be impossible. Self-respect and respect for the profession, setting aside other important considerations, such as the pretension of superior standing, would make such a thing impossible. Can we, again, imagine Bishop Wilberforce attacking Archbishop Sumner on account of alleged heresy, atheism and immorality? Can we imagine Sir Frederick Leighton asking for a dozen pages in which to call Millais a humbug in art, an imposter, a bungler, a corrupter of the popular taste? Even if all or any of these charges were well founded, would Leighton's be the hand to write them down? We know that it would not. Self-respect, the dignity of the calling—nay, the ordinary laws of common courtesy—would impose restraint and reticence. It is only in literature that the world feels no astonishment when one more chapter is added to the long list of venomous attacks by one author upon another.

In the history of the Life of Letters for the last two hundred years two points are remarkable—the respect and affection lavished upon the individual, and the contempt freely bestowed upon the profession. There have been many reasons for this contempt—the poverty of literary men; their dependence; their lack of dignity; but there has been no

cause more injurious to the reputation of the Life of Letters than the derision, the satire, the unrestrained savagery of the attacks made by the followers of that life one upon another.

Of late years a better spirit seemed to have sprung up. The old disease—formerly believed to be an incurable disease—peculiar to authorship seemed yielding to treatment; the prescription and administration, namely, of those laws of courtesy and good breeding which obtain in other professions. It is happily rare to find a return to the old methods. There are not many living men or women of letters who, at this day, take up the old parable and declare themselves moved by indignation to denounce their contemporaries.

It is, of course, in every profession, galling for one who has failed to attract the attention of the world, save to a limited degree, to observe another, whose works he perhaps honestly believes to be no better than his own, borne upwards on a wave of popular admiration. In every profession each man stands by himself; he depends upon his own gifts and abilities; no one can help him; he is alone; he cannot buy, nor sell, nor transmit success. All that he achieves is done by himself. This fact goes far to account for the extraordinary bitterness of professional envy. It means the wounding of personal vanity. "Even players," says Churchill, mindful of the proverbial envy and jealousy in that profession. But these passions, he suggests, are worse—far worse—in the author than in the actor. The expression of these passions may bring the same kind of relief as tears in sorrow, or strong language in wrath.

A truer form of consolation should be the reflection that popularity is not always a proof of genius; that the commercial value of literature cannot be taken as a measure of its literary worth; that the two things are, in fact,

incommensurable; much good work remains unpopular; much popular work is not good work. This reflection, which no one can dispute, should console the most neglected, or even the half-neglected. It is open to every writer to abuse the public for not recognizing genius, and to assure himself that his own works will be recognized by that discriminating posterity on whom we lay such heavy burdens.

Unfortunately, there exists a widespread confusion of ideas as to the two values; at first sight it seems absurd that this confusion should be possible; yet it is not only possible, it is common; it is found even in literary papers; it is found in the talk of literary men. The same man will acknowledge that a work of art cannot be estimated by money, and in the same breath will ask indignantly if the latest "boom" in fiction is worth a hundredth part of the money it has brought the author and the publisher!

Whatever bitterness may be caused by the success of a contemporary, one thing is clearly desirable—that there should be some observance of professional etiquette in literature as in law. It should be simply impossible for any one, of whatever standing, in the profession of letters to attack another writer, and especially one who has attracted the affection—the passionate affection—of millions, including those of the highest pretensions to culture, with abuse and rancor worthy of a fish-wife.

It may be objected that this restraint would put a stop to criticism. Not at all. We cannot have too much criticism. Literature flourishes best when criticism is at its best. Unfortunately, at the present moment, which can show so great a wealth on the imaginative side, which can also show so many admirable writers on every other side, there are comparatively few critics. The critical faculty, always rare, is, at

the present moment, when it is so much wanted, and when there are so many organs ready to welcome the true critic, more rarely found than any other. That it is a distinct faculty, quite apart from the imaginative or the creative, or the poetical, seems imperfectly understood. The old idea that if a man has written novels and plays and poems he is therefore endowed with the critical faculty, ought surely to have been abandoned long ago. That it has not been abandoned shows that the true function and the true powers of the critic are not fully recognized. We do not suppose that every successful lawyer is fit to become a judge; nor do we pretend that every divine who preaches well can also administer a diocese as a bishop. Why, then, should every novelist be considered qualified to pose as a critic? The imaginative side of literature is, indeed, opposed to such a theory, as is evident if one considers the natural endowments and the studies necessary to form a critic.

He is a judge; if he possesses the essential qualities that make a judge, he must be of a calm and sober temperament: he must be able to discern things as they are—the man of imagination is never able to discern things as they are: he must be able to discern the conditions, the circumstances, the causes which have produced the work, of whatever kind, on which he is to pronounce judgment. In the case of literature he must be a scholar; the opinion of one who has not gone through the classical mill is like a house built without foundations. He must also be a student, not only of his own, but of some other modern literature. You may know him, if you meet him, by certain signs. He is as critical in everything as he is in literature; he carries his criticism into the smaller details of everyday life. He cannot exist without standards in all things. Again, in his judgments, he

never falls into a rage; he does not simulate indignation; he never condescends to abuse or to call names; he does not exaggerate; he does not misrepresent; he applies his canons of criticism without mercy, but without bias and without injustice.

The competence of a critic may be tested and proved by a very simple method: that of observing how and why he bestows his commendation. It is easy for the incompetent critic to find faults or to invent them; it is easy to simulate indignation; it is impossible to praise without revealing standards and without betraying incompetence. There is, for example, a certain literary organ whose critical papers I sometimes read in order to observe the timidity and hesitation with which the reviewer ventures to praise, and the delightful way in which he betrays his incompetence when he does praise.

These are very simple rules; if we apply them to the current criticism of the day I think it will be found that there is comparatively little which will stand the tests. There are other qualifications, but of a less simple kind, especially those which enable the critic to take a broad view and a comparative view; and those which separate him from any narrow school or any temporary *cénacle*.

If, then, a poet or a novelist is not necessarily a critic—is presumably less likely to possess the critical faculty than if he were not a poet—it behooves him to examine himself very carefully before he ventures to pose as a watchdog of literature, lest he betray his incompetence by barking and rending the friends instead of the enemies of the literary craft.

Mr. Robert Buchanan has thought fit to attack Mr. Rudyard Kipling after the ancient manner. I do not suppose that what he has written will cost the younger poet a single friend; nor do I suppose that anything I may say on the

other side will advance his reputation. Nor, again, do I pretend, myself, to be a watch-dog of literature; nor do I profess to be endowed with the critical faculty. But I think that it may be useful to set forth briefly some of the reasons why one among the many millions of Kipling's readers finds him worthy of the deepest admiration, and, in so doing, to express the views and the judgments of a vast following which may not be critical, yet does not with one consent give its admiration and affection except for good and sufficient reasons.

Except in one point, that of the actual situation, I am not concerned to answer Mr. Buchanan. He has his views and has stated them. Very well; I have mine, and I propose to state them. They are exactly opposite to those of Mr. Buchanan. Why that should be the case is a question which needs no answer in this place.

As regards the situation, then. I read, with wondering eyes, that this generation has drifted away from the humanitarian teaching which forty years ago or thereabouts "opened up to men the prospect of a new Heaven and a new Earth." Drifted away? Is the writer serious? Is he blind to the present? Why, if there is any characteristic note of the times at all, it is the new and practical application of that very humanitarian teaching of the past. This teaching has sunk deep into the national heart; it is producing fruits unlooked for, beyond all expectation. The exercise of practical charity by personal service, which is remarkable everywhere, is the natural result of that teaching and the proof that it has gone home. In all directions is visible the working of the most real philanthropic endeavor that the world has ever seen; the nearest approach to practical Christianity that has appeared, I believe, since the foundation of the Christian religion. What else is the

meaning of free schools, free libraries, factory acts, continuation schools, polytechnics? What else is the meaning of the settlements in which scholars and refined women give their whole strength with all their thoughts and all their soul to the help of the people around them? What else is the meaning of Toynbee Hall, of Mansfield Hall, of Browning Hall, or of Oxford House? What else is the meaning of the quickened life in the parishes with the flocking companies of those who work for nothing but the love of humanity? What else is meant by the long list of associations for the benefit and help, in every degree, of those who can be helped? Is it possible to live in such a time as this and to be so utterly out of touch with all that is attempted, as to speak of a "drifting away" from the old humanitarian teaching? This said, I leave Mr. Buchanan, and proceed to consider those qualities which the world recognizes in Rudyard Kipling, assuming that, as an average man, my own recognitions are those of what we call the world.

The first essential in fiction is reality. The story must be real; the figures must be real; the dialogue must be real; the action must spring naturally from the situation. Affectations; straining after phrase; a style that suggests labor and repeated correction; these things destroy the interest. The story must be told with directness; it must be told with force; it must be told because the storyteller has to tell it; is constrained to tell it. We want to be called out of our own environment; we are ready to surrender ourselves willingly to the magnetic force of the storyteller; if he has no magnetic power we turn away; if he has, we allow him to play upon us as he pleases; we are like one who is mesmerized and does what he is told to do—he really feels the emotions that the storyteller puts into his mind; he

laughs when his master bids him laugh; he cries when he is told to cry.

These conditions are all found in Kipling's work, and in full measure, without any reservations. He has this magnetic force; he compels us to listen; he tells his story with directness, force and simplicity. So real is the story, with such an air of reality does he present it, that we see it as we see the moving pictures which the new photography throws upon the canvas.

It is in writing as in drawing. One man produces his effects with many strokes and careful elaboration; another produces the same effect with a single bold stroke or with the least possible curve or deflection of a line. The effect is produced in Kipling's work by the one bold stroke: without apparent effort the right word presents itself; the right phrase which others seek, and seek in vain, without apparent hesitation takes its place; it belongs to the story.

He also believes his own story; that faith is necessary if he would make his hearers believe it. And because he believes it he is enabled to tell it simply and directly without seeking to add the artificial stimulus of a labored style.

These reasons for the popularity of a writer are elementary. Yet they have, in this case, to be set forth, as the best answer to any assailant. Another reason, not so obvious to the ordinary reader, is his enthusiasm for humanity. Probably Kipling never gave it, consciously, so fine a name: is ignorant, perhaps, that this attribute can be found in his work. Yet, the thing is there. Always, in every character, he presents a man; not an actor—a man with the passions, emotions, weaknesses and instincts of humanity. It is, perhaps, one of the Soldiers Three; or it is the man who went into the mountains because he would be a king; or the man who sat in the lonely light-house till he saw streaks; always the

real man whom the reader sees beneath the uniform and behind the drink and the blackguardism. It is the humanity in the writer which makes his voice tremulous at times with unspoken pity and silent sympathy; it is the tremor of his voice which touches the heart of his audience. And it is this power of touching the heart which causes men and women of all classes and of every rank to respond with a greater love for the writer than for any other writer living among us at the present moment.

Mr. Henry James, who is certainly a critic as well as a novelist, has called attention to Kipling's power of attracting all classes. It surprises him that "being so much the sort of figure that the hardened critic likes to meet, he should also be the sort of figure that inspires the multitude with confidence; for a complicated air is, in general, the last thing that does this." Exactly; but it is the special note of genius that it should present men and women who are real to all who read, and so real that they come with a simple "air" to the simple and uncultivated mind, and with a "complicated air" to the scholar. It is not the "complicated air" that the multitude ask or comprehend. For them it is the simple lay, the plain song. To those who, like Mr. Henry James, are practised observers and students, who can read between the lines, the air is as complicated as any study of human nature by Browning or by Meredith.

Going on with his analysis, Mr. Henry James admirably illustrates the different effects produced on different minds by the case of Mulvany—the great Mulvany. He says, speaking for the multitude, that the figure of Mulvany is "a piece of portraiture of the largest, vividest kind, growing and growing on the painter's hands without ever outgrowing them." And speaking for himself, and those like

unto himself, he says: "Hasn't he the tongue of a hoarse syren, and hasn't he also mysteries and infinities almost Carlylese?" Not for the multitude; for them he is only "a six-foot saturated Irish private"; but so clearly drawn, so strongly drawn, that not the most simple can fail to understand and sympathize with him after their own fashion.

Another reason why we who are not critics—the many millions—delight in Kipling is that he gives us short stories. Not that we demand, as has been asserted, everything to be in paragraphs and scraps—that is quite an unfair interpretation of the demand for short stories—it is that the short story affords endless opportunities of touching life—I again quote Henry James—"in a thousand different places, taking it up in innumerable pieces, each a specimen and an illustration". In the long story, we are occupied with one place, one sequence of events, one set of characters; perhaps we read for the sequence of events, perhaps for the study of the character. Within the space occupied by the long story Kipling's volume of short stories gives us twenty situations, twenty scenes, twenty groups, and twenty sets of characters. Mr. James's critical remarks, from which I quote, are written for the volume called "Mine Own People", which contains, among other things, the stories called, respectively, "At the End of the Passage"; "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvany"; "The Courting of Dinah Shadd", and "The Man Who Was". Every one of these stories—characters, situation and all—is burned into the memory as deeply as if it had been worked up to occupy a volume all to itself. And we would rather have the short story than a long one from our storyteller, because he gives us picture after picture, play after play, dozens of pictures and of plays, in the time generally occupied by one.

But the man who would become a teller of short stories must have a wealth of material which few have the opportunities of collecting. Kipling has had these opportunities; he knows the world—especially the Anglo-Saxon world—the world of our Empire and the world of the American Republic. He is one of those thrice blessed who have not only received the gifts of observation and sympathy; the gift of storytelling with the dramatic instinct, and the power of selection and grouping; but he has obtained the gift of opportunity—he has lived in lands where there are still adventures and the adventurous; where there are still tribes who love fighting and tribes who murder the Englishman; where there are still unknown mysteries of hills and forests; he has found mines of material, diverse and new and marvellous, and he has worked these mines as they have never been worked before. Henry James has instanced the figure of Mulvany as one of the most remarkable in Kipling's gallery of portraits. We may, perhaps, take the *Soldiers Three* as illustrating the "humanity" of which we have spoken. He has the coarsest and the roughest materials to deal with; three private soldiers of the lower type, which is common enough in our army—and in every other army. The men are foul-mouthed, drunken and tricky. All this must be faced and set forth with no shrinking or false coloring. This has been done, and yet, such is the force of reality in fiction, the result is that we see the real men behind their vices, and that we understand Tommy Atkins as we never understood him before. Had the drawing and the coloring been conventional there would have been found some, no doubt, to call attention to the artistic treatment of the soldier, and the finish and polish of his language and his views. They are, however, not in the least conventional, and for the multi-

tude, they are real living men, as living as themselves.

I believe that I am not alone in giving the highest praise—at least for “grip”—to the story of the Man who Would Be King. While that story was told there was not heard in the whole of the vast audience a sound, a whisper, a breath. In dead silence it was received; in dead silence it concluded; in dead silence, save for the sigh which spoke of a tension almost too great to be borne. Perhaps that sigh might be taken for applause. Perhaps the storyteller himself took it for applause.

Another point. Kipling presents himself with no apologies, no conventional humility, but with a splendid audacity; a confidence in himself and his own powers, which, in itself, commands admiration; he has the gallant bearing of a soldier; he laughs, knowing that we shall respond; he plunges into his story, knowing that we shall listen; he lets us understand that he has come to conquer the world, and that he means to conquer it. The most finished actor could not impose his part upon the theatre more successfully than Kipling imposes his real nature upon his readers.

These are some of the reasons why we—the many millions—follow after Kipling and listen when he speaks. Some there are who think differently; they have not been carried away; for most of us the reasons above indicated seem sufficient to account for the phenomenal admiration which is also almost universal. To the critic—Henry James’s “hardened critic”—we may leave the analysis of methods and style and art.

I have spoken of Kipling’s audience. But what an audience it is! The people sit in a theatre of which the front seats are at the storyteller’s feet, and the farthest tiers are twelve thousand miles away. Never in the history of literature has storyteller, in his own lifetime,

faced such an audience. Scott and Dickens enjoy, if they can still look on, the posthumous happiness of this unnumbered audience; in their lifetime the theatre was smaller; the people which, even then, seemed so great a crowd were much less in number than those who come to hear their successor. Other writers speak to-day to crowded houses, but none to such a house as assembles when Kipling speaks. Saul has followers by the thousand; David by the hundred thousand; Rudyard Kipling is the first of storytellers to whom it has been granted to speak, while he still lives, to the hundred millions of those who read the Anglo-Saxon tongue. From east and west and north and south, wherever the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes may float, they flock into the vast theatre to listen spellbound to a single voice, which reaches clear and distinct to the most distant tier, where the white faces look up and listen while the story is told.

Let us consider him next as the Poet, and especially as the Poet of the Empire. He is emphatically not a Londoner; he does not seek inspiration in the smoking-room of a West End club; he does not observe in Piccadilly; he does not evolve humanity out of an easy chair with the aid of a cigarette. He is a son of the Empire; he has brought home to the understanding of the most parochial of Little Englanders the sense and knowledge of what the British Empire means. What Seeley taught scholars, Kipling has taught the multitude. **He is the Poet of the Empire.** Not the jingo rhymers; the poet with the deepest reverence for those who have built up the empire; the deepest respect for the empire; the most profound sense of responsibility.

Fair is our lot. Oh! goodly is our heritage!
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!)

For the Lord our God most High,
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the
ends of all the earth!

Yea, though we sinned—and our rulers
went from righteousness—
Deep in all dishonor though we stained
our garments' hem.
Oh! be ye not dismayed,
Though we stumbled and we
strayed,
We were led by evil counsellors—the
Lord shall deal with them!

That is, I suppose, the "Voice of the
Hooligan". Again, is it the Hooligan
who sings of the Last Chantey to the
text "And there was no more sea"?

Thus saith the Lord in the vault above
the cherubim,
Calling to the angels and the souls in
their degree;
Lo! earth has passed away
On the smoke of Judgment Day.
That our word may be established shall
we gather up the sea?

Long sang the souls of the jolly, jolly
mariners,
Plucking at their harps, and they
plucked unhandily;
Our thumbs are rough and tarred,
And the tune is somewhat hard—
May we lift a deep sea chantey, such
as seamen use at sea?

Sun, wind, and cloud shall fail, not
from the face of it,
Singing, ringing spindrift nor the ful-
mar flying free;
And the ships shall go abroad
To the Glory of the Lord,
Who heard the silly sailor folk, and
gave them back their sea!

Again, what kind of poet—"not a poet
at all", says his latest critic—is he who
could write the following?:

Take up the White Man's Burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, blind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;

To wait in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's Burden—
No iron rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things.
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread;
Go, make them with your living,
And mark them with your dead!

It is unnecessary to quote the Reces-
sional Hymn, save to remind ourselves
of how this poet—alone of poets or
preachers—saw, as in a vision of in-
spiration, the one thing that needed to
be said. We were drunk with the
Pageant of Power and of Glory. The
Empire and all it meant was represent-
ed in that long procession of 1897. The
people, bewildered with pride, were
ready to shout they knew not what—to
go, they knew not whither. And then
the Poet spoke, and his words rang
true. I know of no poem in history so
opportune, that so went home to all our
hearts; that did its work and delivered
its message with so much force.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine.
Lord God of hosts—be with us yet—
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far called, our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations—spare us yet—
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in
awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser creeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts—be with us yet—
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

One more note, and I have done. Kipling, in verse and in prose, is one to whom war is an ever-present possibility and an ever-present certainty. There is a time to speak of war and a time to speak of peace. At this moment it is well that some one who has a Voice should speak of war. It seems that in the present stage of civilization, just as in the past, there falls upon the nations, from time to time, the restlessness which can only be pacified by war. The French nation, at this moment, seems to be restless to the highest degree under this obsession. We ourselves are in the throes of the biggest war since the Indian Mutiny. Two years ago the most pacific country in the world, the great Republic of North America, was seized with this restlessness, which it is still working off. A time may come when war will not be a necessity—but that time is not yet. For my own part, I entirely agree with Archbishop Alexander in the words quoted by Mr. Buchanan:

And as I note how nobly natures form
Under the war's red rain, I deem it true
That He who made the earthquake and
the storm
Perchance made battles too.

There are worse evils than war.
There are

—the lust of Gold
And love of a Peace that is full of
wrongs and shames.

It is a threadbare commonplace to write that there are worse evils than war, but it must be said over and over again, especially when the horrors of war are upon us. The poisonous weeds that grow rank in times of peace corrupt the national blood; they deaden the sense of honor; they encourage the ruthless company promoter who trades upon the ignorance of the helpless; they

lower the standards of honor; they enlarge the slough of indulgence and the unclean life. War does not kill these things; but it may restore the sense of duty, sacrifice, patriotism; it may bring back the nobler ideals; it may teach the world that there are better gods than the idols they have fashioned with their own hands; it may seize on the hearts of the young and preserve their instincts of generosity.

Though many a light shall darken, and
many shall weep
For those that are crushed in the clash
of gaining claims.

And many a darkness into light shall
leap,
And shine in the sudden making of
splendid names,
And noble thought be freer under the
sun,
And the heart of the people beat with
one desire.

This potency of war, these possibilities, this necessity of war when the cause is just, this ennobling of a people by war, are present in the mind of Kipling as much as in the mind of Tennyson. The time, indeed, has come again when we are called—

To wake to the higher aims
Of a land that has lost for a little the
lust of gold.

It is not on the side of those who are ruled and led by this lust that Kipling stands; nor is it for barbaric conquest and the subjugation of free peoples that he sings.

I have endeavored to explain and to justify, to a certain extent, the extraordinary affection with which this writer is regarded by millions unnumbered among our own people and our own kin. As was confessed at the outset, nothing that I can say can increase that affection. I leave criticism to

those who, being at least scholars, have the right to take upon themselves the work of criticism; it is for them to discuss methods and style. It is enough for me and for those unnumbered millions to know that here is one who has a message to deliver which concerns us all; that he has people to present to us among whom we walk daily, yet have remained hitherto in ignorance of their ways and thoughts and speech; that he has taught the people of the Empire

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what the Empire means; that he has shown us below their rough and coarse exterior the manhood of soldier and sailor, of engine-man and lighthouse-man and fisherman. It is enough for us that he speaks as no other in his generation—these be reasons enough and to spare why he is loved by old and young in every class and in every country where his language is the language of the folk.

Walter Besant.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE MODERN STAGE.

Without "the living comment and interpretation of the theatre," Shakespeare's work is, for the rank and file of mankind, "a deep well without a wheel or a windlass." It is true that the whole of the spiritual treasures which Shakespeare's dramas hoard will never be disclosed to the mere play-goer, but "a large, a very large portion of that indefinite all" may be revealed to him on the stage, and, if he be no patient reader, will be revealed to him nowhere else. There are earnest students of Shakespeare who scorn the theatre and arrogate to themselves in the library—often with some justification—a far greater capacity for apprehending and appreciating Shakespeare than is at the command of the ordinary play-goer or actor. But let Sir Oracle of the study, however full and deep be his knowledge, "use all gently." Let him bear in mind that his vision also has its limitations, and that student, actor, and spectator of Shakespeare's plays are all alike exploring a measureless region of philosophy and poetry, "round which no comprehension has yet drawn the line of circumspection so as to say to itself, 'I have seen the whole.'" Actor and student may look at Shakespeare's text from different points of view, but there is always as reasonable a chance

that the actor may disclose the full significance of some speech or scene which escapes the student as that the student may supply the actor's lack of insight.

It is easier for a student of literature to support the proposition that Shakespeare can be, and ought to be, represented on the stage, than to define the ways and means of securing practical observance of the precept. At the present time there is a widening divergence of view on the subject between those who defend in theory the adaptability of Shakespeare to the stage and the leading theatrical managers, who alone possess the power of conferring on the Shakespearean drama theatrical interpretation. In the most influential circles of the theatrical profession it has become a commonplace to assert that Shakespearean drama cannot be successfully produced on the stage, cannot be rendered tolerable to any large section of the play-going public, without a plethora of scenic spectacle and gorgeous costume, which the student regards as superfluous and inappropriate. It is a tradition of the modern stage that every revival of a Shakespearean play at a leading theatre must exceed in spectacular magnificence all that went before. The dramatic interest is deemed by the

manager inadequate to satisfy the necessary commercial purposes of the theatre. The feast that Shakespeare's plays offer to the playgoer is regarded as tasteless and colorless unless it be fortified by stimulants derived from the independent arts of music and painting. Shakespeare's words must be spoken to musical accompaniments specially prepared for the occasion. Pictorial tableaux, even though they suggest topics without relevance to the development of the plot, have to be interpolated in order to keep the attention of the audience sufficiently alive. It is obvious that these embellishments are very costly. Therefore, according to the system now in vogue, the performance of a play of Shakespeare involves heavy financial risks, and, unless the views of theatrical managers undergo some change, these risks are likely to become greater. The natural result is that Shakespearean revivals in London are comparatively rare; they take place at uncertain intervals, and only those plays are viewed with favor by the managers which lend themselves in their opinion to ostentatious spectacle.

It is ungrateful to criticize adversely any work the production of which entails the expenditure of much thought and money, especially when the outcome, as in the case of recent Shakespearean revivals at the West-end theatres, gives much pleasure to large sections of the community—in itself a worthy object. But the pleasure that the theatrical manager gives in the case of recent Shakespearean revival reaches the spectator mainly through the eye. That is the manager's avowed intention. Yet no one would seriously deny that the Shakespearean drama appeals primarily to the head and to the heart. Whoever seeks, therefore, by the production of Shakespearean drama, chiefly to please the spectator's eye, shows scant respect both for the

dramatist, whom he misrepresents, and for the spectator, whom he misleads, in a particular of first-rate importance. If it can be shown that excess in scenic display not merely restricts the opportunities enjoyed by Londoners of witnessing Shakespeare's plays on the stage, but also either weakens or distorts the just and proper influence of Shakespeare's work, then it follows that the increased and increasing expense which is involved in the production of Shakespeare's plays ought, on grounds of public policy, to be diminished.

Every stage representation of a play requires sufficient scenery and costume to produce in the audience that illusion of environment which the text invites. Without so much scenery or costume the words fail to get home to the audience. In comedies dealing with modern society, the stage presentation necessarily relies for its success, to a very large extent, on the realism of the scenic appliances. In plays that appeal to the highest faculties, the pursuit of realism in the scenery tends to destroy the illusion which it ought to aid. In the one case the environment which it is sought to reproduce is familiar and easy of imitation; in the other case, the environment is unfamiliar, and admits of no realistic imitation. The wall-paper and furniture of Mrs. So-and-So's drawing-room in West Kensington can be transferred bodily to the stage. Prospero's deserted island does not admit of the like handling. Effective suggestion of the scene of "The Tempest" is all that can reasonably be attempted. The machinery to be employed for the purpose of suggestion should be simple and unobtrusive. If it be complex and obtrusive it defeats "the purpose of playing," by exaggerating for the spectator the inevitable interval between the scene that the poet imagines and the scene that the stage renders practicable.

Anything that aims at doing more than satisfy the condition essential to the effective suggestion of the scenic environment of Shakespearean drama is, from the logical point of view, "wasteful and ridiculous excess."¹

But it is not only a simplification of scenic appliances that is needed. Spectacular methods of production entail the employment of armies of silent supernumeraries to whom are allotted functions wholly ornamental and mostly impertinent. Here, too, reduction is desirable in the true interest of the drama. No persons should appear on the stage who are not precisely indicated by the text of the play or by the authorized stage directions. When *Cæsar* is buried it is essential to produce in the audience the illusion that a crowd of Roman citizens is taking part in the ceremony. But the fewer the number of supernumeraries by whom the needful illusion is effected, the greater the merit of the performance, the more convincing the testimony borne to the skill of the stage manager. No procession of psalm-singing priests and monks is needful to the essential illusion in the historical plays, nor does the text of the "*Merchant of Venice*" justify any assembly of Venetian townsfolk, however picturesquely attired, sporting or chaffing with one another on the Rialto when Shylock enters to claim his debt of Antonio. An interpolated tableau is indefensible, and "though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve." In "*Antony and Cleopatra*" the pageant of Cleopatra's voyage up the river Cydnus to meet her lover Antony should have no existence outside the gorgeous description given of it by Enobarbus.

What would be the practical effects

of a stern resolve on the part of theatrical managers to simplify the scenic appliances and to reduce the supernumerary staff when producing Shakespearean drama? One result is obvious. There would be so much more money in the manager's pocket after he had paid the expenses of production. If the expenses of outlay were smaller, the manager would be satisfied with a shorter run for the piece; and the sum that he expended in the production of one play of Shakespeare on the current over-elaborate scale would cover the production of two or three pieces mounted with simplicity and a strict adherence to the requirements of the text.

We are told, however, that a very small public would interest itself in Shakespeare's plays if they were robbed of scenic upholstery and spectacular display. It may be admitted that the public to which Shakespeare in his purity makes appeal is not large enough to command continuous runs of plays for many months, or even weeks. But long runs of a single play of Shakespeare bring more evil than good in their train. They develop in even the most efficient acting a soulless mechanism. The literary beauty of the text is obliterated by repetition from the actors' minds. Unostentatious mounting of the Shakespearean plays may possibly fall to "please the million," it may be "caviare to the general," but it ought not to be impossible for the manager who, by comparatively inexpensive settings, is able at short intervals to produce a succession of Shakespeare's plays, to attract, under suitable conditions, a small but sufficient support from the intelligent section of playgoers.

The practical manager, who naturally

¹ A minor practical objection, from the dramatic point of view, to realistic scenery is the long pause its setting on the stage renders inevitable between the scenes. Intervals of the

kind, which always tend to blunt the dramatic point of the play, especially in the case of tragic masterpieces, should obviously be as brief as possible.

seeks pecuniary profit from his ventures, replies that these proposals are counsels of perfection and these anticipations wild and fantastic dreams. But has the commercial success attending the spectacular production of Shakespeare been so conspicuous as to put summarily out of court on the purely commercial ground the method of simplicity? More than forty years ago, between 1851 and 1859, Charles Kean, who may be regarded as the founder of the modern spectacular system, though it has been enormously developed since his day, strenuously endeavored by prodigal display to make the production of Shakespeare an enterprise of profit. The scheme proved pecuniarily disastrous.

Sir Henry Irving, the greatest of our actors and stage-managers, who has in many regards conferred incalculable benefits on the theatre-going public and on the theatrical profession, has given the spectacular and scenic system every advantage that it could derive from munificent expenditure, and he can justly claim a far finer artistic sentiment and a far higher histrionic capacity than Charles Kean possessed. Yet Sir Henry Irving recently announced that he lost on his Shakespearean productions a hundred thousand pounds. Sir Henry added:

The enormous cost of a Shakespearean production on the liberal and elaborate scale which the public is now accustomed to expect, makes it almost impossible for any manager—I don't care who it is—to pursue a continuous policy of Shakespeare for many years with any hope of profit in the long run.

In face of this authoritative pronouncement, it must be conceded that the spectacular system has been given every chance of succeeding of late years, and has been, from the commercial point of view, a failure. Meanwhile the simple method of Shakespear-

ean production has been given no serious chance at all, and the anticipation of its pecuniary failure has not been put to any practical test. The last time that it was put to a practical test it did not fail. Phelps at Sadler's Wells gave, under well-considered conditions, the simple method a trial, and the prophets of evil, who were no greater strangers to his generation than they are to our own, were themselves confuted by his experience.

On the 27th of May, 1844, Phelps and Mrs. Warner reopened Sadler's Wells Theatre "in the hope," they wrote, in an unassuming address, "of eventually rendering it what a theatre ought to be, a place for justly representing the works of our great dramatic poets." This hope they fully realized. The first play that they produced was "Macbeth." Phelps continued to control the theatre for more than eighteen years, and during that period he produced, together with many other English plays of classical repute, no fewer than thirty-one of the thirty-seven great dramas that came from Shakespeare's pen. In his first season, besides "Macbeth," he set forth "Hamlet," "King John," "Henry VIII," "Merchant of Venice," "Othello," and "Richard III." To these he added, in the course of his second season, "Julius Caesar," "King Lear," and "Winter's Tale." "Henry VI, part I," "Measure for Measure," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Tempest" followed in his third season; "As You Like It," "Cymbeline," "Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Twelfth Night" in his fourth. Each succeeding season saw further additions to the Shakespearean repertory. No long continuous run of any one piece was permitted by the rules of the playhouse. The program was constantly changed; the scenic appliances were simple, adequate and inexpensive; the supernumerary staff was restricted to the smallest practic-

able number. For every thousand pounds that Charles Kean laid out at the Princess's Theatre on scenery and other expenses of production, Phelps, in his most ornate revivals, spent less than a fourth of that sum. For the pounds spent by managers on more recent revivals Phelps would have spent only as many shillings. In the result Phelps reaped from the profits of his efforts a handsome, unencumbered income. During the same period Charles Kean grew more and more deeply involved in oppressive debt, and, at a later date, Sir Henry Irving made over to the public a hundred thousand pounds above his receipts. Why, then, should not Phelps's encouraging experiment be made again?

But if scenery in Shakespearean productions is relegated to its proper place in the background of the stage, it is necessary that the acting, from top to bottom of the cast, shall be more efficient than that which is commonly associated with spectacular representations. There the attention of the spectator is largely absorbed by the triumphs of the scene-painter and machinist, of the costumer and the musicians; the actor often eludes notice altogether. Macready, whose theatrical career was long anterior to the spectacular period of Shakespearean representation, has left on record a deliberate opinion of Charles Kean's spectacular methods at the Princess's

Theatre in their relation to the histrionic art. Macready's verdict is, in some degree, of universal application. "The production of the Shakespearean plays at the Princess's Theatre," the great actor wrote to Lady Pollock on the 1st of May, 1859, rendered the spoken text "more like a running commentary on the spectacles exhibited than the scenic arrangements an illustration of the text." No criticism could define more convincingly the evil worked by spectacle on the actor. Acting can be, and commonly tends to be, the most mechanical of physical exercises. The actor is often a mere automaton who repeats night after night, the same unimpressive trick of voice, eye and gesture. His defects of understanding may be comparatively unobtrusive in a spectacular display, where he is liable to escape censure by escaping observation; but the long runs which scenic excess brings in its train accentuate the mechanical actor's imperfections and diminish his opportunities of remedying them. On the other hand, acting can rise under opposite conditions into the noblest of the arts. The great actor relies for genuine success on no mere gesticulatory mechanism. Imaginative insight, passion, the gift of oratory, grace and dignity of movement and bearing, perfect command of the voice in the whole gamut of its inflections, are the constituent qualities of true histrionic

² It is just to notice the efforts to produce Shakespearean drama worthily which were made by Charles Alexander Calvert at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, between 1864 and 1874. Calvert, who was a warm admirer of Phelps, attempted to blend Phelps's method with Charles Kean's, and bestowed great scenic elaboration on the production of at least eight plays of Shakespeare. Financially the speculation saw every vicissitude, and Calvert's experience may be quoted in support of the view that a return to Phelps's method is financially safer than a return to Charles Kean's. More recently the Elizabethan Stage Society has endeavored to produce, with a simplicity which errs on the side of severity, many plays of Shakespeare and other literary dramas.

But the Society's work is done privately, and has not at present invited any genuine test of publicity. The recent representation by the Society of Richard II, in which Mr. Granville Barker played the King with great charm and judgment, showed the fascination that a competent rendering of Shakespeare's text exerts, even in the total absence of scenery, over an audience of suitable temper. It is to be hoped that Mr. Benson, who, after a long career in the provinces, is to tempt fortune in London next February with an extended series of Shakespearean performances on the simple model, may justify the hopes of his supporters, and prove more effectually than argument the reasonableness of reviving Phelps's scheme.

capacity. In no drama are these qualities more necessary, or ampler opportunities offered for their use, than in the plays of Shakespeare. Not only in the leading rôles of his masterpieces, but in the subordinate parts throughout the range of his work, the highest abilities of the actor can find some scope for employment. It is, therefore, indispensable that the standard of Shakespearean acting should always be maintained at the highest level, and scenic excess, with its inseparable tendency to long runs is to be deplored on no ground more seriously than on the ground that it tends to encourage the maintenance of the level of acting at something far below the highest. Phelps was keenly alive to this peril, and his best energies were devoted to training his actors and actresses for all the rôles in the cast. Actors and actresses who have the dignity of their profession at heart must welcome the revival of a system which alone guarantees their talent due recognition, and ensures for incompetence the scorn that befits it.

Foreign experience tells in favor of the contention that, if Shakespeare's plays are to be honored on the modern stage as they deserve, they must be freed of the existing incubus of scenic machinery. French acting has always won and deserved admiration. There is no doubt that one cause of its permanently high repute is the absolute divorce in the French theatre between drama and spectacle. Molière stands to French literature in the same relation as Shakespeare stands to English literature. Molière's plays are constantly acted in French theatres with a scenic austerity which is unknown to the humblest of our theatres. A French audience would regard it as sacrilege to convert a comedy of Molière into a spectacle. The French people are commonly credited with a love of ornament and display to which

the English people are assumed to be strangers, but their treatment of Molière is convincing proof that their artistic sense is ultimately truer than our own. The mode of producing Shakespeare on the stage in Germany supplies an argument to the same effect. In Berlin and Vienna, and in all the chief towns of German-speaking Europe, Shakespeare's plays are produced constantly and in all their variety under conditions which are directly antithetical to those prevailing in the West-end theatres of London. Twenty-eight of Shakespeare's thirty-seven plays figure in the répertoires of the most respected companies of German-speaking actors. A few years ago I was in the Burg-Theatre in Vienna on a Sunday night—the night on which the great working population of Vienna chiefly take their amusement, as in this country it is chiefly taken by the great working population on Saturday night. The Burg-Theatre in Vienna is one of the largest theatres in the world. It resembles Drury Lane Theatre or Covent Garden Opera-house. On the occasion of my visit the play produced was Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra." The house was crowded in every part. The scenic arrangements were simple and unobtrusive, but were well calculated to suggest the Oriental atmosphere of the plot. There was no music before the performance, or during the intervals between the acts, or as an accompaniment to great speeches in the progress of the play. There was no making love nor any dying to slow music, although the stage directions were followed scrupulously, and the song "Come, thou Monarch of the Wild," was sung to music in the drinking scene on board Pompey's galley, and there were the appointed flourishes of trumpets and drums. The acting was competent, though not of the highest calibre. The character in the cast of

whom I have the most distinct recollection was Enobarbus, the level-headed and straight-hitting critic of the action—a comparatively subordinate part, which was filled by one of the most distinguished actors of the Viennese stage. He fitted his part with telling accuracy. The whole piece was listened to with breathless interest, and, although the performance lasted nearly five hours, no sign of impatience manifested itself at any point. This was no exceptional experience at the Burg-Theatre. Plays of Shakespeare are acted there repeatedly—on an average of twice a week—and, I am credibly informed, with identical results to those of which I was an eye-witness.

It cannot be flattering to our self-esteem that the Austrian people should show a greater and a wiser appreciation of the theatrical capacities of Shakespeare's masterpieces than we who are Shakespeare's countrymen, and the most direct and rightful heirs of his glorious achievements. How is the disturbing fact to be accounted for? Is it possible that it is attributable to some decay in us of the imagination—to a growing slowness on our part to appreciate works of imagination? When one reflects on the simple mechanical contrivances which satisfied the theatrical audiences not only of Shakespeare's own day, but of the last century, during which Shakespeare was repeatedly performed, when one compares the simplicity of scenic mechanism in the past with its complexity at the moment, one is brought to the conclusion that the imagination of the theatre-going public is in our own time not what it was of old. The play alone was then "the thing;" now "the thing," it seems, is something outside the play—namely, the painted scene and the costume. Garrick played Macbeth in an ordinary Court suit of his own era. The habiliments

proper to Celtic monarchs of the eleventh century were left to be supplied by the imagination of the spectators, and, although no realistic "effects" helped the play forward, the attention of the audience was never known to stray. In Shakespeare's time, boys took the part of women, and how characters like Lady Macbeth and Desdemona were adequately rendered by beardless youths beggars belief. But the fact that renderings under such conditions proved popular and satisfactory seems convincing testimony, not to the ability of the boys—the nature of boys is a pretty permanent factor in human society—but to the superior imaginative faculty of adult playgoers in whom, as in Garrick's day, the needful dramatic illusion was far more easily evoked than it is evoked nowadays.

This is not an exhilarating conclusion. But less exhilarating is the endeavor that has recently been made by a theatrical manager and actor to prove that Shakespeare himself would have appreciated the modern developments of the scenic art. His line of argument suggests that the lack of imagination of which I have been speaking is as marked on the actor's side of the footlights as on the spectator's. The well-known chorus before the first act of "Henry V" is quoted by the modern actor and manager as evidence that Shakespeare wished his plays to be, in journalistic dialect, "magnificently staged." The familiar lines run:—

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling
scene!

Then should the warlike Harry, like
himself,
Assume the part of Mars; and at his
heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine,
sword and fire

Crouch for employment. But pardon,
gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have
dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring
forth
So great an object: can this cockpit
hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we
cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great ac-
compt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these
walls
Are now confined two mighty mon-
archies,
Whose high upreared and abutting
fronts,
The perilous narrow ocean parts
asunder;
Piece out our imperfections with your
thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that
you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the re-
ceiving earth.
For 'tis your thoughts that now must
deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping
o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many
years
Into an hour glass.

There is, in my opinion, no strict relevance in these lines to the question at issue whether Shakespeare's work should be treated on the stage as drama or spectacle, but, as far as it indirectly touches the question, it tells peremptorily against the pretensions of spectacle. Shakespeare, in this splendid prelude to his play of "Henry V," appeals to his audience to bring to the observation of his play their highest powers of imagination, so that full justice may be done to a mighty theme. The topic is not the contemporary defects of scenic appliances, but the es-

sential limits and defects of all scenic and dramatic representation. The dramatist reminds us that it is not life itself in all its movements and action that can be represented on the stage, especially life's movement and action in their most glorious manifestations. The obvious conditions of space do not allow "two mighty monarchies" literally to be confined within the walls of a theatre. The obvious conditions of time cannot turn "the accomplishments of many years into an hour-glass." Those who read into these words any regret on Shakespeare's part that his plays were in his own day inadequately upholstered in the theatre, or would have us believe that modern upholstery and spectacular machinery do them the justice that was denied to them in his lifetime, assume the hopeless position of affirming that the theatre has now conquered all ordinary conditions of time and space, that a modern playhouse can actually hold the "vasty fields of France," and that within its walls "two mighty monarchies" can, if the manager so will it, actually be confined. We know this to be impossible. Shakespeare, in the majesty of his eloquence, bids us bear in mind that the dramatist's words can do no more than suggest the things he would have the audience see and understand; the actors aid the suggestion according to their ability. But Shakespeare finally admonishes us that the illusion of the drama can only be complete in the theatre by the working of the "imaginary forces" of the spectators. It is needful for them to "make imaginary puissance." It is their "thoughts" that "must deck" the kings of the stage. The poet modestly underestimated the supreme force of his own imagination when giving these warnings to his hearers. But they are warnings of universal application. Such a prelude as the chorus before "Henry V" would be

pertinent to every stage performance of any stage or country, whether the spectacular machinery were of royal magnificence or of poverty-stricken squalor.

If all the artistic genius in the world and all the treasure in the Bank of England were placed at the command of the theatrical manager, in order to enable him to produce a play on his stage worthily from his own scenic point of view, it would not even then be either superfluous or impertinent for the actor to adjure the audience to piece out his own "imperfections" and the "imperfections" of the scenery with their "thoughts" or imagination.

The only conditions under which Shakespeare's adoration would be superfluous or impertinent would be in the presentment in the theatre of some circumscribed incident in life capable of so literal a rendering as to leave no room for any make-believe or illusion at all. The wholly unintellectual playgoer, to whom Shakespeare will never really prove attractive in any guise, has little or no imagination to exercise, and he enjoys a performance in the theatre when little or no demand is made on the exercise of that faculty. The groundlings, said Shakespeare, "are capable of [appreciating] nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise." They would be hugely delighted nowadays with a scene in which two real omnibuses or trams, with live horses and genuine officials and passengers, raced uproariously across the stage. That is realism in its nakedness; that is realism reduced to its first principles; and, however speciously beautiful realistic "effects" may become, they will always tend, if

the predilections of the groundlings sway theatrical policy, to realism of the primal type.

The deliberate seeking after realism is thus antagonistic to the ultimate law of dramatic art. In the case of great plays the dramatic representation is most successful from the genuinely-artistic point of view—which is the only point of view worthy of discussion—when the true dramatic illusion is produced by simple and unpretending scenic appliances, in which the inevitable "imperfections" are supplied by the "thoughts" or imagination of the spectators.

Lovers of Shakespeare should lose no opportunity of urging the cause of simplicity in the production of the plays of Shakespeare. Practical common sense, practical considerations of a pecuniary kind, teach us that it is only by the adoption of simple methods of production that we can hope to have Shakespeare represented in our theatres constantly and in all his variety. Until Shakespeare is represented constantly and in his variety, the spiritual and intellectual enlightenment that his achievement offers to Englishmen will remain wholly inaccessible to the majority who do not read him, and will be only in part at the command of the few who do. Nay, more: until Shakespeare is represented on the stage constantly and in his variety, Englishmen are liable to the imputation not merely of failing in the homage due to the greatest of their countrymen, but of falling short of their neighbors in Germany and Austria in the capacity of appreciating supremely great imaginative literature.

Sidney Lee.

ELIZABETHAN LONDON.*

BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

London is not a good field for the exercise of historical imagination. It has grown so rapidly in modern times that its ancient features are obliterated. There is no place from which it is possible to obtain a view of London which enables you to reproduce to your own mind its past appearance. Any one who has gazed on Rome from the Pincian Hill, or has looked down on Florence from the height of San Miniato, will understand how London is destitute of an imperishable charm which belongs to places whose distinctive characters cannot be affected greatly by the results of man's activity. More than this, the most ancient parts of London are still the scenes of its most abundant life, and leave little opportunity for archaeological exploration. You can only meditate at your leisure on the dome of St. Paul's or on the top of the Monument; and it is more than doubtful if the condition of the atmosphere will allow you to find much external help for your meditations. They have to be founded on your own previous knowledge rather than inspired by any suggestions from the place itself.

My object is to try and form some imperfect picture of London as it was at the period when modern England first came into conscious being "in the spacious days of great Elizabeth." It was a time when the old historic capital of England still retained its ancient features, and had carried them as far as they would go. The next century saw the beginning of that process of expansion, the end of which no one can forecast.

Now, the distinctive feature of the site of London was that the original site lay on the lowest of a series of hills rolling down from the north to the banks of the Thames, while round it lay a region of marshes or lagoons, extending to the hills of Surrey. The estuary of the river Lea covered the Isle of Dogs. South London was a series of little islands. Westminster with difficulty emerged from the marshes. Pimlico and Fulham were swamps. London was built on two little hills, bounded on the west by the Hole Bourne or Fleet River, and divided from one another by the Wall Brook. I need not call your attention to the entire disappearance of these natural features. The Holborn Viaduct is the only thing that can remind you of the existence of a river valley. The parks contain the sole remaining grounds that give you any conception of the country on which London was built. So skilful has been the work of the engineer that some one remarked to me that he only learned that London was not quite level when he began to bicycle in its streets.

We must think, then, of the life of Elizabethan London as mostly lived within the limits of the old City walls. Its suburban district may be briefly described. East of the Tower was St. Katharine's Hospital, a college for charitable purposes, founded by Matilda, wife of King Stephen, and still belonging to the Queen of England—being, I think, her only possession. It is now removed to Regent's Park, but has left its name in St. Katharine's Docks. Beyond this a street of poor houses reached to Wapping, and was

*A lecture delivered at the Queen's Hall at a meeting of the London Reform Union.

inhabited by watermen and fishermen. North of that, a few houses had gathered round the White Chapel, erected on the high road that led to the Old gate which we know as Aldgate. From Aldgate, outside the wall, ran Houndsditch, and the name still suggests an unsavory memory of dead dogs which there accumulated. North of it lay Spitalfields, an open space around the dissolved Hospital of St. Mary, described as "a pleasant place for the citizens to walk in, and for housewives to whiten their clothes." Beside it was the Artillery Ground, reserved for military training. Moor Fields had just been drained, and formed another open space. But I can best describe to you North London, by telling you that I heard a year ago of an old lady who was still alive at the age of a hundred and five, and remembered in her childhood that she went with her nurse to see the cows milked at a farm where now is Finsbury Square, and then walked through cornfields to the quiet village of Islington. Beyond Gray's Inn the open high road went through the country to Hampstead. North of Lincoln's Inn Fields a row of houses extended to the church of St. Giles, which, with its neighbor St. Martin's, still bears the title of "in the fields," to indicate that with them for a long period habitation ceased. St. James's Palace stood in its park, well stocked with deer. Westminster was merely the purlieus of the royal Palace of Whitehall, the Abbey and Palace of Westminster, which was the seat of Parliament and of the law courts. South London was represented by the little borough of Southwark, which was incorporated with the city of London in the reign of Edward VI. Its western promenade was open to the river, and was called Bankside. It was a natural centre of amusement to the citizens of London, and the Globe

Theatre on the Bankside is famous through its connection with Shakespeare.

Such, then, are roughly the boundaries of the district which your imagination has to recreate. It was a place from which it was easy to take a country walk through a lovely series of undulating hills, showing the glories of the city which lay stretched along the river below. There might sometimes be fogs to impede the view, but there was not much smoke, as the fuel used in the houses was mostly wood. The introduction of coal was forbidden as early as the reign of Edward I, "to avoid the sulphurous smell and savor of that firing." It was not till a little later that the increase of manufactures and the diminution of forests compelled the common use of coal.

Small as we may think Elizabethan London to be, its increase was viewed with apprehension, partly on sanitary and partly on political grounds. Royal proclamations were frequently issued forbidding new buildings. At the close of her reign Elizabeth ordered "the pulling down of late builded houses, and voyding of inmates in the cities of London and Westminster, and for the space of three miles distant of both cities." We are not surprised to find that in spite of royal proclamations and Acts of Parliament "little was done, and these cities are still increased in buildings of cottages and pestered with inmates." Alas! human affairs will never accommodate themselves to the convenience of organization, and organization is sorely pressed to cope with problems which it is perpetually trying to avert. Economic forces were at work which compelled the increase of London, though their full influence was only slowly felt. The troubles in the Netherlands caused a great transference of industry to England. This establishment of new industries quickly reacted on those

which already existed. There was a very rapid heightening of the standard of comfort, which created much inventiveness. When once the manufacturing impulse was given to Englishmen, they began to compete with the foreign market. I need only instance a manufactory of Venetian glass which was set up in Crutched Friars. As trade increased, the advantages of London over other ports became more apparent. The Court was now permanently fixed in London, and was an abiding attraction for those bent alike on business and on pleasure. There is a very modern tone about the following: "The gentlemen of all shires do flee and flock to this city; the younger sorte of them to see and shew vanity, and the elder to save the cost and charge of hospitalitie and house keeping."

We may reckon Elizabethan London to have contained, at the end of the Queen's reign, a population of about 250,000. Its wealth had steadily grown, and its merchants had largely prospered. London had good cause to be loyal to Elizabeth, and her constant care of the interests of commerce is one explanation of her tortuous policy. She knew that war on a great scale meant a check to industrial enterprise, whereas grave misunderstandings with foreign powers were a useful means of developing it.

But we must return to London itself, and the life of its two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. The most striking difference from our own time was that villadom was unknown. The merchant lived over his place of business; the apprentices were lodged on part of the same premises. There was no great division of quarters. Noblemen, gentry, professional men, and men of business all lived in the same street, and shared a common life. The streets were not very wide, nor very commodious for traffic. The most im-

portant of them was Cheapside, renowned as "the beauty of London." It was broad enough to form a promenade, and was the fashionable resort. You must think of it as lined with shops which projected into the street and were open in front. Above them rose houses, built in the manner which we usually call Elizabethan, of timber and plaster. They were three or, at the most, four stories high, and each story projected over the lower one. This mode of building was dangerous, as it was too clearly proved later, in case of fire; and proclamations were constantly made commanding that the fronts should be built of brick; but these wise counsels were of no avail.

In a street of some width the effect was doubtless picturesque. But most of the streets were narrow lanes, and the projecting buildings from each side almost met at their top stories, making the street itself gloomy and airless. Add to this that, in a time when reading was an accomplishment, a shop could not indicate its nature or its owner's name by printing it in the unobtrusive manner which now prevails. It hung out a huge signboard bearing a suitable emblem, a structure which had to be supported by stout iron fastenings. I do not think that a walk in the average street can have afforded a very exhilarating view.

The streets were badly paved, and the middle of them was little better than an open sewer. The dirt and refuse from the houses were thrown out into the street, and this was one reason for the projection of the upper stories. The pavement was raised at the two sides, so as to make it possible to walk clear of too much mud. We have the trace of this state of things in a courteous habit, which, I fear, is now becoming old-fashioned, of always allowing a lady to walk next the wall. It was a matter of much consequence, in days when apparel

was more splendid than it is now, to have the advantage of being exempted from stepping into the mire. Hence came a strict observance of precedence in giving the wall. The nature of a man's dress indicated his quality, and his quality had to be respected to preserve his clothes.

Riding was the only alternative to walking at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, and a lady never rode without six or seven serving-men to carry attire suitable to all contingencies, and the means to repair a toilette which might suffer on the journey. To diminish this cost coaches came into use. They were introduced in 1564 by a Dutch coachman of the Queen; but we are told "a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of it put both man and horse into amazement; some said it was a great crab-shell brought out of China, and some imagined it to be one of the pagan temples in which the cannibals worshipped the devil." But, at length, these doubts were cleared, and coach-making became a substantial trade. So rapid was the increase of coaches that, in 1601, an Act of Parliament was passed "to restrain the excessive and superfluous use of coaches within this realm." In spite of this innovation, no method could be devised which made locomotion pleasant through streets which were alternately torrents of dirt finding their way to Fleet ditch, and thick, black mud, which furnished a ready weapon to any one who wished to express disapprobation. It is difficult for us to picture London without either cabs or omnibuses.

The natural result of this state of things was that the Thames was the silent highway of London. One bridge only spanned it, and led to Southwark. Of this structure London was justly proud. It was sixty feet high and thirty broad. It was built on twenty arches, which were twenty feet dis-

tant from one another. The bridge was a continual street, covered with houses on both sides, and consequently was so narrow that carts could scarcely pass one another. We may judge of the use made of the Thames as a thoroughfare by the fact that two thousand wherries, plied by three thousand watermen, were in constant employment for purposes of transit. Barges carried passengers and brought provisions from all the home counties. The Thames was the real railway, as well as the main street, of London. It was full of fish, and was peopled by swans; so that it was a great source of food supply. It was computed that 40,000 of the population of London gained their livelihood on the river in connection with the work of transport and of fishing.

It was from the Thames that London could be seen to advantage. Westward there were no bridges to intercept the view, no streets and no embankment. The river flowed between its natural banks, from which flights of stairs led up at the chief landing-places. The Abbey and Palace of Westminster stood out against the sky, and Lambeth Palace opposite rose in solitary grandeur beside the marsh. Then came the Palaces of Whitehall and the Savoy; then Somerset House, Leicester House, and other dwellings of the nobility, with their gardens extending to the river, and water-gates for easy access to the boats. The temple was also open, and the adjoining houses of White Friars and Black Friars, though no longer in the hands of the religious, still wore something of their old aspect. Between them and London Bridge were wharves for merchandise. Over all towered the Gothic structure of St. Paul's Cathedral, a building rather longer than that which the genius of Wren erected upon its site. Round it the towers and spires of some hundred and twenty churches

rose in testimony to the devotion of the people. Beyond the Bridge were the Custom House, the Tower, and St. Katharine's Hospital. On the Southwark side the beautiful church of St. Mary Overies (now known as St. Saviour's) rose beside Winchester House, the town house of the Bishop of Winchester. Along the Bankside were bear-gardens, theatres, and places of amusement.

Thus the Thames was always full of life and bustle, to which must be added also of splendor. For the barges of great nobles were magnificent, with rowers and attendants wearing blue liveries, with silver badges on their arms. Our ancestors loved pomp and state, and we are beginning to recognize that the dignity of public life needs adequate expression to the eyes of the people. The Lord Mayor's show is a survival of the life of those times, very little altered. In Elizabeth's time the Lord Mayor was rowed in his barge to Westminster to take the customary oath of office, accompanied by the barges of all the City's Companies. On his return he went in procession from Paul's Wharf through Cheapside to the Guildhall. It cannot be said that civic hospitality has been able to increase in proportion to the growth of population, for in 1575 we are told that the Mayor and Sheriffs entertained a thousand persons who had accompanied them in their progress.

Let me turn to some details of municipal life. The water supply of London was of two kinds. Some houses were supplied from the Thames. Near the Bridge were erected water-wheels which were moved by the tide, so that they raised water "by pipes and conduits so high that it serveth such citizens' houses in all parts of London as will bestow charge towards the conducting thereof." This water can only have been used for the purposes of washing, not for drinking or cooking.

A foreign traveller complains that the water was noisome, so that after washing it was necessary to put some perfume on the towel and on the hands to be rid of the foul smell. The more common sources of water supply were conduits, erected in the streets, which were fed by water collected in the northern hills. A trace of these still survives in Lamb's Conduit Street, built on the fields where a worthy citizen, William Lamb, in 1577, constructed a reservoir to supply Holborn conduit, which stood on Snow Hill. The conduits themselves were stone cisterns whence water was drawn by a cock and was carried to the various houses. This was done by a body of water-carriers who formed an unruly class of the population. Once a year these conduits were visited by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen on horseback. In 1562 we find that the merry company in the discharge of this duty hunted the hare before dining at the conduit head, and after dinner raised a fox, which they killed at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields. In the reign of James I the water supply of London was already a difficulty, as the population had definitely begun to increase. It has remained a difficulty ever since.

The subject of the lighting of London may rapidly be dismissed. There was none provided by public authority. Any one who wished to go out of doors after dark was attended by his own servants carrying torches or lanterns, and armed with clubs and daggers. The streets were unsafe, as they were infested by thieves and vagabonds of every kind. They were guarded by a watch, and London possessed two hundred and forty constables who relieved one another. Shakespeare's representation of Dogberry and Verges is, perhaps, a satire on the watchmen; but they were not an efficient body, were easily susceptible of bribes, were not

properly overlooked, and were not supported, even if they wished to be zealous, by the justices of the peace. A sober-minded man found it wisest to stay indoors after nightfall.

As regards the average houses in London, they were built without foundations, and were cold and damp. The first sign of growing prosperity and the consequent desire for greater comfort was a rapid increase in chimneys, and the provision of fireplaces. The rooms were low and ill-lighted, notwithstanding the fact that glass now replaced horn or lattice-work in the windows. An Italian visitor exclaims: "O wretched windows, which cannot open by day, nor shut by night!" The staircases were dark and narrow, the apartments "sorry and ill-connected." The ceilings were of plaster, often with a very beautiful design moulded upon it. The walls were either wainscoted, or, more commonly, were left rough and masked with "tapestry, arras, or painted cloth," which was hung a little distance from the wall to avoid the damp, and so formed a convenient hiding-place in case of necessity, and was always a receptacle for dust and dirt. The floors were strewn with sand, or, more generally, with rushes. Unless these were frequently removed they became another harbor for dirt, especially in the dining-room, where bones were thrown to the dogs beneath the table. There was no regard for what we consider sanitary precautions; and it is no wonder that the plague in some form or other was endemic. Sensitive persons carried with them something fragrant which they might smell when their noses were too powerfully attacked by unpleasant odors.

The great glory of London was St. Paul's Cathedral, designed on a scale worthy of the dignity of the city, being 690 feet long by 130 broad. I will not attempt to describe it to you, as

that would be tedious. It is enough to say that it was adorned with tombs and monuments which gave an epitome of civic life. As only the choir was used for divine service, the nave had become, in a manner which seems strange to our ideas, a place of fashionable resort, and was known as "Paul's Walk." There, from ten to twelve in the morning, and from three to six in the afternoon, men met and chatted on business or on pleasure. Young fops came to study the fashions, masters came to engage servants; "I bought him," says Falstaff of Bardolph, "at Paul's." Gallants made appointments with their tailor and selected the color and cut of their new suit. Grave elders discussed the political news. Debtors took sanctuary in certain parts and jested at their creditors to their face. Any one who especially wished to attract attention went up in the choir during service, wearing spurs. This was punishable with a fine, which the choir boys hastened to exact. All eyes were fixed upon the beau as, in a studiously negligent attitude, he drew out his purse and tossed the money into the boy's hand. Outside, St. Paul's Churchyard was mainly occupied by booksellers, whose shops were places of resort to those who cared to look at and discuss new literature.

A different place of resort was the Royal Exchange, built by Sir Thomas Gresham and opened by Elizabeth, who gave it its name. Gresham was a merchant who had helped the Queen by negotiating loans in Antwerp on terms beneficial both to himself and to the royal finances. I rather incline to think that his great fortune was largely due to a system of illicit commissions, which were even more frequent then than they are now. But Gresham's residence in the Low Countries led him to see that commercial life was there conducted more comfortably

than in England. There was no meeting-place for London merchants. They transacted their business in the street or in St. Paul's, when their friends did not find them in their office. Gresham erected a building on the same plan as he had seen in the Netherlands—an open colonnade with shops around it, and a central hall. But though Gresham presented the Exchange to the city, he meant to reimburse himself by the rents of the shops. In this he had not reckoned on the conservative habits of English traders, and found that his shops remained untenanted. Nothing daunted, he devised a plan for leading men into new ways. He arranged for a royal opening, and then accosted the chief shop-keepers, pointing out to them that the place looked bare and all unfit for the Queen's eye; he asked them, as a favor, to put a few of their wares in the empty windows. When the ceremony was over he remarked that it was a pity to take the things away at once; they were at liberty to keep them there for a time. His scheme succeeded; he established shops of his own selection, and the neighborhood soon became fashionable. In a year's time he demanded a substantial rent, and soon afterwards, when the shops were well frequented, required that each shopkeeper should also hire a vault at the same rental. I tell you this that you may not think that our mercantile shrewdness is entirely of modern growth. As a matter of fact, when we look below the surface, we see that the days of Elizabeth were the days of hard-headed men. The religious and social changes which the country had passed through necessarily produced restlessness and disquiet. The old thrifty habits passed away, and there was a new spirit of ambition and adventure. Everywhere the wise were taking advantage of the foolish, the strong of the weak. Amongst the nobles new families were

quietly adding manor to manor, by marriages, by encouraging spendthrift habits in a neighbor whom they meant to pillage, by lawsuits in which they took care to win. The merchants, likewise, knew how to put out their money on good security; even tavern-keepers were usurers for young men with expectations who came to London to enjoy themselves for a few months. It was all done quietly and decorously; but lands and money changed hands rapidly, and a process of natural selection was going on with merciless severity.

This is wandering from my subject, but it explains in many ways the development of London's trade. Abroad the English were taking advantage of their less fortunate neighbors and rivals in commerce. At home London was growing wealthy from the folly of adventurous country gentlemen, who were encouraged to ruin themselves and say nothing about it.

One sign of this restlessness was the extraordinary vogue of shows containing monstrosities or prodigies. A dancing horse, trained by a Scot named Banks, was long one of the great sights of London, and was celebrated by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. Bulls with five legs or two tails, hares that could play the drum, tight-rope dancing,

a strange outlandish fowl,
A quaint baboon, an ape, an owl,

were objects of universal interest. Those who would "not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar would lay out ten to see a dead Indian." With this was combined a delight in savage pastimes, bull-baiting and bear-baiting. The bulls or bears were fastened to a chain and worried by bulldogs, which were often killed. Still more brutal was the whipping of a blinded bear, which strove to seize its persecutors. To the same love of excitement and distaste

for honest work is due the great amount of gambling which prevailed in every class of society.

This unwholesome state of feeling afforded ample opportunity to adventurers. The ruffian,

Full of strange oaths and bearded like
a pard,

swaggered at the taverns and fed the credulity of his hearers with travellers' tales:

When we were boys
Who would believe that there were
mountaineers
Dewlapped like bulls, whose throats
had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were
such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts?
which now we find
Each putter out on five for one will
bring us
Good warrant of.

"Each putter out on five for one" is a phrase which illustrates the gambling spirit which was rife. Ben Jonson sets forth the traveller's scheme: "I am determined to put forth some five thousand pounds, to be paid to me five for one, upon the return of myself, my wife, and my dog from the Turk's court in Constantinople. If all or either of us miscarry on the way, 'tis gone; if we be successful, why, there will be five and twenty thousand pounds to entertain time withal." You will see that commercial speculation is no novelty.

Such a spirit of adventure and speculation craved for notoriety, and consequently created an informal society which had its seat in places of public resort. The life of the tavern became varied and animated, and we can appreciate its extent and influence, as well as its attractiveness, in the case of Falstaff. We know the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, near London Stone, and

the Mermaid in Cornhill from the dramatists; and there were a host of others. There adventurers could float themselves without credentials, and sharpers could secure their victims. There travellers, soldiers, and seamen could relate their wondrous adventures. There men of every class could mix and interchange opinions. "A tavern," says a contemporary, "is the common consumption of the afternoon, and the murderer or, maker-away of a rainy day. . . . It is the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the melancholy man's sanctuary, the stranger's welcome, the inns-of-court man's entertainment, the scholar's kindness, and the citizen's courtesy. It is the study of sparkling wits, and a cup of canary their book." It has always seemed to me that the wide knowledge and accuracy of detail shown by Shakespeare are not so much due to study on his part as to his imaginative insight into his subject, which enabled him to secure readily from the expert, whom he met in the tavern, just so much information as he needed to give proper local color to his outlined picture.

Such tendencies towards an adventurous life could not be confined to particular classes of society. They were general, and produced a large crop of rogues, vagabonds, thieves, and beggars who infested London. The Elizabethan Poor Law is due to the necessity of differentiating these from the deserving poor. It had not much success in stopping their number, nor were the severe penalties inflicted upon them more successful. "The rude, vast place of Smithfield" afforded space for harboring them, and bore the name of Ruffians' Hall. The House of Correction at Bridewell was too small to contain the number of criminals. More than three hundred were hanged every year, but their fate struck no terror into their companions.

Students of social questions, who existed then as they do now, classified these imposters, and recorded fourteen well-marked types of male villains, and nine of female. There were schools where they were taught their trade on scientific principles. All these things were made known, but to little purpose. For then, as now, every Englishman believed in his own capacity to detect an imposter for himself, and paid little heed to the warning of the expert.

In truth, London was full of signs of judicial severity and precautions against riot. "There are pillories for the neck and hands," says a foreigner, "stocks for the feet, and chains for the streets themselves to stop them in case of need. In the suburbs are oak cages for nocturnal offenders." He saw a lad of fifteen led to execution for stealing a bag of currants, his first offence. There were gibbets along all the roads outside the gates. Nor was it only the poor malefactor who paid the penalty of detected crime. The headsman's axe was busy on Tower Hill, and the great were taught to walk warily in perilous times. The heads of traitors were impaled on London Bridge, and the first sign of growing humanity was their removal to the Southwark Gate.

A somewhat turbulent part of the community consisted of the London apprentices, who were at once recognizable in the streets. They wore blue cloaks, breeches and stockings of white broadcloth with the stockings sewn on so that they were all one piece; they wore flat caps on their heads. They stood against the open fronts of the shops to guard their masters' wares, bareheaded, with their caps in their hands, "leaning against the wall like idols," says a French visitor. They were always ready for any mischief, and foreigners complained of their rudeness. They expressed only too

clearly the prevailing sentiment about foreign affairs, and even the ambassadors of unpopular countries suffered at their hands. The mud of the street supplied a ready weapon. Festival days tended to become their Saturnalia, and sometimes they executed wild justice of their own. They wrecked taverns which they thought were ill-conducted, and spoiled a playhouse of which they did not approve. We even find that "they despitefully used the sheriffs of London and the constables and justices of Middlesex." It is not surprising that James I addressed the Lord Mayor:

"You will see to two things—that is to say, to the great devils and the little devils. By the great ones I mean the wagons, which, when they meet the coaches of the gentry, refuse to give way and yield, as due. The little devils are the apprentices, who, on two days of the year, which prove fatal to them—Shrove Tuesday and the first of May—are so riotous and outrageous that, in a body three or four score thousand strong, they go committing excesses in every direction, killing human beings and demolishing houses."

As regards apprentices, however, we find an economic cause coming into operation which slowly wrought a change. The increasing importance of commercial life was altering their position. Whereas ten pounds had been a sufficient premium for an apprentice, the payment steadily rose to twenty, forty, sixty, and even a hundred pounds. This meant that the boys came from a higher class of society, and ceased to be partly menials who carried water and performed domestic duties.

I have been endeavoring in a fragmentary and imperfect way to bring together a few illustrations of matters which either then or now had some relation to the problems connected with

the government of London, or with the economic laws which affected it. I have not tried to point any definite moral, but I would leave it to yourselves to judge what progress we have made, and how we have made it. Many questions have solved themselves quietly without any direct intervention. Of others the solution has made itself so obvious that there was no doubt about it. High-handed interference, however wise and foreseeing, has mostly been productive of evil. It is even possible to assert that the greatest boon to London was the Great Fire. But on such a point, or indeed on any point, I do not wish to dogmatize.

There is one matter, however, to which, in conclusion, I would call your attention. We ask ourselves, What sort of men were our forefathers? The question is worth trying to answer, and can best be answered by discovering the impression which they produced on men of other nations. I will collect some opinions on that point.

In 1497 a Venetian writes: "They have an antipathy to foreigners, and imagine that they never come into their island but to make themselves masters of it, and to usurp their goods." A Roman, in 1548, writes: "The English are destitute of good-breeding, and are despisers of foreigners, since they consider him but half a man who may be born elsewhere than in Britain." Ten years later a Frenchman testifies: "This people are proud and seditious, with bad consciences, and faithless to their word; they hate all sorts of foreigners. There is no kind of order; the people are reprobates and thorough enemies to good manners and letters." In 1592 a German from Württemberg says: "They are extremely proud and overbearing; and because the great part, especially the tradespeople, seldom go into other countries, but always remain in the city attending to

their business, they care little for foreigners, but scoff and laugh at them." A Hollander bears record: "They are bold, courageous, ardent and cruel in war, fiery in attack, and having little fear of death; they are not vindictive, but very inconstant, rash, vainglorious, light and deceiving, and very suspicious of foreigners, whom they despise. They are not so laborious as the Netherlands or the French, as they lead for the most part an indolent life." Another German from Brandenburg says: "They are good sailors and better pirates, cunning, treacherous, and thievish; they are powerful in the field, successful against their enemies, impatient of anything like slavery. If they see a foreigner well made, or particularly handsome, they will say, 'It is a pity he is not an Englishman.'"

I will not go on multiplying quotations. Those which I have given show a remarkable consensus of opinion. They come from different sources, and in an age when newspapers were unknown they are independent testimonies. Perhaps we might be tempted to put them aside as prejudiced; but I hesitate to do so, because there is an agreement on a point which we would not readily surrender. All foreign observers are at one in the opinion that the English women were the most beautiful in the world. We must admit that this proves their power of discernment.

I am afraid that these testimonies show that, however much we may have improved in other things, we have not yet been successful in impressing on other countries a due appreciation of those excellent qualities which we are profoundly conscious that we possess. We have not amended our provoking insularity or our arrogant self-assertiveness—at all events, in the opinion of outside critics. The men of Elizabeth's time had very little ground for their belief that the world

was primarily intended for the use of Englishmen. Perhaps for that reason, they judged that it was true kindness to others to make that fact generally known. But I would point out that the unpopularity which we undoubtedly enjoy is of long standing, and arose from the first expression given to the peculiarly English temper. I will only

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leave with you, as a subject deserving consideration, whether or no the advantages of the temper itself may not be retained with certain modifications in the form of its expression, which the experience of three centuries might allow us to make without any loss of the sense of national dignity.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

A pause in the war in South Africa marked the end of the year 1899. We propose to deal with the period before this pause, and to treat it as a whole, leaving later events to be dealt with on some future occasion. We purpose to touch as little as possible upon the political issues involved, but to deal almost exclusively with military affairs. Nevertheless, it is obvious that certain questions of responsibility, which are closely connected with political or quasi-political issues are an essential element in the history of the war, and that certain quasi-political considerations have at least at the outset exerted a potent influence upon its results. The time is not opportune; nor have we, as yet, sufficient information, for a full discussion of these topics; we shall hope to return to them on a later occasion. We can only briefly allude to some of them now, premising that when popular opinion is strongly aroused with regard to military concerns to which it has been hitherto wholly indifferent, it is apt to fix responsibility in the wrong quarters; and that, even when it rightly assumes that certain offices or certain individ-

uals have been in the wrong, it is too often ignorant of the conditions which have tended to produce the mischief.

The first question which is in the mouth of every one is, "How did it happen that we allowed ourselves to be caught by the Boers with an inadequate army in South Africa?" There can be no doubt that there was a time when it would have been an easy matter for us to land an overwhelming force, whilst the Boers would have been unable to do anything against us. That was during the summer, when, from the absence of rain, and the consequent want of grass, it would have been impossible for the Boers to invade Natal. They could not have found food for their cattle and their trek-animals, and must have remained quiescent whilst we poured into South Africa as many troops as we pleased. The latest date when that could have been done with full effect was probably August last. For not seizing that opportunity the Cabinet is alone responsible. But let us consider! If in August the Cabinet had disembarked an army in South Africa, even this might not have prevented war. In the light of subsequent events, and with our present knowledge of Boer preparations, such a result is, at least, doubtful. But it would cer-

* 1. Official Telegrams from South Africa. 2. Reports of Special Correspondents. 3. Private Information.

tainly have laid the government open to the charge, not only of having failed to do their best to keep the peace, but of having, by their minatory action precipitated war; and such a charge it would have been difficult to rebut. In that case, not only would they have found the country lukewarm and divided in its views, but in all human probability they would, by their action, have perpetuated for the duration of the war and after it that condition of popular opinion. Nor is that all. Six months ago the ostensible leader of the Liberal party was proclaiming in the constituencies, as well as in the House of Commons, not only that he saw no occasion for war, but that he saw no cause for warlike preparations. Had strong action been taken then, his followers would gradually, almost unconsciously have been committed to opposing the Government. Instead of fighting, we will not say as a United Kingdom, but as a United Empire, we should have fought as a nation divided against itself. The statement that a Cabinet with a majority of one hundred and fifty need have cared for none of these things seems to us the language of mere partisan critics. The Cabinet, of course, could have declared war, and could have carried on war in the teeth of the most active opposition that could have been gathered against it; but conceive the difference between a war waged with such national enthusiasm in all parts of the Empire as we now see, and a war like that of 1878 against Afghanistan or like the Boer War of 1881, when the nation had no heart in the cause. For our part we have no doubt that every thoughtful statesman, soldier and citizen and even those who have suffered bitter losses consequent upon our temporary weakness in this struggle, will agree that it is far better that we should have incurred the initial loss that we have incurred in the field

than that the army should have fought with uncertain support from the nation behind it, and with a great party anxious to take advantage of any temporary unpopularity of the Government in order to reverse its policy and undo its acts. We enjoy the blessings of a constitutional and representative government. We cannot enjoy the blessings without suffering from the defects. "*Il faut souffrir pour être libres.*"

It may be urged that, even if the necessity, inseparable from parliamentary government, of obtaining national support for an enterprise of any magnitude, prevented the Cabinet from anticipating the Boer advance by sending an army to the Cape last summer, it was, nevertheless, possible so to strengthen the force in Natal as to render it more capable, at least, of holding its own until supports could arrive. Another division would have sufficed to keep open the communications between Durban and Ladysmith, and to hold the bridges, which have turned out to be of such immense importance. Such a reinforcement being obviously insufficient for offensive movements, would have evaded the objections to which the despatch of a whole army corps was exposed, and, by rendering the investment of Ladysmith impossible, or, at least, far more difficult and hazardous, would have radically altered the later complexion of the war. But it should be remembered that to send out such a division without raising the battalions to war-strength by the addition of their reserves, would have deranged our whole military system; while, on the other hand, the calling out of the reserves would have been regarded as a challenge or a threat, and would, therefore, have exposed the Government to the charge of which we have already spoken. The first of these alternatives may be an argument against our military system; but, things being as they are, there

seems to have been no choice except to send out a very large force, regardless of political consequences, or to wait and exhaust the chances of peace.

But the general political considerations urged above do not account for the want of transport-ships adapted to convey cavalry and artillery, for the deficiency of land transport, which has hampered the movements of our troops and so gravely compromised our position in the initial stages of the campaign, and for the inadequacy, at least in point of quantity, of our otherwise excellent artillery. Various explanations may be given, and have been given, of these defects; and a certain national self-complacency comes out in the feeble apologies which regard such initial mistakes as inevitable, or, at least, as inseparable from the national character. It is our way, we are told, to begin in this blundering fashion, but we always come out right in the end. No doubt, it is our way, but it does not follow that it is a good way; and previous successes won in spite of initial failures do not prove that it may not some day lead to a great disaster, as it did in France in 1870. The fault, in this case, may either lie at the door of individuals, or it may be more or less inherent in our parliamentary system. The mischief may have been due to that parsimony which is the temptation of all who control finance, or to a miscalculation as to the intentions and the resources of the enemy, or to both of these causes. Our main concern is with the military results of the above-mentioned defects, but it is worth while to pause for a moment in order to consider their origin, reserving fuller discussion to a later day.

That ministers were deceived, both as to the intentions of the two Republics, and as to the forces at their disposal, there can, we think, be little doubt. With regard to the first point, we have

Mr. Chamberlain's own assurance that the ultimatum took him by surprise, and that down to the last moment he expected that peace would be maintained. He could not say he was sanguine, but he hoped. We need not comment upon this condition of mind, except to say that, if it is a sufficient answer to those fanatical opponents who insisted that the Colonial Secretary was from the outset bent on making war, it comes, on the other hand, perilously near a fool's paradise. That it was shared by both parties may prove that the Government was not specially to blame; but they were, at least, unfortunate. We turn to the second point—the miscalculation of the enemy's resources. The active alliance of the Free State with the South African Republic could not, perhaps, have been foreseen, though, considering the acrimony of President Steyn's later correspondence with Sir A. Milner, and the facts which Lord Kimberley has recently revealed to the public regarding the intentions of the Free State in 1881, it might, at least, have been regarded as a possible contingency, and should, therefore, have been prepared for. It seemed, indeed, to many, at the outset, that the hostility of the Free State was a military blessing in disguise, because the numerical addition to the enemy's forces would be unimportant, while a comparatively easy route would be open to us through Bloemfontein to Pretoria. Moreover, as many of the Free State Boers would undoubtedly have joined the Transvaal forces in any case, it was better that the Free State should have been an open enemy than a false friend. On the other hand, it is clear that, but for the adhesion of the Free State, Kimberley would hardly have been in danger, while the enemy would have been unable to seize the passes of the Stormberg hills and to raise the Dutch population of the northern part

of Cape Colony against us. It is not too much to say that, whatever the military advantages may have been—and these we have thrown away by our unfortunate change of plan—the hostility of the Free State has, in other respects, doubled the magnitude of our task; and that had it led—as it might have led—to a general rising in Cape Colony, that task would have become well-nigh insuperable. Yet, this very serious event does not appear to have been foreseen; at all events, it was not prepared for. If it was foreseen why were not sufficient troops sent, even at the last moment, to Cape Colony as well as to Natal? The Colony, as it has turned out, required protection—perhaps we should say supervision—as much as any other part of our dominions in South Africa.

But, granted that the Government were deceived, and that no blame should be attached to them—though this is a large concession—for being deceived as to the intentions both of the South African Republic and of the Free State, can a similar defence be urged for the neglect to make sufficient military preparation, in regard to certain essential particulars, to which we have already alluded? That the Government underestimated the necessities of the case may be reasonably inferred from the vote of eight millions which they demanded and obtained in the October session.¹ It is inconceivable that such a paltry sum should have been demanded, had those who asked for it had any inkling how much would be required. We are driven to the inference that a serious miscalculation was made. Where the blame for this mistake should be laid; whether it was the result of misinformation or insufficient knowledge, or a refusal to listen to the warnings of

the well-informed; how far it was due to the constitution of the War Office, and how far to the tyranny of the Treasury—these are questions which we do not intend now to discuss, but to which answers will have to be given by and by. We may, however, remark in passing that the Intelligence Department appears, so far as can now be gathered, to have been well informed; and if so, it follows that the War Office was not left in the dark. A carelessly-worded remark, let drop by Lord Wolseley, gave rise, at one time, to the notion that this was not the case; but the speaker himself has recently corrected the mistake. It is difficult to avoid the inference that the defects to which we have alluded—the want of transport-ships adapted for cavalry and artillery, the want of land transport, the inadequacy, at least the numerical inadequacy of our artillery—are due partly to the mistaken optimism of Ministers, and partly to the desire to spare the nation's pockets, and to gain credit for economy, so far as possible. This is natural, and in some respects a laudable tendency of all Governments, at least of all Chancellors of the Exchequer; but there are limits to economy, and it is difficult to believe that they have not been overstepped in the present instance. Some of our defects are the results of long-continued starving, for which the present administration is no more—perhaps it is less—to blame than its predecessors; others, however, might have been prevented by timely expenditure within the last year. If it be true that repeated warnings and urgent demands were fruitlessly addressed by experts to those in high places; that the Admiralty vainly begged to be allowed to take up transports, and eventually hired a large number on their own responsibility without the sanction of the Government; that officers sent out to foreign countries to buy mules and

¹ Since this article was in type, Mr. Balfour, in his speech at Manchester on January 8th, has himself confessed the mistake.

horses were not allowed to make any purchases until the very eve of the declaration of war—if, we say, these things turn out eventually to be true, then either our administrative system is sadly in need of repair, or a very grave responsibility rests upon those who, in their ill-judged parsimony, "spoil the ship for a hap'orth of tar." We say "those" for we seek no individual scapegoat. The solidarity of the Ministry is a fundamental principle, and, on the whole, a beneficial principle, of our constitution; and, if blame is to be laid on any for this "penny-wise, pound-foolish" policy, the Government as a whole must bear it.

Nor, again, can this responsibility, which we may not concentrate on any single member of the Cabinet, be fairly shifted from their shoulders to those of any other body of persons, be it the permanent staff of the Treasury or the War Office, or the public at large. The instincts of Treasury clerks tend, no doubt, towards economy—it may be towards undue parsimony. It is their business to supervise, and, if need be, to check expenditure; their training and habits, the inevitable limitation of their mental horizon due to immersion in details, and to the constant handling of money rather than affairs, may lead them to take narrow and pedantic views, and to stint where spending is required. But, after all, they are subordinates, and, when they have said their say, the superior authority must decide. Some years ago a distinguished soldier, then in office, pointed out and protested—as soldier after soldier has since then protested—against the inadequate proportion of artillery in our army. A Treasury clerk replied that the General's protest was absurd, because the proper proportion between men and guns was not what the General stated it to be, but something else.

That minute must exist in two offices

at least, and should be produced when the time for enquiry has come. It was not, however, the clerk who was to blame, but those who preferred his advice to that of the military expert.

As to the War Office, it must be remembered that, at the present time, we have, in the old sense of the term, no Commander-in-Chief. The old powers of the Commander-in-Chief have been taken away, and the control of the army has been centred in an "Army Board," of which the Commander-in-Chief is only a member. Power has been distributed among the various offices, over which the Secretary of State for War stands alone supreme. The old dual government of the army has been abolished, and the military element subordinated to the civil to such an extent that every letter addressed to the War Office is now sent to the Under-Secretary for War. All power, and therefore all responsibility, are focussed in the Secretary of State. Whether this change deserves to be called a reform or a blunder, this is not the occasion to enquire; we only desire to point out that the responsibility for military efficiency rests ultimately with the Ministry, and with the Ministry alone. It may be that the constitution of the War Office is bad, that its administration is too much centralized, that its departments are not properly coordinated, that its *personnel* ought to undergo a radical change. These points we shall have to enquire into hereafter, when we shall also have to ask why it is that our field artillery is so far below the proportion to other arms which is recognized as necessary in the armies of other powers; why we have no small quick-firing guns; why one invention after another, like that of the Vickers-Maxim 1-lb. gun, which did such execution at the Modder River, or the Maxim-Nordenfolt, which appears to have destroyed our batteries

at Colenso, has been refused by the wealthiest Power in the world, to be utilized against us by our foes. We cannot say at present whether the primary responsibility for these defects rests with the Government—and by this we mean, of course, not the present Government only, but its predecessors also—or with its advisers in the War Office, or elsewhere. But the ultimate responsibility must rest with the supreme authority. The action or inaction of the War Office is the action or inaction of the Government; and if the Office is inefficient, the Government is to blame. It has been urged by the scape-goat hunters that, if the Commander-in-Chief could not get what he wanted, he should have resigned. It may be so; but this is a heroic measure which might, after all, have been ineffective, and the suggestion of which indicates, in any case, where the ultimate responsibility lies. That the Commander-in-Chief was not altogether unsuccessful is clear from the fact that the last military estimates were the largest ever presented to Parliament; and one of the largest items was devoted to the increase and improvement of that very arm of which we stand so much in need. But, unfortunately, an adequate artillery cannot be created in six months.

The government of a democratic country is, no doubt, in a very difficult position. If its military expenditure is lavish in time of peace, it is attacked from all sides, and loses many votes; and a government has much to keep in view besides war. If, on the other hand, it is parsimonious, and is driven to war, it suffers for its predecessors' short-comings as well as for its own. The public at large must bear a share of the blame. But, after all, the safety of the Empire should be the first consideration of every Government, and it is its duty to bring the necessities of the case before the na-

tion. Public opinion, when once roused, can do a great deal; but it is not easily roused, it is distrustful of itself in regard to highly technical details, and its force is, generally speaking, intermittent. It has, indeed, effected a great change in the navy, but the need of reform was crying, the danger imminent, and the subject far nearer to the popular heart than the army has ever been. In the case of so complicated a problem as that of military organization, the nation looks to its rulers to give it a lead. Private individuals can do little to bring public opinion to bear upon a question about which hardly one man in a hundred can have views of his own, especially when the opinions of those individuals differ as widely as they do. The people cannot, therefore, be expected to urge measures upon the Government; it is for the Government to propose measures to the people. Nor is there any reason to suppose that this would be done in vain. The nation has borne, without a word of complaint, a largely-increased expenditure upon the navy; it has even welcomed that expenditure; and there can be little doubt that it would be equally ready to spend money upon its army were a Government to say frankly and firmly that such and such changes were required. Here then, again, we come to the same conclusion as before, that if our preparations have been inadequate, if our military system is at fault, it is primarily to the Government that we must look for amendment.

With these preliminary remarks, we pass to consider the chief incidents of the campaign, and the effects which our initial deficiencies have exerted upon its course.

First of all, we have some observations to offer respecting the transport of our troops from these shores, which must be taken into account in any just judgment of the circumstances in

which we now find ourselves in South Africa. It must be remembered that the transfer of troops across the sea is in no way a question for the War Office, but that it entirely depends upon the mercantile marine and the action of the Admiralty in taking up and preparing mercantile ships for the purpose. Now, when the order for mobilizing the army and the notice to the Admiralty for the preparation of ships was issued, it was clearly impossible for the Admiralty to take up ships that were in Hong Kong or other distant ports. It has been constantly a matter of reproach to the Admiralty that they did not take up at once our quickest ocean liners; but a moment's reflection will show that no shipping company keeps such vessels waiting indefinitely in English ports. They exist for the purpose of carrying passengers and commerce to the furthest ends of the earth. Therefore, naturally, at any given moment the bulk of these vessels are not in English ports; and of those few that are in port, the greater number are pretty sure to be taking in cargo or engaged on some business which it is difficult or impossible to break off. There have been some complaints that the Admiralty has been pedantic in its demands as to the changes required in the fitting up of the ships. That is a question that can only be determined by careful investigation and report. What is certain is that the indispensable changes must, in any case, have been very considerable, because, obviously, the great trans-oceanic steamers are fitted up for their own special purposes, which are not those of an army on the move. For the transport of infantry comparatively little change is required, and the ships for infantry were quickly got ready; but when it came to sending artillery or cavalry, the changes in internal fittings, in all but the comparatively small number of ships which are

specially designed for horse-transport, were necessarily very large.

Unfortunately, in making those changes another difficulty intervened—one much more important in its influence on the war than is at all recognized at present. It consisted, in fact, in the labor troubles. The facilities for coaling in the port of London have been entirely determined by the rule of the dockyard laborers and their "bosses," who triumphed, at all events for a time, in the great dockyard strike. The consequence is that in most of the London dockyards there is no such machinery as is provided in Glasgow, for instance, for the rapid shipment of coal; and under these circumstances, to our certain knowledge, the "boss" in many instances utilized the situation to take the country by the throat in the hour of its need. Having directed the workmen to enter into no contract, he waited till troops were ordered for embarkation, and then told the men to lay down their tools, thus dictating fresh terms on every fresh emergency. The coal-heavers in particular have shown a very distressing want of patriotism. Nobody who has watched the movements of transports can have failed to observe how often a ship has been sent to Liverpool to be prepared for the transport of troops, and has thence been sent round to Southampton. This was solely because of labor troubles in Liverpool. Almost everywhere the "bosses" have proved to be the deadliest enemies of the men who accept their dictation; and they have so interfered with business that in case after case, which has been recorded without any explanation in the papers, the ships have been transferred from private yards to Government yards, because it was impossible to get them rapidly finished in the former. That has been one of the most serious causes of delay. It is a complete misunderstanding to assume that

the Admiralty, since the war began, has stinted its expenditure. The Admiralty has not required the outcries of newspapers to perceive that it was well worth while to spend money in order to get our troops rapidly to the front. Fully three times the ordinary wage has, in many cases, been paid, and yet this has not always obtained the services required. Shipwrights who were receiving fifteen shillings a day have knocked off work because some slight change was made in the fittings, or on some equally paltry excuse.

But the chief cause of such delay which took place was, undoubtedly, that the Admiralty were not directed to commence their preparations at a sufficiently early date. The impression, which is said to prevail in some well-informed quarters, that mobilization was effected more rapidly than the Admiralty expected, may possibly be true. If so, the Admiralty only shared a very wide-spread belief, for Lord Wolseley's assertion, that the troops would be ready before the ships, had generally been laughed out of court. As a matter of fact, the ships have often kept the troops waiting, while in no instance have the ships waited for the troops. But for this we have no right to blame the Admiralty, which could not enter upon a large expenditure without the sanction of the Treasury and the orders of the Government.

In one point only, so far as we are aware, has there been any avoidable delay in the preparation of the army for embarkation. We had plenty of registered horses to meet the requirements of the cavalry, but the Remount Department was so overwhelmed by the work of examining them before passing them into the service, that they could not be delivered in time. In many instances the horses only arrived just at the moment when the troops were going to embark. This rendered

it impossible to train the new horses that were sent in, or to work the reservists with cavalry regiments as a whole. In many cases it was exceedingly difficult, and in some impossible, to fit saddlery on the horses at all. In that particular there can be no doubt that the condition of the mounted forces as disembarked in South Africa was not as satisfactory as it ought to have been. In connection with this cause of unreadiness another difficulty must here be alluded to. That horses cannot be expected to arrive in thoroughly good condition after three or four weeks at sea, is obvious; and it is vital that they should be provided with accommodation calculated to minimize this deterioration so far as possible. In this respect much trouble has been experienced which a greater degree of forethought might have obviated. As to the best method of stowing horses, there has evidently been much difference of opinion among those concerned. This is, however, a matter on which there is probably some consensus among those best qualified to judge—namely, those numerous persons who are regularly employed in shipping horses from South America, Australia, and elsewhere; and we should have thought that the authorities might have arrived at a definite conclusion upon it long ago. But, to judge from the results, this was not the case. The methods employed varied widely, and some of them failed disastrously. The case of the *Rapidan*, for instance, is notorious. In another respect the inferiority of the transports for the mounted arms has most gravely interfered with the proportion of artillery and cavalry in the field. The ships were so bad that numbers of horses and guns have been lost, while whole batteries have been kept back for months from the fighting just at the time when they were most needed. The story of the three batteries of ar-

tillery for which transport was originally ordered in June as a reinforcement for Sir George White, and which never reached him at all because of the breakdown of the Zayathla and the Zibenghla, is well known. We have not been able to make anything like a complete list of the losses due to accidents during transport, but the following are some of them.

The 9th Lancers lost over one hundred horses coming from Durban to the Cape. A squadron of the Inniskillings was on a ship which broke down at St. Vincent, and they were delayed nearly three weeks. The 12th Lancers had very bad weather and lost a great many horses. The Ismore, with a squadron of the 10th Hussars, ran ashore, and practically all the horses were lost. The Horse Artillery battery on that ship lost all their guns, all their horses except fifteen, and all their kits and stores. Four batteries, *i. e.*, twenty-four guns, and three cavalry regiments, kept back from fighting, or seriously injured, constitute a loss to the army at the front that is, to say the least, appreciable; and we owe it to defective ships, or to ill-arranged fittings, or to mistakes in seamanship. Still, when all the losses are reckoned up, we cannot say they are very large, considering the serious difficulties to be overcome.

Exercise on board ship is very important, both for horses and men, but it can only be obtained in roomy vessels chosen for the purpose. It may be remembered that during the Tel-el-Kebir campaign the Guards broke down lamentably in a comparatively short march over a difficult bit of desert, the reason being that they had been living on board ship for weeks highly fed and without exercise. That was a lesson which was not forgotten; and, so far as the men are concerned, all arrangements have been made for giving exercise to the troops on board ship.

A systematic gymnastic drill has been devised expressly in order to keep men in good condition for marching as soon as they land. Obviously, however, the practical carrying out of this depends upon there being room on the decks for the men to be exercised. Again, in the best ships there has been no difficulty in arranging to take down the separating boards between the horses and to give them ample exercise round the deck on which they stood. On the other hand, in many inferior ships the horses, guns and men have been so stowed that it was impossible for man or horse to have any adequate exercise from the time of leaving England to the time of arrival in South Africa. This is a matter that may be of vital consequence, and it is to be hoped that the lessons to be learnt from our experience in this war will be treasured up against future campaigns. We must not forget that in all our wars—unless we are invaded—a sea transport longer or shorter will be necessary. The process of disembarkation has, in this case, been easy, for it took place in friendly ports, but it may not always be so; and the army that is to do its work must be an army organized and trained for the purpose of ship transport, and for landing from ships as well as embarking on them. In our judgment, every year, or every other year at all events, a regular scheme of embarkation and disembarkation on some part of this island or of Ireland should be carried out, in order to train both navy and army in the joint working which is essential for the maintenance of the Empire.

In the present instance, the order in which troops went out to South Africa was determined by the facilities which existed in this country for obtaining and preparing ships for transporting the different arms of the service. Infantry were much more easily embarked than cavalry or artillery, and

were despatched without waiting for the other arms, because it was desirable to place on the scene of action without delay such troops as could be sent. If ships had been ready for the cavalry and artillery, cavalry and artillery would have been sent earlier. They could not be provided; and that is the reason why in the earliest stages of the campaign we were so lamentably deficient in artillery and cavalry. It is true that we had not in the whole country sufficient artillery for the force that we have found it necessary to send out—that is another question—but so far as concerns the representation of different arms in the early stages of the campaign, the deficiency of artillery and cavalry was due to this one cause and to no other. Had we had three times as many guns as we actually possess, we should not have had any more at the front in the earliest period of the war. It seems to follow that vessels, properly designed for the transport of large numbers of cavalry and artillery, should always be kept in readiness, or duly registered for service if required. Surely we are rich enough to bear this expense.

There is one more point, and a very serious one, to be touched on before we approach the question of military events in South Africa itself. The deficiency of land transport has evidently been, a very grave hindrance to the troops in the field. However well the scheme of mobilization may have worked, however rapidly the troops may have been despatched from our shores, it would have been almost as well to retain them in this country as to land them at the Cape or in Natal, so inadequately provided with the means of locomotion as appears to have been the case. Forced, as our armies have been, to adhere to the railways, their line of march has inevitably been determined for them in advance, their direction has been obvious

to the enemy, and the possibilities of resistance have been enormously increased. Let us imagine how the German invasion of France in 1870 would have fared had the German troops, like ours, been glued to the sleepers. How would they have crossed the Moselle, circumvented Metz, and cut off the French retreat from that place? Or, again, how would the Crown Prince have made the famous flank-march on Sedan, which decided the fate of France and of the Imperial dynasty? It is true that the problem of transport is much simpler for the Germans than for us, who, in one part of our dominions, have to use men as beasts of burden; in another, mules; in a third, wagons; and are forced to create a railway in a fourth; but, after all, this only means a little more thinking before the campaign begins. In our own case either the transport should have been prepared at home and sent out with the divisions first despatched, or it should have been provided—which, with forethought and an open purse, would surely have been easy—on the spot. Neither alternative seems to have been adopted, and it is to be feared that this defect was again due to our apparently ineradicable habit of endeavoring to save at the beginning, for which we have to pay ten times over, in blood and money, before the end.

When we come to examine the military operations in South Africa, we note at the outset the influence which certain political considerations exerted on the early stages of the war. Political considerations they were, and yet, looking to the history of the American Civil War, one cannot help recognizing that they were, to a certain extent, military considerations as well. From a purely military point of view, the distribution of the troops made by Sir W. Symons, when he divided the army between Glencoe and Ladysmith, was

a preposterous one. There has in that sense never been any defence for it; but the real cause which led to it was this, that the Government of Natal implored the military authorities to protect the loyal subjects of as large a part of Natal as possible, and also to guard the coal mines of Dundee. The arrangement actually adopted appears to have been a most unfortunate compromise between the defence of the frontier—which the Natal Government are said to have originally proposed—and a retirement behind the line of the Tugela. Now, it is certain that nothing can be more disastrous than to allow political considerations of this kind to override military necessities. The political objects are sure to suffer in the end. An army dispersed is certain to be defeated, and will inevitably fail to ensure safety for those whom its dispersion was intended to protect. It is essential, even from a political point of view, that the distribution of the army shall be directed to one purpose, and one purpose only—that of securing victory. But, on the other hand, it happened during the American Secession War—as during our own Civil Wars and other wars of a similar nature—and in a large measure it has happened in this, that in the early portions of the struggle recruiting grounds were a principal object. It was clear that the Boers, entering Natal, would be able to recruit their own forces from the disloyal inhabitants of that province, and to render impotent the services of the loyal. So long, therefore, as there was no certainty that the Boers would invade in great strength, and so long as it seemed likely that a large portion of the country could be held, it was, at least from a quasi-military point of view, right to hold as much as possible of Natal and the Cape.

Sir W. Symons was firmly convinced that with the forces he had at Glencoe,

connected as Glencoe was by railway with Ladysmith, he would be able to hold his own. Events have shown that this was impossible from the outset; at all events, it became impossible from the moment when the adhesion of the Free State enabled the enemy to attack his communications from the left rear. But, considering the success with which, at Glencoe, he checkmated the initial scheme of the Boers, it is probable that, but for his wound, the error would have had no serious consequences. Unfortunately he continued to retain command while in a condition in which no man is fitted to form a sound judgment or to command an army. In this condition he appears to have agreed to an armistice with the Boers, which saved from destruction the portion of their army which he had defeated. Had the defeat of Lucas Meyer's commando been turned into utter rout, the moral effect on the remainder of the Boer army, coupled with the defeat at Elandslaagte, might have been such as to enable General Symons, at least, to make a very different kind of retreat from that which in fact became necessary. This retreat, and the consequent abandonment of a large quantity of stores, together with the wounded, at Dundee, were serious disadvantages with which to begin the campaign. Had the stores been saved, and the whole force with its equipment been concentrated in the neighborhood of Ladysmith, it ought, at least, to have been possible for Sir G. White to maintain his connection with Colenso.

Here we come to what is really the crucial point of the whole campaign. The battle of Elandslaagte, despite its success, and those of Glencoe and Relfontein, despite their partial success, were entirely overbalanced by the disaster of Nicholson's Nek. It must be understood that the failure on that day occurred on the right as well as on the

left of the line. It was not merely the loss of the two regiments and the mule battery, as we at first supposed, that made it unfortunate. The reverse was quite as serious on the right, and it was the reverse on the right that entailed the losses on the left. The British soldier, not to be surpassed in attack or in tenacity, is by no means equally good in a retreat; and a disaster far worse than what actually occurred was only narrowly avoided. The naval guns seem to have saved the situation. We shall have more to say of the tactics of this battle by and by.

As we read the story of the campaign, the failure on October 30th was so unexpected, triumphant success had been so confidently anticipated, that no arrangements had been made for dealing with the situation which the event entailed. It was in consequence of that defeat that Sir G. White's communication with Colenso was severed, and that he was shut up in Ladysmith. Now the maintenance of the connection of that army with the southern portion of Natal was essential, if Sir G. White was to fulfil the part which was designed for him in the working out of the campaign. According to the original idea, whilst Sir G. White held Natal and kept back the Boers, the army corps, under Sir Redvers Buller, consisting of three divisions and other troops, was to march straight through the open country of the Free State upon Bloemfontein and ultimately upon Pretoria. When Sir Redvers Buller arrived at the Cape he found these plans upset by the fact that Sir G. White was besieged in Ladysmith; and it appeared necessary, in order to prevent the surrender of a British force, that immediate steps should be taken for his relief. Our own impression is that that relief would have been satisfactorily accomplished had Sir Redvers Buller adhered to the original program,

and, leaving Ladysmith and Kimberley to take care of themselves, had moved forward, as soon as he had been able to land and organize his army, upon the centres of the enemy's resistance. The very fact of his so moving would have drawn away the forces from before Ladysmith and Kimberley. To say this is in no way to reproach Sir Redvers Buller, because it is to be presumed that he had not adequate information as to the length of time for which Kimberley and Ladysmith might be expected to hold out. Considering the number of carrier pigeons which we are told are in Ladysmith, it is a little difficult to understand why he did not obtain full information. That he did not obtain it appears evident, for, from the time of his arrival at the Cape, he felt it to be his one duty to move to the relief of Ladysmith, and apparently also felt it to be his duty to send Lord Methuen to the relief of Kimberley. It appears certain that, here again, strong political influence was brought to bear. It was feared that the fall of either of the besieged towns would lead to a rising throughout Cape Colony. The result of subordinating a paramount maxim of strategy and the lessons of all military experience to political considerations and momentary panic, has been that, in the fruitless attempt directly to relieve the towns, serious defeats have been incurred, and the danger of a general rising, which must have been checked by a concentration in the north of Cape Colony, has been increased rather than diminished. A commander who, at the outset of his campaign is forced by circumstances, in which he has had no concern, to conform to the wishes of his enemies, starts at a great disadvantage. Such has, in fact, been Sir Redvers Buller's position throughout; and it seems to us to date back to the day of Nicholson's Nek.

On the general results of these initial mistakes, an admirable criticism, from the pen of a German general, has appeared lately in the *Globe*. It runs as follows:—

. . . You will remember my pointing out from the beginning that your small forces, dispersed at different points in Natal, as well as on the other frontiers, ought never to have tried to fight decisive battles, but ought slowly to have drawn back towards the coast or the advancing reinforcements. By allowing themselves to be surrounded and blocked up at such open places as Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking, they not only ran the great risk of being starved out there or of being forced to surrender, but, what I consider much worse, they took away from the forces coming up from England the free mode and line of action. I have not yet seen this chief law of strategy pointed out in any one of the remarks or criticisms in the papers. But it is quite evident that armies, or detachments of rescue, marching forward with such a fixed route to save one or other place, must fight in most unfavorable circumstances. The enemy, knowing your forces must approach by this or that road, can easily take up the most formidable position on the very road. There is left no means of manœuvring, or of combined action, or of taking another way of threatening vital points (capitals) of the enemy. You are bound for the place to be rescued, and on you must go and fight. Thus I am of opinion that half your strength has been wasted from the beginning, and all generalship and strategy has been, so to say, nailed fast before operations really began.

That criticism seems to us to be sound in every particular; but we may carry it yet further, and say that, even assuming the capacity of resistance recently displayed by the besieged places to have been underestimated at first, and supposing their speedy fall, unless relieved, to have appeared probable to our commanders, the better

course would have been to compass their relief by attacking the enemy elsewhere. It is an old lesson of military history that the best mode of lessening the stress of an enemy's attack is not to meet it directly, but to strike at the point which he is most anxious to guard. An excellent illustration of this principle may be drawn from the life of Clive, who may, indeed, be said to have saved India for us by not, if we may so put it, going to the relief of Ladysmith or Kimberley, but by marching on Bloemfontein. There is a very interesting and striking passage on this subject in Colonel G. B. Malleon's "*History of the French in India*," from which we quote the following words. He is speaking of the blow which Clive struck at Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, when Trichinopoly was being besieged just as Ladysmith is now. Applying the general principle involved, he says:—

The general who hesitates to do this, though he sees that if it could be done it would save him and ruin his enemy, does not calculate on the inevitable effect which such a movement must produce on the morale of the force opposed to him, especially when that force constitutes the principal, perhaps the entire available army of the enemy. He does not consider that such a movement must paralyze the onward march of his opponent. Yet history abounds with such examples. Even Frederic II gave up, at a critical period, his movements on Saxony when he found the Austrians were marching on Berlin. And if he, a consummate master of the art of war, would act thus, what may we imagine would be the effect of such a movement on men of inferior capacity? It must always be startling, almost always decisive.*

That seems to us, even as the case stood after Sir George White had been

* "*History of the French in India*," pp. 293, 294.

beleaguered, to represent the course which it would have been best to follow in this campaign. Had the army corps, as originally arranged, swept up through the Free State upon Bloemfontein, it is practically certain that the Boers must have moved away from Ladysmith and from Kimberley in order to meet the threatened attack. There would have been ample time, as we now know, for the army to have gathered securely on the Orange River, and, having forced the Boers to conform to its movement, and defeated them in the open, to have moved subsequently from the enemy's rear—had this been necessary—to the relief of Kimberley and Ladysmith. In fact, from the point of view which we recently discussed, we might almost say that it is a campaign that has been ruined either by an inadequate gathering of carrier pigeons or an inadequate use of them when gathered. For if from Ladysmith and Kimberley full information had reached Sir Redvers Buller of the actual state of these two towns, as we now know it to have been, he would surely have adhered to his original plan of campaign rather than have allowed himself to be diverted from it, so that his army corps has been broken into pieces and all the different parts of it scattered over the country. Fear of a rebellion in the Cape there would have been none, had the army corps moved in this way, and none, so far as we can see, of the disasters which have attended the campaign could have befallen us. But it is pretty clear that, though this war has been pending for years, no English Moltke has thought out a general plan of campaign, and provided for all possible contingencies.

Assuming, however, that it was necessary for General Buller to move to the relief of Ladysmith, and that Methuen's force was gathered in strength on the Orange River, we think

that it would have been much better for the latter to have freed the hands of Sir W. Gatacre and General French by joining them in enclosing the invaders from the Free State and crushing the incipient rebellion in Cape Colony, so that his whole line of communication should be free, and that as large a force as possible should be able to move with him. By marching eastward from the neighborhood of the Orange River Station, and keeping to the north of the river, Lord Methuen would have turned the Boer position in the north of Cape Colony, and would have obtained possession of all the bridges crossing that great barrier and of the line of railway leading up directly to Bloemfontein, whilst his position at Orange River Station would, of course, have been guarded by a strong work protecting the bridge. Had he then advanced straight upon Bloemfontein, even with his reduced force, he would have been able to draw the Boers off from their intrenched positions, and could have prevented them from dictating to him the place in which he must attack them.

So much for the general strategy of the campaign. With regard to the tactics pursued, we must observe at the outset that our officers are at present dealing with conditions such as no other army has ever had to face. Smokeless powder, quick-firing guns, magazine rifles, and more powerful artillery—all these, in addition to the exceptionally good shooting and the great mobility of the Boers—are novel features of warfare. No Continental troops have as yet had to deal with them. To begin with, it cannot be doubted that the effect of the new weapons has been to enhance the experience of the campaign of 1870 in regard to the practical impossibility of frontal attacks. The whole experience of the Franco-German war led to the conclusion that a frontal attack on a force equal or near-

ly equal in numbers, even when there is very powerful artillery to assist the assailants, had become impossible. Lord Methuen's success in his first two frontal attacks did little to remove this impression, while the experience of Modder River and Magersfontein has only enhanced it. He did, indeed, carry two positions by what were meant to be night surprises, but were not so. The splendid valor of our troops, which won success on these occasions, is a thing of which we have every reason to be proud. We have no reason to be proud of the fact that our soldiers were given such tests for their valor. Moreover, to repeat in exactly the same form a device which has been previously tried, so that the enemy is fully expecting it, must reduce the chances of success to a minimum.

Regarding the battle of the Tugela, we have not sufficient information as yet to form a clear judgment, but, from all that is known, it would appear that the difficulty of a frontal attack on an enemy strongly entrenched on both sides of an almost unfordable river, and aided by batteries commanding the whole position, was grievously underestimated. In some respects the battle closely resembled that of the Modder River; in others it differed. It was, perhaps, this difference in the conditions which enabled our troops to cross the Modder and outflank the enemy—an operation apparently impossible at Colenso. It is hardly possible, however, that any explanation should reach us which adequately explains the British tactics on these occasions. The attempt to pass the drifts of the Tugela without first driving the enemy from his positions on the southern bank is, so far, incomprehensible. The tentative nature of the two attacks, the second being ordered, as General Buller's despatch states, only when the first had failed, is equally inexplicable,

We have not yet heard any explanation of the failure to localize the Boer positions or to ascertain their strength. Efficient scouting has, indeed, been hitherto remarkable for its absence. Nor is it easy to answer the comment of the Boers themselves that the positions that they had prepared against us seemed as though they were "red rags for the bull." They have, in fact, attracted the poor bull into the precise positions in which the matador is ready with his knife to strike. It is difficult, of course, at a distance to judge of the motives which have determined the several movements, but we cannot be wrong in maintaining that, when any movement is intended, its design and purpose should be kept secret; and that when it is made it should be directed not upon the point where the enemy expects it, but upon a point where he does not expect it; that our actions should be of a kind to force the enemy to conform to them, and that we should not allow him to force us to conform to his.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the campaign, so far, has been the frequency of night attacks, or rather of night marches undertaken with a view to a surprise at dawn, or, at least, in order to get well within the zone of fire unperceived and therefore unhurt. The object of such enterprises is, no doubt, of the highest importance. They have long been regarded in responsible quarters as necessitated by the conditions of modern war, and justified by most of our experience in recent times. Nevertheless, we cannot help noting the fact that while our few successes in this war had been won in broad daylight, our most disastrous failures have generally resulted from mistakes made in the dark. There are conditions and circumstances necessary to the success of night attacks. If they be wisely arranged and properly conducted,

nothing can be more effective; but it is necessary both that the conditions for them shall be favorable, and that every problem in regard to them shall have been thought out. No operations of war require more careful forethought or more minute precaution. Sir W. Gatacre's attack upon the Boer position at Stormberg seems to us to have been one which might have been feasible in a country where he was not surrounded by spies and enemies, but which was almost hopeless in a district where any stationmaster might be a traitor, and where movements by railway towards the position which it was intended to attack were sure to be known beforehand to its defenders. Nevertheless, the event was not one which should shake the confidence of any of those who know Sir W. Gatacre's previous career. It was a mistake, no doubt, but it was the kind of mistake into which a man will not easily fall a second time.

The night march on the Boer position at Magersfontein, though it owed its failure to definite mistakes, now well known, came far nearer to being a success than that on Stormberg; the distance was less, there was no railway journey, and the enemy's position was more correctly ascertained. Had the troops begun to deploy a few minutes sooner, had there been efficient scouting, or had the formation not been such as to require change at the moment preceding attack, the initial slaughter would have been avoided, and the position might have been stormed. The advantages of a success on this occasion, and the lamentable results of a defeat, are too obvious to require comment. With these examples before us, we cannot congratulate ourselves on the success of our attempts to surprise our wary, well-led, and well-informed foes.

It would be interesting to compare the circumstances of previous night at-

tacks, which have been successfully conducted, with those of the similar expeditions in this campaign, which have failed, but we have only space to allude to one of the former class, the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. It has often been pointed out that in the attack on Tel-el-Kebir the distance from point to point of the march over the desert had been exactly determined, the route had been carefully marked out, the habits of the Egyptians had been noted for days beforehand, the troops had actually passed over most of the ground on a previous occasion, the most minute arrangements had been made to ensure the correctness of the march and the co-operation of the several columns; yet, even in this case, there was considerable confusion in the course of the march, and, successful as the operation was, it was one which illustrated, as perfectly as any other, the difficulties of these undertakings. Our army has, since those days, been trained in the work of night marches at Aldershot and elsewhere, but the fact of that training does not in the least absolve a general officer in the field from taking the most precise care in regard to all the conditions of each particular march.

We emphasize this point because it seems to us that the initial disaster of the campaign, that which upset its whole plan—the failure on the day of Nicholson's Nek—was due to the absence of all the conditions, and a neglect of all the precautions, which were necessary to a successful night movement. It was intended as a surprise for the Boers—it became a surprise for the British army. That was due partly, no doubt, to the extent to which spies and traitors were infesting the camp, but largely also to the fact that the way in which the whole plan was to be conducted was known throughout Sir George White's army before the attack was made.

At all events, it is perfectly clear that the disaster was due to the fact that the Boers had obtained complete information of all Sir George White's plans. Sir George White attacked an enemy aware of his intentions and entirely prepared to receive him. It is an old story, but it is one that cannot be too strongly impressed upon all commanders, that the necessity of necessities for them is absolute reticence in regard to their intentions, and a series of skilful devices to deceive the enemy as to what is really intended.

It was by these means that Napoleon captured Mack at Ulm, made his great march over the St. Bernard a complete surprise, and destroyed the Prussians piece-meal at Auerstädt and Jena. By these means Lord Wolseley succeeded in landing the whole of his army at Ismailia in 1882, and in thus gaining an initial success which practically determined the issue of the campaign. It has been the secret of all great military successes throughout the history of the world. Surrounded as our generals now are by an openly or secretly disloyal population, obliged as they are at almost every stage to depend for local information upon people who may be recommended to them by officials of doubtful honesty, it is of vital importance that they should conceal all they can, and at the same time do their best to mystify and mislead the enemy. There never was a campaign in which such conduct was more necessary, there never was a campaign in which—how it has happened we do not know—the proceedings of all our different columns were so amply advertised beforehand.

No less a man than Oliver Cromwell is reported to have said, when speaking of the fleet which he sent to the West Indies, that "if he thought his shirt knew his secret he would burn

it."² Until that lesson is learnt by our generals, success in their military operations is impossible. We have no wish to be severely critical upon any work that has been done, but it is only just to the Government to recognize that they had hardly reason to expect that the campaign would have been carried out as it in fact has been. To criticize minutely the military proceedings of any general at such a distance is, to say the least, hazardous; but there are certain broad principles which cannot change, and the violation of them by commanders in the field entails disaster for which it is difficult to hold the Government or the War Office responsible, unless, indeed, they can be shown to have knowingly appointed unfit men to responsible posts. Malicious gossip about appointments is always rife, especially in times like the present; but the sensible man will be slow to believe what he hears in regard to personal questions. Still, it is impossible that the methods which alone can secure the selection of competent officers for regimental and other posts can be too rigidly applied. The exertion of social pressure in such matters is a crime against the country. There is one good reason why it is well during the course of the campaign, and while the country is interested in military matters, to draw attention to these events. Our hope of avoiding similar misfortunes in the future depends largely upon the extent to which the country realizes the importance of giving our troops facilities for training on an adequate scale. Only last year for the first time was it possible for two general officers to command troops of the size of even one army corps. It is very natural that, in their criticisms upon us, the German officers should charge us with having hitherto despised their system of autumn manœuvres; but the charge is

² "Clarke Papers" (Camd. Soc.), III, 12.

wholly untrue if made against the army itself. Its chiefs have been continually insisting upon the vital importance of large manœuvres carried out annually in the field. Here, as elsewhere, the question has been decided by the Treasury. The money for it has been refused—the money that is required in order that our generals may have reasonable opportunities for training themselves. What is to be feared is, that after the war the cold fit will succeed to the hot fit, that the general officers will still be refused the opportunity to prepare themselves for the conduct of armies, and that when we are again at war the blame will not be assigned where it has been incurred. It is the national indifference to such things during peace time which prepares the result; and, when it occurs, there are loud complaints that everything is not perfect. Perfection cannot be attained without long previous preparation. In another matter, which is of very great importance, the country has been half-hearted until war has come. In all directions and in each district the Government has been endeavoring to obtain proper rifle ranges for the practice both of the volunteers, the militia, and the army. There has been the greatest difficulty in getting them. Not a few militia regiments that are now embodied have never had the opportunity of practising at ranges of more than two hundred yards. It is simple murder to send such men into the field to face shots so skilful as the Boers.

We have spoken so far mainly of the disasters connected with the campaign, for unfortunately these have been the most notable events, and it is well to lay their lessons to heart; but we have no occasion to speak in a lugubrious tone of this period of the war. We have to carry through a more severe struggle than the country at large anticipated. We have miscal-

culated our enemies' resources, and have suffered some serious defeats. Nevertheless, the achievements of the campaign, so far as it has gone, are in several respects matter for honest congratulation. No other nation in the world's history has ever sent—it is more than doubtful whether any other could now send—so large a body of troops in so short a time to so great a distance from home. In no campaign have our troops fought with greater valor; in no campaign have all the several departments, medical, commissariat, and others, worked with greater smoothness and efficiency. And if we have undergone some serious reverses, the enemies' plan of campaign as originally conceived has been completely frustrated. There are good grounds for believing that they calculated on being able to sweep into the sea the small number of troops that were endeavoring to hold them in check, before the larger part of the army could arrive. If we allow that, for the reason we gave at an early period of this article, it was not possible or, at least, not advisable for the Government to declare war or to throw an army corps into South Africa with another army corps behind it ready to move, so early as last August, it follows that nothing could have prevented the enemy from having at least six weeks' start of us, whenever and by whichever party war might be declared, and from largely outnumbering our troops then in Natal and Cape Colony. This initial advantage they have used to good purpose, but the balance has now been restored, and every succeeding week should turn the chances more and more in our favor.

Nevertheless, it must not be forgotten that it is possible that we have not yet seen the end of our misfortunes. Ladysmith and the other beleaguered fortresses are still in danger, and we cannot tell how near they are

to the end of their resources. It is possible that they may fall, or that in the attempt to cut their way out their garrisons may suffer losses to which our previous disasters will seem mere fleabites. This is clearly possible; we do not say it is probable, but we should be prepared to meet such a blow, should it come. What is not possible is that we should recede from the position that we have taken up, or abandon the conflict till we have brought it to a successful and satisfactory conclusion.

The danger is that, when the end has been attained, the nation will fall back into that apathetic mood regarding military matters, which, in time of peace, is too habitual to it, and that, forgetting the earlier stages of the war, it will rest satisfied with a final success. Against such a state of mind it will be the duty of all men of foresight, who can see the possibility of far greater conflicts in the near future, energetically and continually to protest. Some such war as this was needed in order that the country might realize both its strength and its weakness. It has shown us how effective is the reserve of eighty thousand men whom we owe to the short-service system. It has shown us the magnificent loyalty of our colonies and the splendid reserve of men that we possess in the patriotism alike of the Old Country and distant parts of the Empire. It has shown us that the Colonial forces which the daughter-states have sent to the assistance of the mother-country are able to hold their own along with the best that Great Britain herself can put into the field. It has shown the immense resources of our mercantile marine, and, at the same time, has proved how entirely we depend upon that marine for the effective use of our army abroad. On the other hand, the war has shown the points of weakness that, as commonly happens, lie so close to the source of our strength. It has

brought to light the danger of being unprepared in those important respects which we have noted above. It has proved the enormous importance of artillery in modern warfare, and has shown that we are insufficiently provided with this arm in regard to quantity, and in some respects even as to quality. Above all, it has, we may hope, brought home not only to our statesmen, but to the nation at large the dangerous insufficiency of our military forces in general, the fact that our army is not nearly large enough for our imperial needs. The thought of what might have happened had dangerous complications occurred simultaneously elsewhere, of what might still happen were Russia, for example, to threaten us in India while the whole of our available force is locked up in South Africa, is enough to make the most thoughtless resolve that such a state of things must no longer exist. The fact is that we have been trying to run a gigantic concern with a capital utterly inadequate to the calls that may be made upon it, and to shut our eyes to this is to court disaster.

Taking all these things into consideration, we think that we may fairly hope that the misfortunes of the campaign, such as they have been, will turn out to be blessings in disguise, and that, if now we set our house in order, we shall find ourselves far stronger than we have ever been in the past. That the war will be rapidly concluded we do not expect; with the example of the American Secession War before us we cannot hope for a very speedy end. But when we have brought it to a successful conclusion, as we have every reason to anticipate, we shall find ourselves with an army not only effective in all its parts, but strengthened by experience in the conditions of modern warfare brought about by the improvement in armament which has taken place during the

last thirty years such as no other army in the world can possess.

In no spirit of boastfulness we may say, at all events, that this struggle has already tightened the bonds of imperial unity as nothing but the sense of common interest could have tightened them; and every member of the Empire may take legitimate pride in the reflection that never in its history has the nation shown a more united, a more determined, or a more patient attitude than it has shown so far throughout this struggle. We feel no

doubt that that conduct will meet with its reward. We hope that our present attitude of determination will be maintained till the end of the struggle, and that certain discordant cries, for the most part based upon mere misunderstanding and ignorance, will not be allowed to disturb the carrying out of a resolution which the nation somewhat slowly and deliberately formed, and the fulfilment of which it rightly regards as essential, not only to its welfare, but to its very existence as an Imperial State.

The Quarterly Review.

FROM "POUR LES TREIZE PORTES DE LA
VILLE."*

I.

FOR THE WARRIORS' GATE.

High portal! Fear not darkness, open wide
Thy brazen gate, thine iron gate beside!
Their keys into the fortress moat are cast,
Accursèd thou if Fear e'er close them fast;
Cleave thou with battle-axe the hand in twain,
The caitiff-hand would close those gates again.
For through their sombre arch, the sounding feet
Of men have passed who never knew retreat;
While in their midst, panting and swift and bold,
Flew nakèd Victory on wings of gold,
Guiding them with calm gesture of her blade—
Then on their lips her kindling kiss she laid,
While brazen trumpets sounded shrill alarms
Like clang of brasses where the wild-bee swarms!
Thus swarm ye, warriors, in your glittering mail—
Go, cull on gory fields the death-flower pale,
Or, home returning to your natal place,
Upon my marble threshold leave the trace
When ye have proudly passed, by Victory led,
Of bloody stains from off your sandals red!

* Translated for The Eclectic Magazine by Mary D. Frost.

II.

FOR THE PRIESTESSES' GATE.

Priestesses! Raise above your knees the trail
 Of shimmering, silver robes, which evening pale
 Tints with the radiance of her balmiest moon;
 Bind your brows, lave your hands, and lift your urn
 Filled with gold bees and sombre butterflies;
 Knot up your tresses, as with laughing eyes
 Ye gaze into the mirror's depths, then break
 The crystal that reflects you as a lake,
 And two by two go forth into the night.
 Beneath your veils the wind will whisper light
 As ye move silent through the starlit air,
 Bearing in turn upon your shoulders bare
 The idol, jasper-eyed, that, once a year,
 Ye carry from the city to the clear,
 Soft-flowering stretches of the meadows calm;
 Drink from the fountain where ye pluck the palm,
 But homeward wending in the dark, beware,
 Ye guardians over stony ways! Have care
 Lest, bending not beneath my arch of stone,
 Ye strike the frowning goddess carved thereon!

III.

FOR THE ASTROLOGERS' GATE.

If thou would'st read the fates, go forth at dawn,
 Sibyl! And hide beneath thy robe of lawn
 A screech-owl white, and thou, O soothsayer,
 One black as night! And choose for omen fair
 Odd days, and spit upon the venomous toad;
 Scatter witch-elm and parsley on your road,
 Into the fountain, or the bubbling spring—
 For augury scorn not the slightest thing,
 Since by the briar ye may guess the rose;
 The hare that leaping o'er the footpath goes,
 The cawing rooks, or starlings as they fly,
 The four-leaved clover ye can scarce espy,
 Are surer signs by which ye learn to know
 The ambushed future, big with weal or woe,
 Lurking in some dim corner of life's way
 Than aught ye read above my arches gray—
 As from my threshold ye together scan
 The skies above you, for the fate of man—
 Swift bliss, slow fortune, victory or scars,
 Revealed in summer-rain of shooting stars!

IV.

FOR THE STROLLING PLAYERS' GATE.

Close to my wall a chariot draweth nigh,
 The ripe corn waves beneath the evening sky,
 The nymph around her fountain lightly springs,
 And the faun laughs, for magic summer brings
 Back from the lands where they have wandered far
 The strolling players in their rustic car,
 Who, treading that rude stage with naked feet,
 In mummers' garb of rouge and mask, repeat
 Some early myth, some fable sung of old,
 Or god-like story of the age of gold—
 Such as by gleaming pool, in grot profound
 With cries, with leaping, and with laughter's sound
 The sunburnt satyr and the dryad played
 In by-gone days 'mid the dim forest's shade.
 Enter, the hour is fit, the throng is still,
 And smiling, glad expectancy doth fill
 The eyes of childhood and of hoary eld!
 Come, for wide open are my portals held,
 Laden, to welcome you, with garlands fair.
 I see you enter, roses in your hair,
 Each draped about with mantle light and gay,
 With painted visage, smiling like the May,
 And each, ere crossing o'er my threshold's rim
 Laces the buskin on her ankle trim!

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

Henri de Régnier.

NATAL MEMORIES.

BY LADY BROOME.

As I sit, sad and alone, in my empty home, dreading the cries of the newspaper boys in the streets, my thoughts often fly back to the "Fair Natal" I knew long ago. More than twenty years have passed since I last saw it. Then, as now, it was early summer-time. The wide, well-watered stretches of veldt were brilliantly green and covered with blossom, chiefly lilies and cinerarias, the spruets were running like Scotch burns, and the dreadful red dust of the winter months no longer obscured everything. I have often, be-

tween April and November, not known what was within an approaching bank of solid red cloud, until the shouts of the unseen little "Voor-looper" warned me that a huge wagon and its span of perhaps twenty or thirty oxen had to be avoided.

But after November dust gives place to mud on the roads; mud of a singularly tenacious quality, formed from the fertile red clay soil. I don't believe it rains anywhere so hard as it does in Natal, and during the summer months it is never safe to part for a single hour

from the very best waterproof cloak which you can procure, or from a substantial umbrella. Round Maritzburg a thunderstorm raged nearly every summer afternoon, coming up about three o'clock. But when, by any chance, that thunderstorm passed us by, we regretted it bitterly, for the oppressive, suffocating heat was then ever so much worse. Even the poor fowls used to go about with their beaks open and their wings held well away from their sides, literally gasping for breath. One was prepared for thunderstorms, even on the largest scale, when they came up with the usual accompaniments of massed clouds, rumbling or crashing thunder, and were followed by a deluge of rain; but I could not get used to what I have never seen anywhere else, and which could only be described as a "bolt from the blue".

A very few days after my arrival at Maritzburg, at the end of 1875, I was standing one afternoon in the shade of my little house on a hill, anxiously watching the picturesque arrival of an ox-wagon, laden with my boxes. It was in the very early summer, and the exigencies of settling in left me no time to worry about the thunderstorms, of which, of course, I had often heard. A more serene and brilliant afternoon could not be imagined, and it was not even hot—at all events, out of the sun. My two small boys, as usual, trotted after me like dogs, and clamored to assist at the arrival of the wagon; so I lifted the little one up in my arms and stood there, with an elder boy clinging to my skirts. Suddenly, out of the blue unclouded sky, out of the blaze of golden sunshine, came a flash and a crash, which seemed as if it must be the crack of doom. No words at my command can give any idea of the intolerable, blinding glare of the light which seemed to wrap us round, or of the rending sound, as if the universe were being torn asunder. I suppose I

flung myself on the ground, because I was crouching there, holding the little boys beneath me with some sort of protective instinct, when, in a second or two of time, it had all passed, for I heard only a slight and distant rumble. I do not believe the sun had ceased shining for an instant, though its light had seemed to be extinguished by that blaze of fire. Never can I forget my amazement, an amazement which even preceded my deep thankfulness at finding we were absolutely unhurt, the fearless little boys only inquiring, "What was that, Mummy?" There had been no time for their rosy cheeks even to pale. I wonder what color I was. I looked at the little stone house with astonishment to find it still there, for I had expected nothing but a heap of ruins. Nay, it seemed miraculous that the hills all round should still be standing.

I only saw one more flash equally bad during my two summers in Natal, and that was during a thunderstorm, and was accompanied by terrific hail. Of course, I was then in a house, and trying to distract my thoughts from the weather, which I knew must be annihilating my lovely garden, by dispensing afternoon tea. I am certain *that* flash came down upon the tea-tray, for when I lifted up my head (I defy any one not to cower before a stream of electricity which seems poured upon you out of a jug), I felt the same surprise at seeing my cups and saucers unshattered. I am sure they had jumped about for I heard them, but they had recovered their equanimity by the time I had. Almost every day one saw in the newspapers an account of some death by lightning, and I know of one only too-true story, in which our Kaffir washerman was the victim. He had left our house one fine Monday morning with a huge bag of clothes on his back, which he intended to wash in the river at the foot of the hill, when he observed

one of these thunderstorms coming up unusually early, and so took shelter in the veranda of a small cottage by the roadside. After the worst of the storm had passed he was preparing to step outside, when a violent flash and a deafening thunderclap passed over the little house. The lightning must have been attracted by a nail, carelessly sticking up in its shingled roof. The poor Kaffir chanced to be standing exactly beneath this nail, and was struck down dead at once. I was told that he was in the act of speaking, promising some one that he would return the same way that very afternoon. The streets of Maritzburg used, in my day, to be mended, or hardened, with a sort of ironstone which abounds in the district, and in one of these daily thunderstorms it was not uncommon to see the electricity rising up, as it were, from the ground to meet the descending fluid. Of course, the rivers soon became impassable, and I have a vivid recollection of four guests, who had ridden out rather earlier than usual to have tea with me, being kept in our tiny house all night. More than one attempt was made before dark to find and use the little wooden bridge over the stream, which could hardly be called a river, but its whereabouts could not even be perceived, and the horses steadily refused to go out of their depth. So there was nothing for it except to return, drenched to the skin, and bivouac under our very small roof for the night.

And yet one is so glad of these small rains, after the long dry winter, when all vegetation seems to disappear off the baked earth, and the cattle become so thin that it is a wonder the gaunt skeletons of the poor trek-oxen can support the weight of their enormous spreading horns. The changes of temperature in winter were certainly very trying. The day began fresh and cold and bracing, but the brilliant sunshine soon changed that into what might be

called a very hot English summer's day. About four o'clock, when the sun sloped towards the western hills, it began to grow cold again, and no wrap or greatcoat was too warm to put on then. By night one was only too glad of as big a fire on the open hearth as could be provided, for fuel was scarce and very expensive in those days. Doubtless the railway has improved all those conditions; but Natal, as far as I saw it, is not a well-wooded country, except on the Native Reserves, and the only forest—*bush*, as they would call it in Australia—which I saw cost me a fifty-mile ride to get to it!

Our poor Kaffir servants used to get violent and prostrating colds in winter, in spite of each being supplied with an old greatcoat, which had once belonged to a soldier. This the master provides; but if the man himself can raise an aged and dilapidated tunic, he is supremely happy. Anything so grotesque as this attire cannot well be imagined, for the red garment (it was almost unrecognizable as ever having been a tunic by that time) is worn with perfectly bare legs, a feather or two stuck jauntily on the head or with a crownless hat, and the true dandy adds a cartridge case passed through a wide hole in the lobe of his ear, and filled with snuff; nor will any Kaffir stir out of doors without a long stick, on account of the snakes, but only the police used to be allowed to carry the knob-kerry, which is a sort of South African shillelagh, and a very formidable weapon.

It always seemed strange to me that a climate which was, on the whole, so healthy for human beings should not be favorable to animal life. Dogs do not thrive there at all, and soon become infested with ticks. One heard constantly of the native cattle being decimated by strange and weird diseases, and horses—especially imported horses—certainly require the greatest care.

They must never be turned out whilst the dew is on the grass, unless with a sort of muzzling nosebag on, and the snakes are a perpetual danger to them, though the bite is not always fatal, for there are many varieties of snake which are not venomous. Still, a native horse is always on the look out for snakes and dreads them exceedingly. One night I was cantering down the main street of Maritzburg on a quiet old pony, on my way to the Legislative Council, where I wanted to hear a very interesting debate on the native question (which was the burning one in that day), and my pony suddenly leaped off the ground like an antelope, and then shied right across the road. This panic arose from his having stepped on a thin strip of zinc cut from a packing-case, which must have been opened as usual outside the store or large shop which we were passing. As soon as the pony put his foot on one end of the long, curled-up shaving, it must have risen up and struck him sharply, waking unpleasant memories of former encounters with snakes.

Railways were only a dream of the near future in my day. Indeed, the first sod of the first railway—that between Durban and Pietermaritzburg—was only turned on January 1, 1876, amid great enthusiasm. In my day a mail-cart made a tri-weekly trip between the two towns—fifty-two miles apart—and that was horsed, but on anything like a journey either oxen or mules were used.

I have seen an ox-wagon arriving at a ball, with pretty young ladies inside its sheltering hood, who had been seated there all day long, having started in their ball-dresses directly after breakfast! Mules were in great request for draught purposes, and, up to a point, they answered admirably, jogging along without distress over bad roads, which would soon have knocked up even the staunchest horses.

But a mule is such an unreliable animal, and his character for obstinacy is thoroughly well-deserved. When a mule, or a team of mules, stops on a particularly sticky bit of road, no power on earth will move him, and there is nothing for it but to await his good pleasure. I have, two or three times, journeyed behind a team of sixteen mules, and I always suffered great anxiety lest they should cease to respond to the incessant cries of their "Cape-boy" driver, or the still more-persuasive arguments of his assistant, who bore quite a collection of whips of different lengths for emergencies. Happily, the roads were then in fairly good order, and, beyond a tendency to drop into a slow walk at the slightest hill, the mules behaved irreproachably.

Locomotion was the great difficulty in those days, and we island-dwellers cannot easily realize the vast and trackless spaces which lie between the specks of townships on a huge continent. Natal is magnificently watered and grassed in the summer, but the big rivers are not only a hindrance to journeying, but from a sanitary point of view they are as undrinkable as the Nile, and probably for the same reasons. Still they are there, and future generations will doubtless use them for irrigation and canals, and all the needs of advancing civilization.

In my day the Boer was quite an unconsidered factor, and we felt we were performing a Quixotically-generous action when, at his own earnest entreaty, we took him and his debts and his native troubles on our own shoulders. He was always extremely dirty, and about a thousand years behind the rest of the civilized world in his ideas. His religion was a superstition worthy of the Middle Ages, and his notions of morality went a good deal further back than even those primitive times.

I hope I may not be mistaken for

that un-English and unaccountable creature, a "pro-Boer", if I confess that the only Boer I ever was personally brought into contact with seemed to me a delightful person! This is how it happened. Soon after my arrival in Maritzburg, a bazar was held in aid of some local literary undertaking. Bazaars were, happily, of very rare occurrence in those parts, and this one created quite an excitement, and realized an astonishingly large sum of money. The race-week had been chosen for the purpose of catching customers among the numerous visitors to Pietermaritzburg in that gay time, and the wiles employed seemed very successful. I never heard how or why he got there, but I only know that a stout, comfortable, well-to-do Dutch farmer suddenly appeared at the door of the bazar. He was, of course, at once assailed by pretty flower-girls and lucky-bag bearers, and cigars and kittens were promptly pressed on him. But the old gentleman had a plan and a method of his own, on which he proceeded to act. He had not one syllable of English, so it was a case of deeds, not words. He began at the very first stall and worked his way all round. At each stall he pointed to the biggest thing on it, and held out a handful of coins in payment. He then shouldered his purchase as far as the next stall where he deposited it as a gift to the lady selling, bought her biggest object, and went on round the hall on the same principle. When it came to my turn he held out to me the largest wax doll I ever beheld, and carried off a huge and unwieldy doll's house which entirely eclipsed even his burly figure. My next door (or rather stall) neighbor had a table full of glass and china, and she consequently viewed the approach of this article of bazar commerce with natural misgiving, but as this ideal customer relieved her of a very large, ugly breakfast set, she managed to make room for the

miniature house until she could arrange a raffle and so get rid of it. The last I saw of that Boer, who must have contributed largely to our receipts, was his leading a very small donkey, which he had just bought at the last stall, away by a blue ribbon halter. I believe it was the only "object" in the whole bazar which could possibly be of the slightest practical use to him, but the contrast between the weak-kneed and frivolously-attired donkey and its sturdy purchaser was irresistibly comic. No one seemed to know in the least who he was, but we supposed he must have come down for the races and backed the winners very successfully.

Our little house stood on a hill about a mile from Maritzburg, and, looking back on the formation of the surrounding country, one realizes how badly the towns in Natal, and probably all over South Africa, are placed for the purposes of defence. Every town, or even little hamlet or township, which I saw, stood in the middle of a wide plain with low hills all round it, so it is easy for me to realize how soon cannon planted on those hills would wreck the buildings. There was a great and agreeable difference in the temperature, however, up on that little hill, but towards the close of the dry winter season the water supply became an anxiety. In spite of the extremely cold nights up there, any plant for which I could spare a daily pail of water blossomed beautifully all through the winter. I was advised to select my favorite rose bushes before the summer rains had ceased, and to have the baths of the family emptied over them every day, which I did with perfect success, and was even able to include some azaleas and camellias in the list of the favored shrubs.

I was much struck with the rapid growth of trees in Natal, and it was astonishing to see the height and solidity of trees planted only ten years be-

fore, especially the eucalyptus. But grass walks or lawns are much discouraged in a garden on account of the facility they afford as cover for snakes, and red paths and open spaces are to be seen everywhere instead. Even the lawn-tennis of that day was played on smooth courts of firmly-stamped and rolled red clay. I wonder how the golf-players manage—for play they do, I am certain, as nothing ever induces either a golfer or a cricketer to forego his game.

One morning, very early, I was taken to the market, and it certainly was an extraordinary sight. The marketplace is always one of the most salient features of a South African town, and is the centre of local gossip, just as is the "bazar" of the East. It was an immense open space thronged with buyers and sellers: whites, Kaffirs, coolies, emigrants from St. Helena, and many onlookers like myself. It was all under government control, and seemed very well managed. There were official inspectors of the meat offered for sale, and duly authorized weights and scales, round which surged a vociferous crowd. I was specially invited to view the butter sent down from the Boer farms up country, and I cannot say it was an appetizing sight. A huge hide, very indifferently tanned, was unrolled for my edification, and it certainly contained a substance distantly resembling butter, packed into it, but apparently at widely differing intervals of time. The condiment was of various colors and—how shall I put it?—strengths; milk-sieves appeared also to have been unknown at that farm, for cow's hair formed a noticeable component part of that mass of butter. However, I was assured that it found ready and willing purchasers, even at four shillings a pound, and that it was quite possible to remake it, as it were, and subject it to a purifying process. I confess I felt thankful that

the butter my small family consumed was made under my own eyes.

Wagons laden with firewood were very conspicuous, and their loads disappeared rapidly, as did also piles of lucerne and other green forage. There was but little poultry for sale, and very few vegetables. I remember noticing in all the little excursions I made, within some twenty miles of Maritzburg, how different the Natal colonist, at least of those days, was from the Australian or New Zealand pioneer. At various farmhouses where there was plenty of evidence of a kind of rough-and-ready prosperity, and much open-handed hospitality and friendliness, there would be only preserved milk and tinned butter available. Now these two items must have, indeed, been costly by the time they reached the farms I speak of. Yet there were herds of cattle grazing around. Nor would there be poultry of any sort forthcoming, nor a sign of a garden. Of course it was not my place to criticize; but if I ventured on a question, I was always told, "Oh, labor is so difficult to get. You know, the Kaffirs won't work." I longed to suggest that the young people I saw about might very well turn to and lend a hand, at all events, to start a poultry yard, or dairy, or vegetable garden.

Now, at Fort Napier—the only fortified hill near Maritzburg—every little hollow and ravine was utilized by the soldiers stationed there as a garden. The men, of course, work in these little plots themselves, and grow beautiful vegetables. Potatoes and pumpkins, cabbages and onions, only need to be planted to grow luxuriantly. Why cannot this be done in the little farms around? I am afraid I took a selfish interest in the question, as it was so difficult, and often impossible, to procure even potatoes. Such things grow much more easily, I was told, at Durban; so probably those difficulties have

disappeared with the opening of the railway—the very railway of which I saw the first sod turned. My own attempt at a vegetable garden suffered from its being perched on the top of a hill, where water was very difficult to get; but I was very successful with some poultry, in spite of having to wage constant war against hawks and snakes.

How fortunate it is that one remembers the laughs of one's past life better than its tears! That morning visit to the Pietermaritzburg market stands out distinctly in my memory, chiefly on account of an absurd incident I witnessed. I had been much interested and amused looking round, not only at the strange and characteristic crowd, but at my many acquaintances marketing for themselves. I had listened to the shouts of the various auctioneers who were selling all manner of heterogeneous wares, when I noticed some stalwart Kaffirs bearing on their heads large open baskets filled entirely with coffee-pots of every size and kind. Roughly speaking, there must have been something like a hundred coffee-pots in those baskets. They were just leaving an improvised auction-stand, and following them closely, with an air of proud possession on his genial countenance, was a specially-beloved friend of my own, who, I may mention, was the specially-beloved friend of all who knew him.

"Are *all* those coffee-pots yours?" I inquired.

"Yes, indeed; I have just bought them," he answered. "You must know I am a collector of coffee-pots, and have a great many already; but how lucky I have been to pick up some one else's collection as well, and so cheap, too!"

The Kaffirs were grinning, and there seemed a general air of amusement about, which I could not at all understand until it was explained to me, later, that my friend had just bought his own

collection of coffee-pots. His wife thought that the space they occupied in her store-room could be better employed, and, believing their owner would not attend the market that day, had sent the whole lot down to be sold. She told me afterwards that her dismay was indeed great when her Kaffirs brought them back in triumph, announcing that the "Inkose" (chieftain) had just bought them, so the poor lady had to pay the auctioneer's fees, and replace the coffee-pots on their shelves with what resignation she could command.

One of my pleasantest memories of Natal, especially as seen by the light of present events, is of a visit I paid to the annual joint encampment of the Natal Carbineers and the Durban Mounted Rifles. It was only what would be called, I suppose, a flying camp, and the ground chosen that year (August, 1876) was on "Botha's Flat", half-way between Maritzburg and Durban. I well remember how beautiful was the drive from Maritzburg over the Inchanga Pass, and how workmanlike the little encampment looked as one came upon it (after some break-neck driving), with its little tents dotted on a green down.

Although one little knew it, that same encampment was the school where were trained the men who are showing to-day what lessons they then learned. The whole training seemed practicable and admirable in the highest degree. It had to be carried out amid every sort of difficulty, and, indeed, one might almost say discouragement. In those distant days both these bodies of volunteers were struggling on with very little money, very little public interest or sympathy, and with great difficulty on the part of the members of these plucky little forces in obtaining leave for even this short annual drill. I was told that both the corps were much stronger on paper,

but that the absentees could not be spared from the stores, or sugar estates, or offices to which they belonged.

It was partly to show my own sympathy and interest in the movement that I accepted the invitation of the commandant to spend a couple of nights at the camp and see what they were doing. A lonely little inn hard by, where a tiny room could be secured for me, made this excursion possible, and I can never forget some of the impressions of that visit. When I read in the papers now of how splendidly the Natal colonist has come forward, even from the purely military point of view, I remember that camp, and I understand that I was then watching the forging of those links in our long imperial chain. The men now coming out so grandly as "soldiers of the Queen", no matter by what local names they may be called, are probably the sons of the stalwart volunteers I saw, but the teaching of that and the succeeding encampments has evidently borne good fruit.

It was, indeed, serious work that they were all engaged on during those bright winter days, and my visit was not allowed to interrupt for a moment the drill which seemed to go on all through the daylight hours. What helped to make the lesson so valuable to the earnest learners was, that all went precisely as though a state of war existed. There were no servants, no luxuries—all was exactly as it probably is now.

I dined at the officer's mess that eve-

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ning. Our table-cloth was of canvas, our candles were tied to cross-pieces of wood, and the food was served in the tins in which it was cooked. Tea was our only beverage, but the open air had made us all so hungry that everything seemed delicious. It was, I remember, bitterly cold, and the slight tent did not afford much shelter from the icy wind. How well I recollect my great longing to wrap myself up in the one luxury of the camp—a large and beautiful goatskin karosse on which I was seated! But that would have been to betray my chilliness, which would never have done. We separated somewhere about half-past eight—for we had dined as soon as ever it got too dark to go on drilling—but not before the whole encampment had assembled to sing "God Save the Queen" with all their heart as well as with all their voice, a fitting finish to the day's work.

Although my stay in Natal lasted very little over a year, I made many friends there, and it is with sympathizing regret I see in the roll-call of her local defenders the familiar names of those whom I remember as bright-eyed children. They have all sprung to arms in defence of the fair land of their fathers' adoption, and when the tale of this crisis in the history of Natal comes to be written, the names of her gallant young defenders will stand out on its pages in letters of light, and the record of their noble deeds will serve as an example forever and forever. So will they not have laid down their lives in vain.

THE WAR OF WINDS:

A COMMENTARY ON WEATHER FORECASTS.

Within view of my window the few crisp lingering leaves of a veteran oak, which, through the months of winter,¹ have defied their inevitable fate, are succumbing at last to a blustering storm out of the southwest. As each gust searches through the branches these waifs of the air go sailing off on the wind like small flights of birds, and after fluttering aloft in brief, wild career, come to earth half-way across the neighboring pasture. Their brethren that yielded in countless numbers in the early fall of last autumn, came softly and quickly to the ground, sodden with moisture, and dropping rank by rank at the warning touch of the first night frosts.

But the remnant of their generation, now dried and twisted, are, for the time, the sport of air currents, and the behavior of these air currents, which they partly betray, is a subject for valuable study. It recently chanced to the writer, in company with his daughter and Mr. Stanley Spencer, on the occasion of a night balloon ascent to view the Leonids, to undergo an enforced detention in the upper regions exceeding, in duration, that of any other English balloon voyage on record, and to have through long hours little better to do than to record—alike by eye observations and by a series of photographs—the varying streams and eddies of air blowing aloft, and their courses as faithfully registered on the upper surface of one vast cloud-sea 1,500 feet thick, that lay as a dense compact canopy over all the west and south of England.

By reason of its universal extent this far-reaching cloud layer remained practically stationary, while its upper face became frayed and furrowed much

in the same fashion as a field of corn is swept by the summer breeze, or as the *débris* on the seashore is flung here and there, and then left stranded by the retreating tide. While hovering at sunrise only just above this cloud floor, we had been struck by the manner in which its actual fringe would surge in huge wreaths and billows up into the clear sky and there disappear. We were for the time being actually poised on the verge of that lining of the cloud, which, in summer time in particular, we are wont to see withering away in detached masses and melting into space.

Then a wind-storm would seem to sweep across the scene, and billows of filmy mist would race past at a somewhat different level to ourselves, and in a direction differing widely from that in which our own course was known to be. Then, again, the aspect of the region close about us would change once more, and the cloud masses would settle down into a compact floor, as though formed of firm and level snow, and fully as purely white and glistening. As we had already endured some hours of the cramped quarters of the ear, the temptation seemed to suggest itself to us that we might step out and have a run round for exercise. The same idea has occurred on similar occasions to other aerial travellers, one of whom has remarked on what a surprise would await any one who should try the experiment.

When, however,—such was our strange fate that day—the sun rose and, warming and drying our balloon, sent us mounting by leaps and bounds ever higher and higher, we looked down at length on a limitless plain, on which

only the most prominent features were displayed in due relation to each other. At a few isolated points there would tower towards heaven up-drifts of vapor, as though borne and balanced on ascending air-shafts, while elsewhere a line of bluff, white barriers uprose like beetling cliffs of snow overhanging a veritable sea. But the most noteworthy features were broad, winding river-beds chased clean and deep through long, level stretches of white, interminable waste. There was good reason, from their nature and appearance, to regard these winding valleys as having actually been carved out by passing sweeps of wind; such blasts had come, within our own experience, on several occasions during the long hours that we were hung in space at between one and two miles high. They commonly manifest themselves by a fresh breath on the one cheek or the other. Indeed, such cross-currents make the only breeze that the free aerial traveller can feel, and in general for a few moments set his balloon swinging.

Later on we had remarkable proof of a very definite current of a very distinct nature, and blowing from a new quarter. The sun had but just reached the meridian. Its heat in the clear upper air was so overpowering that we were shielding our heads by hanging cloths about the rigging; and while engaged in this operation, and in the interval of a few minutes only, we most unexpectedly found we had descended no less than 2,000 ft. This downward course was, however, quickly arrested, and further descent, though palpable, was only extremely gradual.

This circumstance, taken in connection with our course, as subsequently determined, has led to the conviction that at an altitude of 9,200 ft. a sudden check in ascent and a subsequent descent had been brought about by a cold upper current blowing, not from the east, as the prevailing wind had hith-

erto been blowing, but distinctly up the Bristol Channel; yet so shallow was it that only 2,000 ft. lower we had passed completely out of its influence. A very similar instance of an unexpected yet well-defined current encountered over a river valley is recorded among my notes on another occasion, when shortly after sundown our balloon had become becalmed over London, and was actually settling down, with ballast spent, upon the house-tops. It seemed unavoidable that we must descend in the midst of busy Pimlico; but in the end, as we crept nearer the river, some unsuspected current blowing over the river valley caught and carried us on to Wimbledon. On the present occasion we shortly became involved in very complex currents eddying above the Welsh mountains, and at the time of our final descent near Neath we were being swept by a gale of considerable strength straight for the open sea, from which we were scarcely more than a mile distant.

But our records on this memorable voyage did not end here. A folded note—one out of many—that was cast overboard at a point undoubtedly to the east of Bristol, was carried on a wayward course and dropped on a mountain near Pontypridd, forty miles away as the crow flies, which haven it can hardly have reached (judging from the travel of the balloon) until after an aerial flight of near two hours' duration. I have very frequently experimented with similar missiles dropped from balloons at different heights, and it is clear that on the present occasion the folded paper became the sport of wind-streams after the same fashion as the withered oak leaves to which I have called attention.

Let us return, then, to the lower currents, with which we are more familiar, and note their behavior when carefully examined. Kite-flying—scientific

cally conducted—affords an admirable means of testing currents at all heights up to at least half a mile, and if there is only what is known as a light air blowing, the play of its diverse drifts can be noted from lowest levels. Suppose an open common is chosen, affording a long stretch of plain country without obstacles to windward, but with some background, say, of hedge and trees. The puffs of wind, carefully looked for and needed to start the kite, come up fitfully; their appearance is heralded by a whistle in the air, then the foliage will stir close by you on one side, and the branches of a tree, say, twenty yards, on the other; the bennets and long grasses will bend but a short distance in front of you, and yet this time the little gusts may miss you entirely. A little while, however, and your kite flutters, and then, if properly contrived, sails aloft, though shifting round probably some points from the set of the neighboring weather vane; nor does it keep a true direction for more than a few seconds, dodging, dropping, then rising again, and always telling faithfully when and whence the gusts are blowing and where they fall.

In this we apparently have ocular demonstration that the minor currents of air—at least, at low levels—flow in narrow, tortuous courses, self-contained and but little widening outwards. We probably are witness of a true parallel when an unsnuffed dip candle is blown out and held in the draught, say, between door and fireplace of a room. The very palpable thread of smoke generally takes an almost horizontal course, and meanders across the chamber in a milky stream that twists and turns, but does not readily disperse. Very much the same sort of behavior is to be noticed when a drop of stain is allowed to fall from a little height into a tumbler of water. The drop breaks up into droplets, each of which winds through the clear water in spiral or

vortical courses. The kite, however, will often show other and sudden changes in the air-streams. During a visit to the archipelago of Sicily I endeavored through many days to launch a favorite and well-trusted kite, but the winds continued too boisterous till one afternoon, when the kite got away with safety, and remained flying with great steadiness for an hour above the highest ground in St. Mary's. At about sundown, however, while as yet on the hilltop there was no change of temperature, nor yet of wind-force or direction, the kite, flying at twelve hundred feet, moved across the sky through some fifty degrees, and then was fairly and irresistibly blown to earth by a downward cold blast (as told by the thermometer it carried).

Regarding now the levels that lie next in ascending order, above those just considered, we have familiar and, to a certain extent, trustworthy witness of the way of the winds in the clouds that float along the streams that bear them. That such clouds do not, however, declare the entire complexity of upper currents, it will be easy to show. For though a common, it is a false assumption to suppose that clouds give reliable evidence of such diverse currents as are at any time blowing through a cloud-flecked sky.

Mr. Glaisher, in his elaborate and most careful investigations—which, by the way, have through thirty years never been systematically repeated in this country—shows that he constantly met with widely-differing wind-streams in mid-air, some bearing mist, rain or snow, others dry and cloudless, and not to be detected until actually encountered. To quote, by way of example, a summary of one of his ascents, we read:—

"In this ascent the wind on the earth was S.E. At the height of 1,300 ft. the balloon entered a strong S.W. current. This direction continued up to

4,000 ft., when the wind was from S. At the height of 8,000 ft. the wind changed to S.W., and afterwards to S.S.E. At 11,000 ft. we met with fine granular snow, and passed through snow on descending till within 8,000 ft. of the earth. We entered clouds at 7,000 ft., and passed out of them at 6,000 ft. into mist. A warm current of air was met with of more than 3,000 ft. in thickness, moving from the S.W. Above this the air was dry, and higher still very dry. Fine granular snow was falling into this current of warm air."

With the full truth of the complexity of aerial rivers impressed on my mind, I must confess that I was greatly struck with the general, if not entire, accuracy, at least, accountableness, of the forecasts issued by the Meteorological Office during a period of three weeks last autumn, when my colleagues and myself had need to study through night and day the aspect of weather generally, but of wind more particularly, from that admirable observatory, the North Tower of the Crystal Palace. We were commissioned to make (for scientific observation) the aerial passage of the North Sea during the period above mentioned, when a balloon was practically ready for us at any time in the Palace grounds. A wind lying between the narrow limits of W. by N. and W. by S. was needed for our purpose, and such a wind having been again and again predicted by the Meteorological Office we almost always found such prediction justified, though the height at which it might blow and its duration would remain too uncertain for our purpose in hand. It was during our close scrutiny that we noticed, on more than one occasion, the very ideal wind that we wanted (had direction only been right), namely, half a gale blowing at thirty miles or more at the height of the lower cloud stratum, while on the ground—happily, indeed, for the aeronaut—practically a dead calm. The significance of these facts

in reading the daily meteorological records will, in due place, be made apparent.

Let us now pass on to lofty wind records of another class. On the summit of Cayambe, in the Andes, Mr. Whymper describes the war of the winds on a battlefield 10,000 ft. high. The wind from one quarter was damp and warm, and on several occasions he witnessed it win the struggle, whereupon the whole mountain would become invisible. Anon a dry wind would prevail, and then the slopes would come into view. Again Professor Smyth, during a stay on Teneriffe, tells not only of stormy weather on the mountain-side which never reached the plains, but describes how he could ascend through the N.E. wind, coming out clear beyond it at 10,500 ft., where the wind blew steadily from the S.W. On the other hand, Professor Tyndall relates how, on Monte Rosa, while he himself remained in calm regions above, he could watch the commotion of the storm as it were boiling up the mountain-side below him.

As to causes tending to divert or break up the general direction of any wind, anti-cyclonic or otherwise, blowing over land such as Great Britain, there is no need to insist on the ascending currents arising over country, lying in patches of necessarily very diverse temperature and moisture; nor of corresponding descending currents; nor, again, of great sweeps generated over valleys or slanting off the slopes of hills; nor yet of the inflowing of sea gales and outflowing of land breezes, as sea and land acquire widely different temperatures and the like. But there is another example to which attention is but seldom called, of a constant local action liable to be set up in mid-air due to the simple cause, often observed from below and yet more frequently by the aeronaut, of visible cloud being condensed at various points aloft.

Latent heat is always set free by the condensation of vapor. Thus, if moist, warm air becomes condensed anywhere into cloud or rain a quantity of heat is given out at the region where the cloud manifests itself, and a greater or less atmospheric disturbance of local nature will take place. Similar disturbances occur when wet cloud is evaporated into dry air. During the aerial voyage, first referred to in this paper, our balloon constantly passed and repassed the upper margin of a vast cloud-floor which was briskly thinning away into dry upper air, and at this level well-marked cross-currents were always experienced.

Vortex motion in the atmosphere, though seldom obtrusively patent in this country, must certainly be reckoned with, and all ascending currents, from whatsoever cause, appear of this nature. Dust-whirls in spring, and twisting columns of dry leaves or hay in summer and autumn, are evidences of the existence of such upward currents. But the aeronaut can detect them on a larger scale and penetrating sometimes far aloft. This is only what might be expected from statistics relating to such phenomena where they occur in greater earnest in other parts of the globe.

It is classical history how dust-showers have arisen on the West Coast of Africa and descended again on vessels far out on the Atlantic; how Scotland has been visited by a storm of pumice *débris* which was supposed to have had its origin in Vesuvius; how showers of fish or of frogs have descended from the sky, having been swept into lofty

regions entangled in the bosom of a wind-whirl sufficient to bear them whither it listed. The dust of Krakatau, committed to the lofty winds by the force of its own eruption in 1883, travelled over the globe in outward courses almost without limit before settling to earth weeks or months, or, possibly, years afterwards.

I would, then, insist that where winds are being distinctly traced as bearing down on the British Isles, and their arrival confidently foretold by competent meteorologists, we should refrain from any assertion that they have miscarried simply because we may experience calm instead of wind, or because the wind that stirs the trees may not blow from the predicted direction. If it be only the weather vane that gives the lie to the official forecast, we have no right to base any censure on its testimony alone. All the while, and with very strong probability, the predicted wind may be practically present with us overhead, or not far to seek.

Were we but further advanced in aerial investigation and better equipped with aërostatic appliances; were reasonable researches in the upper air scientifically and systematically carried on, there can be no doubt that we should soon make important advances in that branch of meteorology which is of chief moment in a sea-girt country. Already for some years this all-important department of physics has received something like the attention it deserves both in America and on the Continent, and it is certainly to be regretted that we do not, at least, recognize the duty of our own co-operation.

John M. Bacon.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE NATURALISTIC NOVEL IN FRANCE,

II.

The abatement of the enthusiasm for science among the thinking public, and the substitution of a vague longing for the spiritual, which explain how realistic art in general has ceased to be in favor, suffice, no doubt, to account for the failure of the naturalistic novel in particular. Yet, there were other reasons besides, reasons of a purely literary order, why this kind of novel was bound to disappear.

As a reaction against the excessive individualism of the Romanticists who found in themselves, in their sensibility or their fancy, the whole matter and inspiration of their books, naturalism seemed full of promise. It brought men back to a healthier and more fruitful conception of art by awakening in them an interest in their fellow-creatures, and by setting open before their eyes the wealth of beauty and truth which real nature, real society, and real life contain. Balzac, in his "*Comédie Humaine*," has given the measure of what might have been achieved by naturalism, by a wise and not overpowering naturalism. It is he who embodies in its happiest form the true spirit of the reaction, although—or rather because—he was born some twenty-five years too early to be influenced by the doctrine of the new school. As far back as 1830, the golden age of Romanticism, he illustrated, in what masterly fashion everybody knows, the principle which the naturalists afterwards advocated, "*Tout est matière à littérature*," and his accuracy of observation so scrupulously explored all classes of men and all kinds of manners that his books have been called "The greatest store of documents we possess on human nature."

If the novelists who wrote about 1860 had only followed in his path, the fate of the naturalistic novel would have been widely different. Unluckily these, from the first, set up as reformers, and as is the wont of reformers when they get the upper hand, they carried their reform to the extreme. The Romanticists had forgotten or ignored the world around them; they, in their turn, bent upon reinstalling truth and reality in literature, forgot or ignored everything but that world. Observation with them was not, as it had been with Balzac, an auxiliary of invention; they limited their task to the exclusive notation of facts and objects.

The consequences of this rigorism were disastrous, as may well be imagined. First of all it singularly narrowed the range of the novel; it deprived it of a most essential element of interest—psychology. Psychology in the hands of a novelist can never be more than an interpretation of abstract forces which cannot be determined or measured in the concrete, and an attempt to analyze and reconstruct their combined action on the will. But the naturalist does not allow himself to venture out of the real on such interpretations; of the inner man therefore he *will* not see more than what can be read in the face or gathered from the attitude, and of the numberless motives which prompt human action he only reckons those which can be traced back to exterior and material circumstances. Such being the case, it follows naturally that the type of humanity he sets forth in his works should be very simple and elementary. A man endowed with strong emotional and intellectual faculties would be but an indifferent subject for him; whereas another individ-

ual of little mental and moral development, who is entirely governed by sensations, and whose whole existence is determined by the *milieu* in which he moves, affords him splendid opportunities of minute descriptions. He is, therefore, above all the painter, if not of the grotesque as some critics would have it, at least of the mean and the commonplace.

With regard to the formal treatment of the novel, the naturalist is almost as awkwardly fettered. We have seen that his conception of art confines him exclusively to descriptive narration. Now this mode of narration would be objectionable enough had it no other drawback than to breed monotony in the long run; but there is more to say against it: its greatest fault is that it lacks both plot and characters, and, consequently, mangles the interest. Take the narrator for what he professes to be, a mirror between reality and his readers; the mirror will send us successive reflections—let them even be perfect reflections—of moments of life or fragments of the world, but however closely strung up together, these successive reflections will fail to give the impression of a whole, nor will they easily be worked up into the synthesis through which alone events and physiognomies can revive. Descriptive narration is of necessity analytic; granted that analysis is a powerful instrument of scientific investigation, like dissection for the anatomist, it is certainly not any more than dissection, a direct means of artistic creation.

This perpetual confusion of science and art, which is at the root of the naturalistic doctrine, had one more sorry consequence. The novelist, accepting scientific methods for the sake of exactness, denied himself the right to show his feelings; his personality is entirely absent from his works. Whatever may be the horror or the sadness

of his subject, he must not appear to be moved by it; his attitude toward the vices of men or their misery is as impassive as that of the physician who studies a disease. Thus fiction, already dispossessed of psychology, limited in its form to description, is, under the pretence of impartiality, left without the last resource of emotion, and is likely to become cold as the official report of an accident—unless it succeeds (as was the case with *Maupassant*, thanks to his marvellous gift of coloring) in being as impressive as reality itself.

The wonder is not that, with so many feathers plucked from its wings, the naturalistic novel should have had so short and generally so low a flight, but rather that it should have risen to any height at all. And yet it did, at least once. "*Madame Bovary*," the first in time as well as the most perfect of the naturalistic novels, was, in the fullest sense of the word, a masterpiece. With the instinct of true genius, Flaubert found at once the best possible matter of his book; there was nothing in it beyond the reach of pure description; the characters were types of unconscious mediocrity absorbed in the humdrum of daily life; the heroine herself, a fine but silly woman, whose moral life was the prolongation of what she felt in her flesh; the events, though tragical, brought on by mere physical causes. But, at the same time, this novel, which is properly the epic of the vulgar, seems to have entirely exhausted all the available matter of naturalism, as though all the stones destined to pave the way had been used in rearing a triumphal entry. Neither Flaubert, though he tried hard all his life, nor his followers, though many of them did not lack power, ever came across such a subject again, or else ever succeeded in overcoming the difficulties of a tyrannic method.

THE TRANSVAAL QUESTION FROM A GERMAN POINT OF VIEW. *

In judging the Transvaal—not merely from the German outlook—the points of view are determinative, the ethical and the political one; in the confusion and mingling of the two lies the foundation of much obscurity and perplexity. The Boers, by their own sweat and blood, in severe conflict with the wilderness and its inhabitants, have won a home, and it is a matter of course that the sympathies of the whole civilized world should be with them in their defence of it against English greed. The probably undeniable fact of a government which greatly needs betterment, can in no wise prevent this.

Since the first annexation of the Transvaal by England in the year 1877, there have been constant attempts by the English to rule the country in one way or another, and we are probably not wrong in recognizing among the motives of these efforts, besides the imperialistic tendencies of the British statesmen and cabinet, that is, the idea of the establishment of a confederation of states in South Africa under English supremacy, the more or less hidden desires of English capitalists, mine owners, and adventurers, to use for Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his comrades the same appellation which was formerly officially bestowed upon the founders of the English Empire in the East Indies.

Jameson's raid into the Transvaal, the almost total escape from punishment of the English officers who took part in it and the farce played before and by the parliamentary commission of investigation, aroused by no means unjustifiable excitement and indig-

nation throughout Continental circles, which, within the last few months, received fresh food from the attitude of the English government and press in the negotiations with the Transvaal before the outbreak of hostilities.

If Talleyrand's definition of diplomacy as the application of sound common sense to public affairs is just, it can only be said that, in the negotiations with the Transvaal, diplomacy has played a thoroughly subordinate part; while, on the contrary, Mr. Chamberlain's energy, by which he succeeded in imposing his own will upon his less positive and reluctant colleagues has been the determining element. The support of a large portion of the English press, especially the *Times*, which, during the Jameson raid, played an absolutely irritating part, aided the efforts to divert English public opinion from the actual conditions, and fix it upon the point at which the desires of the imperialist party culminate, that is, the destruction of the Dutch republics as independent states.

To have perceived this plainly as the final goal of British policy, and prepared for the decisive conflict which for decades has been recognized as inevitable, is clearly a merit of the government of the two Boer republics. Therefore, it is pure hypocrisy for the English to regard and declare the Transvaal ultimatum the cause of the outbreak of the war; the war had already become inevitable, and it would have been unpardonable folly on the part of the Boers to wait, before arming, until the English had completed their preparations and then made their demands.

But the incidents in South Africa again strikingly confirm the accuracy

of Prince Bismarck's statement that political and military movements must go hand in hand, to avoid disappointments and defeats. As in the year 1866, Austrian diplomacy had reached war, while military preparations were still far behind, the same spectacle is now repeated in England, where diplomacy caused a breach, while in regard to military matters everything was yet to be accomplished. Thus, it became possible for the Boers to overrun large tracts of British territory, and, even though their success against the British troops already in the field should be only partial, they can materially impede and delay the advance of English re-inforcements by destroying their railroads and bridges.

If the sympathy of wide circles for the little band of Boers who did not shrink from entering into battle with imperial England is thoroughly natural and intelligible, the political situation, in spite of all the outcry of small German and agrarian parties, must be considered exclusively from the practical standpoint. Sentiment alone forms no policy, at least no good one, but—unless we desire to expose ourselves to severe disappointments and defeats—we must duly weigh all the chances which may follow the transition from diplomatic to military action, that is, must draw up a profit and loss account, and, after mature consideration, reach farther decisions. If the gentlemen who offer resolutions and have them adopted in public assemblies would first take the trouble to understand the consequences which must follow the practical execution of their wishes, they would spare themselves and others a great deal of very unnecessary labor. In the present state of affairs, Germany can only stand in the position of a neutral toward the conflict in South Africa; what tasks may arise for her in the

future, from the conditions there, cannot be foreseen.

Numerically considered, there can scarcely be a doubt of the ultimate success of England, though probably at the cost of needlessly heavy sacrifices of men and money, yet there are possibilities which might change the situation in favor of the Boers. Among these might be the chance of the outbreak of the plague in the British army, a chance which has placed other armies—we need only remember the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1828-29—in the worst possible situation against far weaker adversaries.

But even a complete military success of the British troops, unless it led to a reconciliation between the contending nationalities and systems, would impose upon England tasks which she would scarcely be able to perform continuously.

A permanent garrison of 40-50,000 men in South Africa would require so large a portion of the English army that very soon a comprehensive change of the British military system would be needed. Then the time will come when the nation will have to answer the question whether the solution of the South African difficulty by the fusion of the various elements existing there might not have been accomplished in a cheaper and more bloodless way. The conviction forces itself upon the unprejudiced observer that the more rapid increase in the number of foreigners, and the intermarriages between the members of the various nationalities would, in the course of a few years or decades, naturally and inevitably produce a preponderance of the English element, and that it would have been better to seek an understanding upon the basis of concessions made by the Boers, rather than upon military successes.

The dream of a military promenade to Pretoria vanished long ago, the ex-

ultation over the nominal victories at Glencoe and Elandslaagte has died away, and the consciousness that, even in the most favorable case, still greater sacrifices will become necessary, is beginning to cast its shadow over England. But the most significant fact of all is probably the feeling in Continental circles, that too speedy and easy a victory for England would be more inimical to universal peace than a prolongation of the struggle. It is not envy and jealousy, especially in

Deutsche Revue.

Germany, which evoke this feeling,—the victors in three wars, and the successful competitors in commerce and manufactures, can witness any good fortune of other nations without jealousy,—but the conviction that laurels too easily won would prevent English imperialists from appreciating actual circumstances, and might, therefore, cause farther conflicts which Germany would be unable to witness as quietly as the battles in South Africa.

M. von Brandt.

RUSKIN THE MAN AND THE WRITER.

It has come to be more and more acknowledged that the great writer who is just dead will depend for his fame with posterity mainly upon the literary quality of his prose; and opinion seems, for a good many years, to have trended towards the view that, as a master of prose eloquence, he will be among the immortals. That his position in this respect is not even more unreservedly allowed, is due partly to the fitful and sidelong way in which, with a fine disdain of publishers and bookbuyers alike, he projected his works upon the world, and partly upon the body of doctrine which they were designed to enforce. For doctrine it always was: sometimes seeming to be that of an inspired apostle and sometimes of a crazy doctrinaire, but never delivered otherwise than didactically and *de haut en bas*. Matthew Arnold, long ago, noted how different were his powers when he was expounding Alpine snows and Swiss gentians and when he was trying to force upon a reluctant audience such propositions as that "Hamlet is, no doubt, connected in some way with 'homely', the entire

event of the tragedy turning on betrayal of home duty". But for literary immortality, the disputability of a writer's doctrines seems to be of very little moment. It does, on the other hand, appear to be of very real import that somehow there should be apprehended to exist at the back of his work a human personality, and that a good ore. Mere mental acumen, such as that of De Quincey, even when accompanied with great exquisiteness of phrase, does not seem to lead posterity captive in the fullest sense. When we reflect, on the other hand, on the great hold upon the world which has been given to Plato by the sort of holiness that is felt to underlie his writing—or when, to take a later and lesser example, we are confronted in Stevenson's Letters with a character of extraordinary nobility, we take away with us the conviction that here is a man who was greater than we knew, and that the "distant people whom we call posterity" will, by their own odd, rule-of-thumb, mental processes, come to realize the man in the rest of his work, and, having realized, will read

him. If a high note of spiritual sanctity can be heard anywhere it can be heard in Ruskin; and the disfiguring abuse with which he loaded his angry contemporaries will, no doubt, sit lightly enough on the unwrung withers of the next age.

Apart from the obvious Hebraic influence which worked upon the prose of Ruskin, he put it on record that he had been something of an imitator of George Herbert and Hooker. A return to the long period of the Elizabethans he did undoubtedly make, but we imagine that in so doing he was really indulging his own genius. He never produces the effect of prolonging a passage because he is unduly enamored of his own eloquence, and the marvellous amplitude and plenitude of his phraseology seem to be only the natural outcome of a full mind—"from his glut and from his store, fine flour pressed down and running o'er". It is, we think, to this unusual fulness of mind that he owes the paucity of his imitators. To sit down and ape mere copiousness must seem to most writers one of the most difficult and most futile of literary feats. The only Victorian prose writer to whom it has seemed to come natural to be copious has been Mr. Swinburne; but Swinburne is copious because he wishes to say some particular thing as strongly as possible, and Ruskin because he has so many particular things to say all at once. When we find the influence of Ruskin on the prose of the century compared with the great and obvious influence of Macaulay, we ask ourselves: Of what writers is the critic thinking? The preciosity of Stevenson or of Mrs. Meynell is exactly the quality that Ruskin managed always to escape. When the hero of "Treasure Island" looks down through the clear sea water upon the two corpses with "the quick fishes darting to and fro over both", we have a piece of descrip-

tion which does not, to most ears, escape the note of preciosity, but Ruskin could write pages of description without sounding that particular string. Nor, again, can we agree with Mr. H. D. Traill, who looks upon Ruskin as the father of word-painting, an art which had been assiduously cultivated before the days of "Modern Painters" by such writers as Leigh Hunt—chiefly, it is true, in poetry, but both by Leigh Hunt and his contemporaries in prose also. When Leigh Hunt wrote of the "mud shine" in front of a London theatre at night he was certainly a practitioner of the art which some people, for reasons best known to themselves, would like to see forbidden. It is, indeed, clear that poets have always been word-painters, and the interaction of prose and verse has always been close and immediate.

As for Ruskin's views on political economy and kindred subjects, it must be admitted that they merely put back our straying ideas into the old familiar pound. Probably usury is not sinful. Very likely it is not unchristian to be rich. Nevertheless, as Jowett seems to have said, there is a great deal more commendation in the gospels of poverty merely as poverty than any of us are willing to admit. Until the world at large undertakes to define its ethical and religious creed with a precision which is perhaps impossible to humanity, and certainly most distasteful to the English mind, this deadlock of our ideals is likely to be insoluble. But in the meantime life has to be lived; and they who live it generally show themselves grateful to writers who give them glimpses of the something afar and the possible beyond. Carlyle, whom an admirable fear of hurting the susceptibilities of his mother deterred from producing the "Exodus from Houndsditch", seems to have worked out the problem of reconciliation with more logic and consis-

tency than his earlier writings had led the world to suppose. Failures in consistency and logic were easily to be found by his critics in the writings of Ruskin, but it is not in virtue of any such slight advantages in logical cohesion that Carlyle can outlive a writer who in beauty and pleasantness was so greatly his superior.

When we say that the fame and influence of Ruskin's writing may be established and forwarded by the fact that they had a good man's personality behind them, we say what to some will be a mere truism, but will seem to many to come into fatal collision with the doctrine of Art for Art's sake. The beauty of prose, we shall be told, as the beauty of landscape, has nothing to do with the beauty of holiness. As regards past ages this position is not stubbornly defended, for no one is much concerned to deny that men

may somehow have built their fanes more beautifully because they did not believe prayer to be fruitless, and even to-day a falling off in capacity to enter into feelings which have swayed humanity so much and so long may, conceivably, imply a "correlation of atrophy" somewhere else in the artistic organism. The artistic impartiality which acclaims lean Aquinas and Queen Venus in the same breath and with the same heartiness does not seem to be establishing itself except in the aversion of the world. If, to put it at its lowest, it is really "better to be good than bad"—if some kind of truth or warrant really did underlie the death-bed utterance of Scott—then it is not inconceivable that the works of Ruskin may be unconsciously indebted for their immortality, not, perhaps, to what he believed, but to the spirit in which he believed it.

The Saturday Review.

WHEN THE BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN.

Oh, every year hath its winter,
And every year hath its rain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again;

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain,
And the alder's veins turn crimson—
And the birds go North again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold dark days are over—
Why, the birds go North again.

Ella Higginson.

